THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 200, Number 10

SEPTEMBER 3, 1927

5c. the Copy

JAMES A. PATTEN—ELEANOR MERCEIN—THOMAS McMORROW
BEN AMES WILLIAMS—R. G. KIRK—CHARLES BRACKETT

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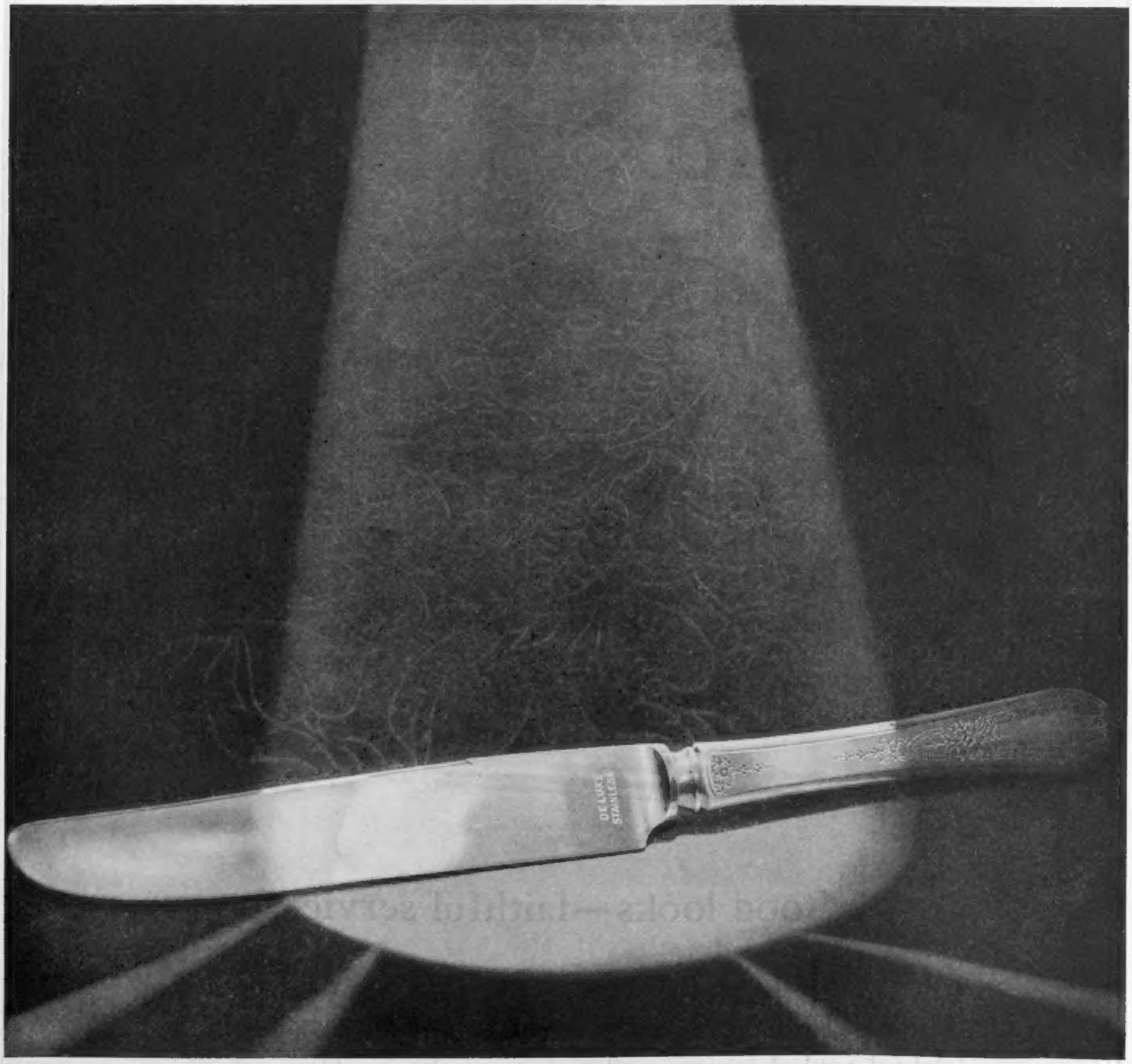

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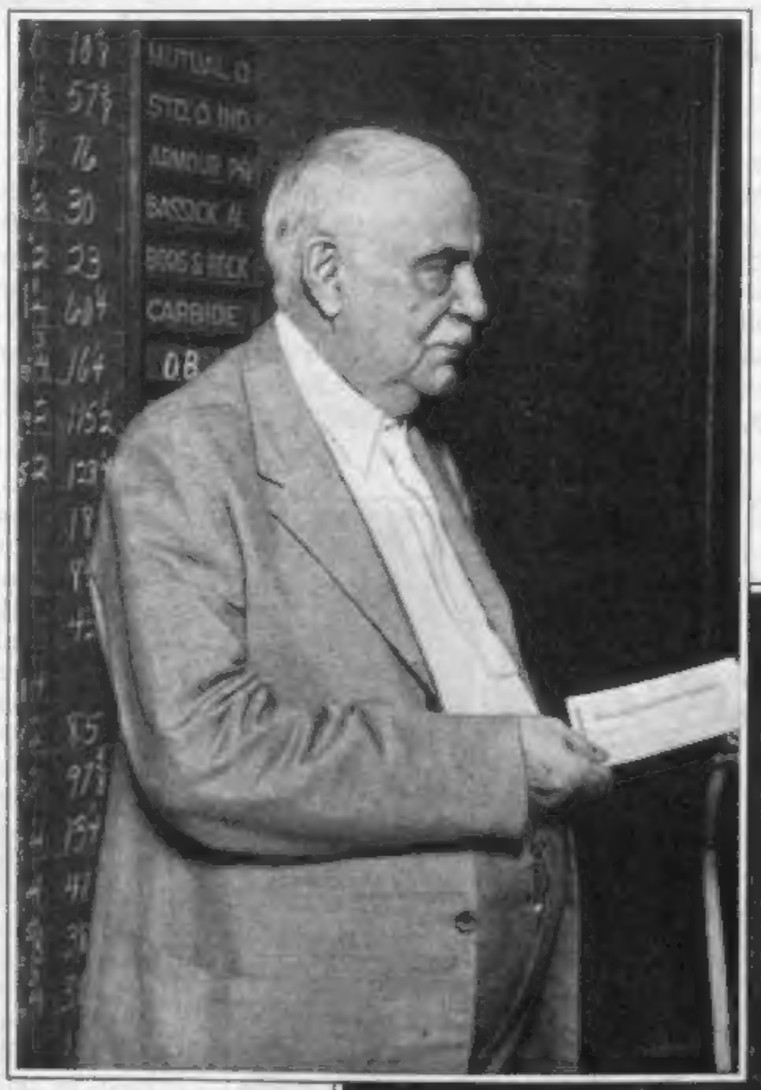
IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten

In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

MUCH of the important information in the grain trade relates to insects or the weather. In 1908 my sources of information were exceptionally reliable and extensive for that time. For instance, in the Argentine they commence to gather the wheat crop at the end of November, and prior to that time I received word of a heavy frost down there. It was no secret. Many of the large grain commission firms relayed that news to all their customers. Every grain trader in the Chicago wheat pit, as well as in other grain markets here and abroad, shared in that information. Hundreds of thousands of farmers read or heard that weather report on the same day that I did. But there were conflicting reports as to the extent of the damage to the Argentine wheat crop. We could get no true picture of what had happened.

Sometimes, after a frost, if you go out into a wheat field, it appears as if the grain had suffered no damage. The fields are still a golden yellow and there is nothing to suggest that frost has damaged the kernels inside their sheathing of husk. Usually it takes several days for the shrinkage of the spoiled grain to reveal itself. Conflicting reports about the severity of the frost continued to come by cable under the sea and by telegraph wires over the land.



James A. Patten

Open Buying

"BOYS," I said finally to my associates in the office, "there is only one way to settle this question. Let us find out what the temperature was in the Argentine on the night of the frost."

We cabled our question to correspondents in that South American republic, and back came their reply: "Rosario, 28; Buenos Aires, 26."

That was all that it was necessary to know. No wheat can escape damage in such a temperature. I said then that I was going to buy wheat, and I proceeded to do so. What a man buys in future dealings, as every grain trader knows, are contracts—the contracts of other men who agree to deliver to him a specified amount of wheat on some day during a specified month. I bought for delivery in May, 1909.

About the end of August in 1908, Canada had a heavy frost. There were conflicting reports concerning that situation, too, but time showed that there had been a great deal of damage to the grain standing in the fields of the country to the north of us.

"Gentlemen," I said to all our customers, "there is going to be a shortage in the supply of wheat that will last the crop year through." I made no attempt to conceal my position in the market. Everybody in the grain trade had the facts. Not all of them, though, were using their brains.

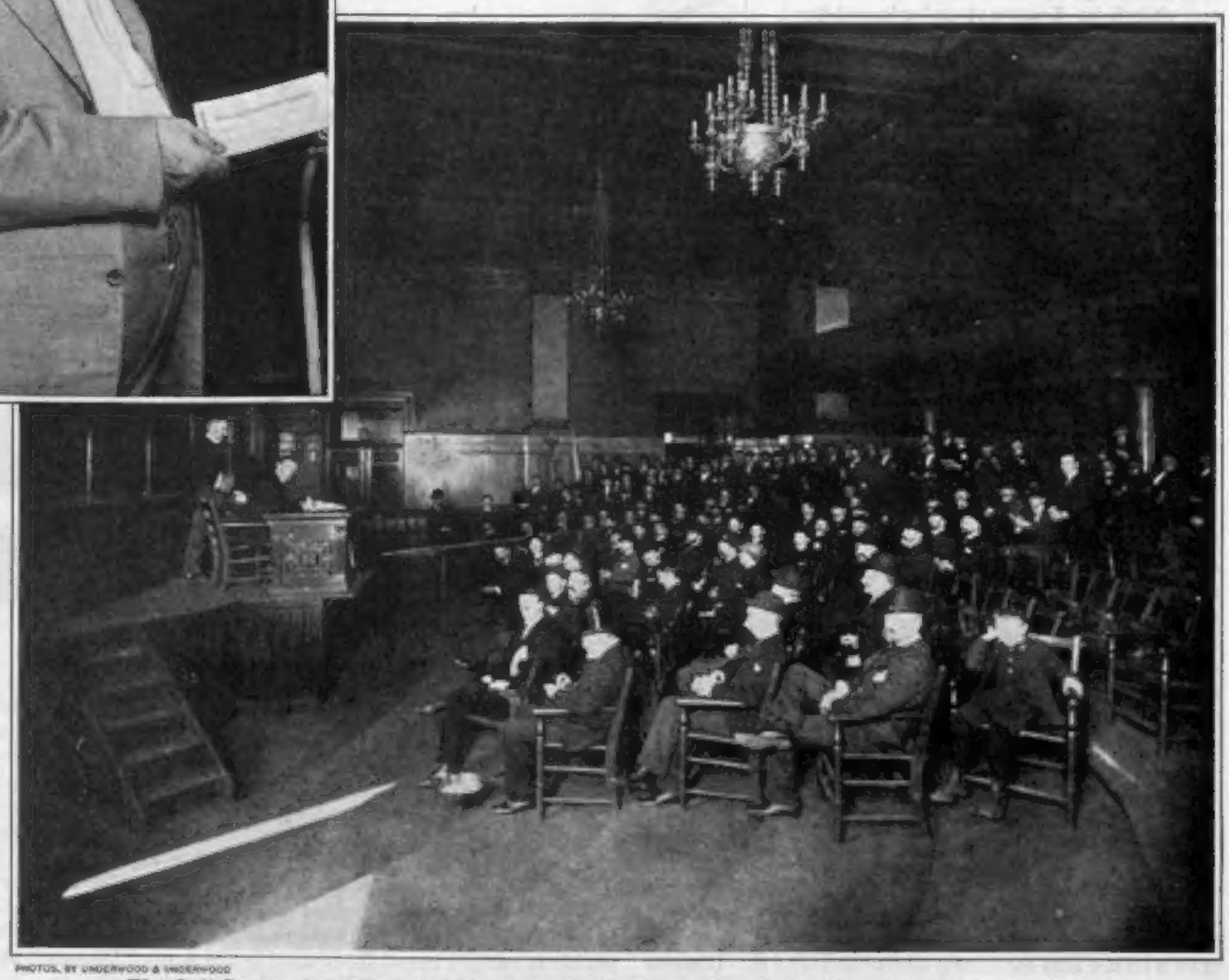
I told all my friends what my position was in the market. A number of men who took the same point of view that I had taken profited richly; but the world is full of people who are constantly sold on the idea that nothing is ever accomplished in the open. Some of these reasoned that if I said I was long wheat, I must be short wheat, and so they sold May wheat. I suppose I went over the whole thing a hundred times or more, in conversations in front of the quotation board in the brokers' offices, on the floor of the Board of Trade, pitching my voice so as to be heard above the roar of the men trading in the wheat, corn, oats and cotton pits. Some that I talked with differed honestly, and backed their judgment that there would not be a shortage by selling their promises to deliver wheat during the month of May. In the usual phrase they sold wheat short.

A Penny Fine for Being Wrong

THE newspapers of that day credited me with having bought 30,000,000 bushels—a modest exaggeration for the newspapers. Actually I had bought 10,000,000 bushels. When I had begun to buy wheat for delivery in May, it was selling at 89¾ cents a bushel. The men who had contracted to deliver it to me had to pay, during the last week of May, as high as $1.35¼ a bushel.

On the last day of May many of the shorts who had to deliver or buy back their contracts from me, paid $1.34 a bushel. The night before, as I recall it, the price had been $1.33.

That extra cent was just a tag on the deal to certify that I had been right. It was the confirmation of my judgment. Under the rules of trading I suppose I might have exacted a much higher price from those men who had to come to me to buy back the contracts they could not fulfill.



PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Call Room of the Board of Trade in the Eighties. The Caller, Standing on the Platform, is Frank Crittenden

I did not hold anybody up. A few weeks previously an exporter had complained to me.

"Patten," said he, "you're holding wheat too high for export."

"That's all right," said I. "We'll need every bushel of it here in the United States." And we did. Flour was so scarce that grocers limited the amount they would sell to a customer.

Now—I make no bones about it—I went into the market to make a profit, but if I had not done so, a large part of the available supply of wheat would have been shipped abroad. America would have experienced a wheat famine. The nearest thing to a world empire ever devised by statecraft was that which was awed by the armies of Rome, yet all the world today, as for a long time in the past, lives under the banner of wheat. It is a world crop grown to supply the demands of many hundreds of millions of human stomachs. Black rust in a Dakota field affects the lives of humanity on every continent.

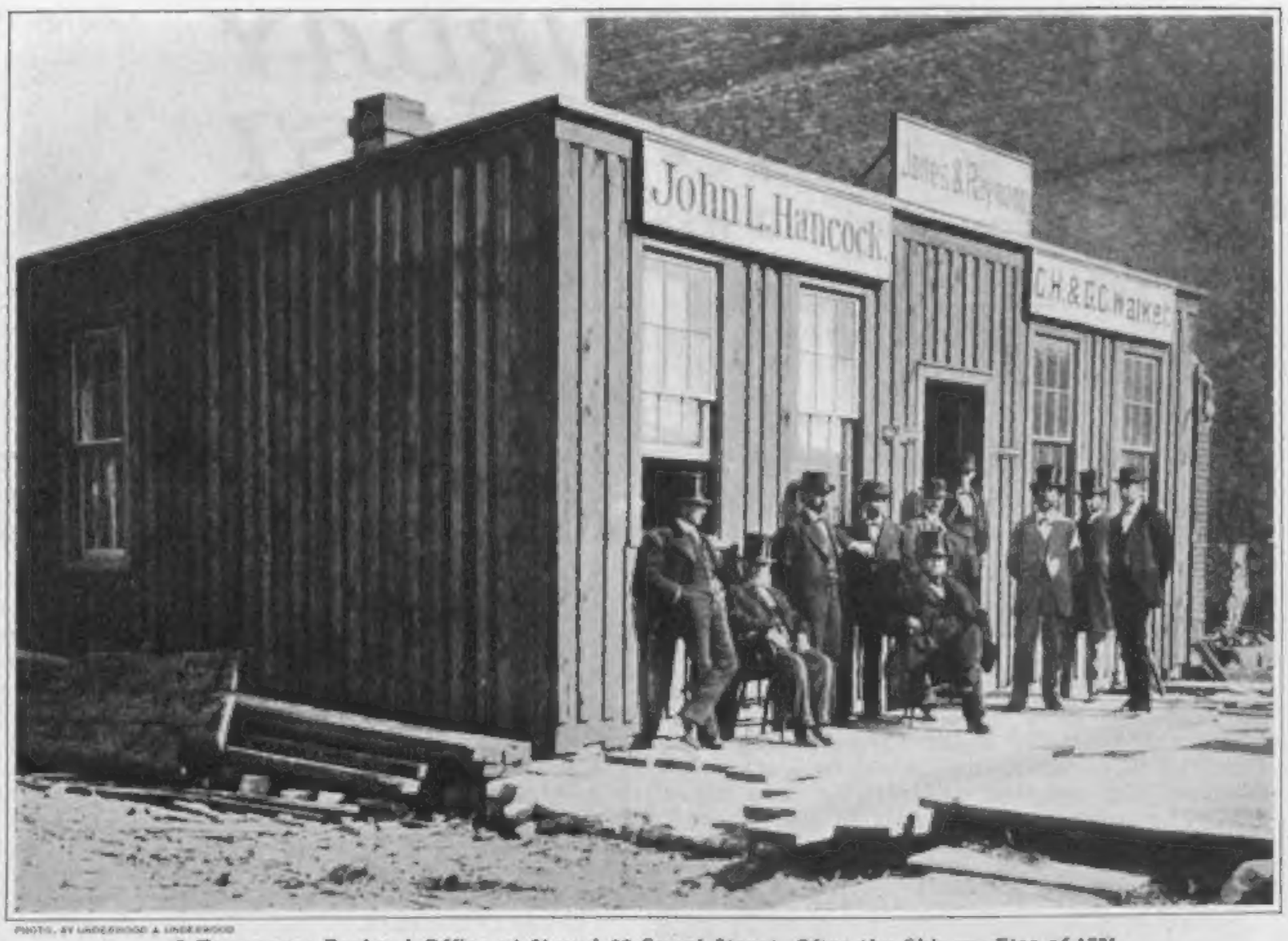


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Temporary Brokers' Office at 51 and 53 Canal Street, After the Chicago Fire of 1871

Some men who have tried to trade in grain or other commodities on a large scale have been defeated by their inability to dispose of what traders are accustomed to speak of as the corpse. I had to dispose of all that body of grain that had been delivered to me before new crops began to come on the market.

Sometimes the price of a commodity falls because buyers who actually need it delay their purchases in the hope that the immense carrying charges, warehouse-storage fees, insurance and other costs will force an owner of such a huge bulk to unload his property faster than the market can absorb it. I was not embarrassed by the corpse of my May wheat deal.

I shipped wheat to Kansas City, to Louisville, Minneapolis, to markets 100, 200 and 300 miles distant, and in July the price of wheat was higher than it had been in May. I had not operated a corner. I had established a property interest in a commodity that my judgment told me was going to increase in value. That is exactly the action and motive of a man who buys real estate or shares of an industrial corporation.

On the Underground Railroad

THERE was a dinner in Washington at which I was introduced to a number of members of the House of Representatives. All but one of the Illinois delegation were present. Knowing how commonly held are the delusions about grain trading, I told them about that May wheat deal; chiefly because it was not a complicated enterprise and served as an illustration of the natural conditions that govern the rise and fall of prices reflected in the trades on the floor of the wheat pit. When I had finished I asked them:

"How many of you, possessing that information and the knowledge as to its significance, could have resisted the temptation to buy wheat?"

I had them. They really saw what I had done and that my wheat purchases had served to keep a reservoir of grain in this country in a time of shortage.

Bills for the betterment of the grain market are always coming up. Probably they always will, but one may be sure that if the grain-marketing machinery is ever improved, the improvements will be designed and put into effect by the men who use that machinery and understand it. It seems complex to the majority of people; it is less of a mystery to me because my life has been bound up with it. The woodsman learns first of all the short stretch of path in front of his door, and later dares to penetrate deeper and deeper into the forest, confident of his ability to find his way out.

There was wheat waving in the fields about the farmhouse where I was born, May 8, 1852. That farm was at Freeland Corners, on the Galena stage road, about four and a half miles from Sandwich, Illinois. It is in the southern end of DeKalb County. My grandfather, George Beveridge, my mother's father, had settled there after moving from Washington County, New York. There were no roads in his day; just a dirt trail that followed the highlands several miles back from the Fox River. That road ran past my grandfather's place, and, incidentally, furtive black people traveled over it from the South by night and stopped at his farm. He was a violent abolitionist and operated a station on the underground railroad. As a very small boy, running barefooted when there was no snow on the ground, I was, of course, totally unconscious of the somber-faced man living farther along that stage road, at Galena, where he was regarded as a failure, who had been unable to make a career for himself in the Army. Ulysses S. Grant was trying at Galena, with no great success, to make a living in a country town. To the south, in Springfield, and traveling sometimes to within a few miles of where I lived, was the small-town lawyer, Lincoln. Nowhere in the world then was there a speculator with the foresight to see in its full proportions the struggle that was coming because of those runaway slaves, nor to identify the men who would lead the people in their gropings.

It is a curious thing about men that they are rarely given the insight to understand the relentless economic forces that sweep them into battle. Given such understanding, it is impossible to conceive of them as laying before such a flood the puny barriers of stupid laws.

PHOTO. BY BOWEE & KING TEE, CHICAGO

James A. Patten, From an Early Photograph

At the Source

MY FATHER, Alexander R. Patten, originally a farmer, kept the store at Freeland Corners. When tuberculosis devoured his strength, he sold the store on condition that when I was older the buyers were to take me in, teach me the business and allow me to become a partner with them in the enterprise. My father died when I was eleven. Many years afterward, when this disease had killed my brother and business partner, George, I gave half a million dollars into the hands of men who were fighting tuberculosis. The day is coming when men will have no cause to fear it.

From my thirteenth to my seventeenth year I lived on my grandfather's farm. From then until my nineteenth year I attended Northwestern University at Evanston. After that, until I was twenty-one, I worked for Culver brothers in the store at Freeland Corners. Then I went back to the farm and worked a year for an uncle, three miles west of Sandwich. He paid me twenty dollars a month. I was at the source of wheat there.

The methods with which we sowed, reaped and harvested our grain then represented a considerable advance over Biblical days, but they were crude in contrast with the mechanical-powered operations of the well-managed farms of today. I can remember my grandfather, when I was a little fellow, telling me how he used to haul a farm-wagon load of wheat sixty miles to Chicago; of loading it himself into the hold of a Great Lakes schooner.

"All I'd have left when I got home," he used to tell me, "would be my scoop shovel."

Wild sod of the Illinois prairies was still being turned under in preparation for its first sowing to wheat in that last year I spent on the farm. From our fields I sometimes saw the covered wagons of immigrants and heard the creaking of the wheels that were rolling them westward. There were plows swung under the axles of those caravans and sacks of wheat seed rode in every wagon bed. Beyond Iowa, in the Dakotas, pioneer farmers were turning into wheat fields soil that was still stained with the blood of the white men and Indians who had fought for its possession. As these grimly fertilized crops were harvested they were started on an eastward journey that nearly always brought them to Chicago.

No longer were the farmers in our neighborhood obliged to sacrifice the time and the labor or suffer the hardships that had been imposed on my grandfather in earlier years, when he wanted to get his grain to market. The supply had continued to increase at Chicago, until the first railroad was built out to Geneva, about thirty-eight miles. That road is now the Chicago & Northwestern. The

Burlington Route started from Aurora and ran to Geneva on the west side of the Fox River. The flow of wheat had been long increasing, until in 1848, four years before I was born, force of circumstances brought the Chicago Board of Trade into existence. The trade in grain was so large that there had to be some kind of system. It grew naturally, and as fast as an abuse developed and was identified as an abuse, rules were made to check it.

Better handling machinery had to be devised, because better farm machinery had been developed. Where at first a week's labor was required to produce twenty bushels of wheat on an acre, the time was to come when improved implements made possible the production of the same amount on the same land with one and a half days' labor. In the forty years after Lincoln became President more land was brought under cultivation than in all the years since the discovery of the New World. In that same forty years the number of miles of railroad increased from 30,000 to 162,000 miles. Much of the track was laid because of the wheat that would be freight for the steel roads.

PHOTO. FROM BOURKE & KORETSKI, CHICAGO

P. D. Armour, Sr.

In the prairie states the surveyors who laid out those rail routes had a fairly simple task. Natural conditions had made Chicago the great grain market of the country. For one thing, there were many small ship lines on the Great Lakes, and Chicago was the terminal port for that cheap transportation.

The call of free land was taking many, many thousands westward. For me there was a counter pull toward Chicago, sixty miles eastward. After a year on the farm, through my uncle, Gov. John L. Beveridge, I obtained an appointment as clerk in the Registrar's Office of the State Grain Department in Chicago. This was in 1874. I was twenty-two and Chicago was a city of more than 500,000 people.

Dramatizing Dependability

FOR about three and a half years I worked as a grain inspection clerk, getting $100 a month and some knowledge of the grain-handling machinery. I was in the registrar's office, where the duties were to register grain received and to cancel the grain receipts when it was shipped out of the elevators. In those days $100 a month was a liberal wage, and when I told my fellow clerks I was going to quit and take a six-dollar-a-week, errand-boy job with G. P. Comstock & Company, grain brokers, they laughed at me.

"You'll be wanting your job back," they predicted.

"No," said I; "if I can't make a success here, I'll be going back to the farm."

Those men thought I was crazy to throw away a good, soft job. In after years I had to take care of some of them. I had seen that my state position depended on the whim of an incoming governor, and that at best it seemed to lead to nowhere.

G. P. Comstock & Company were members of the Board of Trade. I did odd jobs around their office, copied letters into the letter-press book and carried the small sacks of sample grain about town, from freight cars and elevators to their office and from their office to the offices of their customers.

Accidents play a large part in any man's life. Seemingly trivial things, when they occur, sometimes set in motion the gears and levers of his character, so as to send him into more swiftly flowing currents of life.

Mr. Comstock drove a fine horse with a little buggy that was kept polished until its glossy paint fairly reflected his pride in its possession. He rode to work in it each day, and the horse was allowed to stand in front of the office while he was at business. Many a time did I covet the possession of that turnout.

One time when I had to make a trip over to the river at Eighteenth Street to get a sample of grain, it occurred to me that I would like to ride instead of walk. There was some need for hurry, too, as excuse for my temerity in going to Mr. Comstock and asking permission to use the horse and buggy.

"Can you drive?" he asked.

"Of course," I replied. "I was brought up on a farm."

"All right," he agreed; "but be careful."

No such feeling of pride, I think, ever comes to the young man who pilots an automobile with thirty or forty horse power stirring under its hood as possessed any young man of my day who found himself driving a fine horse. On the way to the river, though, misfortune overtook me. There was a traffic jam.

I was hedged in so that I could not move. A careless teamster's truck struck one of the rear wheels and dished it. I could drive on, but that wheel wabbled and did not track by six inches. It was a miserable journey for me. I expected to be fired if I told Mr. Comstock, and I knew that if I didn't tell him he would know that I was the only one who had used the buggy.

As soon as I returned to the office I walked in and approached my boss.

"Mr. Comstock," I began, "I want to tell you that I have damaged your buggy. The rear wheel is dished. I want you to have it repaired and I will pay the cost of it. It was not the result of my negligence, but it happened while I was driving the buggy and I want to make good the damage by paying you what it costs to repair the wheel." I told him how it had happened then.

"It's all right, Jim," he said. "I'm glad you came and told me frankly about it as soon as you came back. I'll have it fixed and it won't cost you anything."

That same day Mr. Comstock commended me to the office manager for my honesty, and in a short time my pay was raised from six dollars to ten dollars a week. Not many months later, when the firm had to send someone East to sell grain for them, they selected me; probably,

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

B. P. Hutchinson (Old Hutch), From a Drawing by Arthur J. Goodman Made in 1890

I should say, because they felt they could depend upon me.

I was dependable, and though that accident had not increased or strengthened that quality in my character, it had dramatized it for my employers.

Starting in the Grain Business

TWO years after I went with them, G. P. Comstock & Company failed. At the time I was working for them in Montreal. I returned to Chicago and started in the grain-shipping business with two partners. They were my brother, George, and Hiram J. Coon. Together we had $11,000, and we saw an opportunity in supplying the New England demand for grain, which was very large at that time.

We shipped by schooners at first, when there were only a few steamers in the Lakes trade. Then the steamers began to increase. In those days there was no such thing as mixing—the term used in the grain trade for the practice of introducing cheap rye kernels into expensive wheat. There were no such things as private grain elevators. Quantities of grain were sold in the freight cars in which it had been hauled to Chicago. It was bought on the tracks and stood there in the possession of its new owners until some such concern as our own bought it on the floor of the Board of Trade, accepting an inspection certificate as proof of what we had, and then sent it—say, two cars of No. 2, yellow corn—to store in a regular warehouse.

At that time we could ship grain eastward by water almost any day during the navigation season. There were four lines that carried most of the trade. One ran to Ogdensburg, New York. The Lehigh & Western Transit Company boats sailed between Chicago and Buffalo. The Pennsylvania had a line that ran to Buffalo and Erie. Each of the lines had from ten to

(Continued on Page 97)

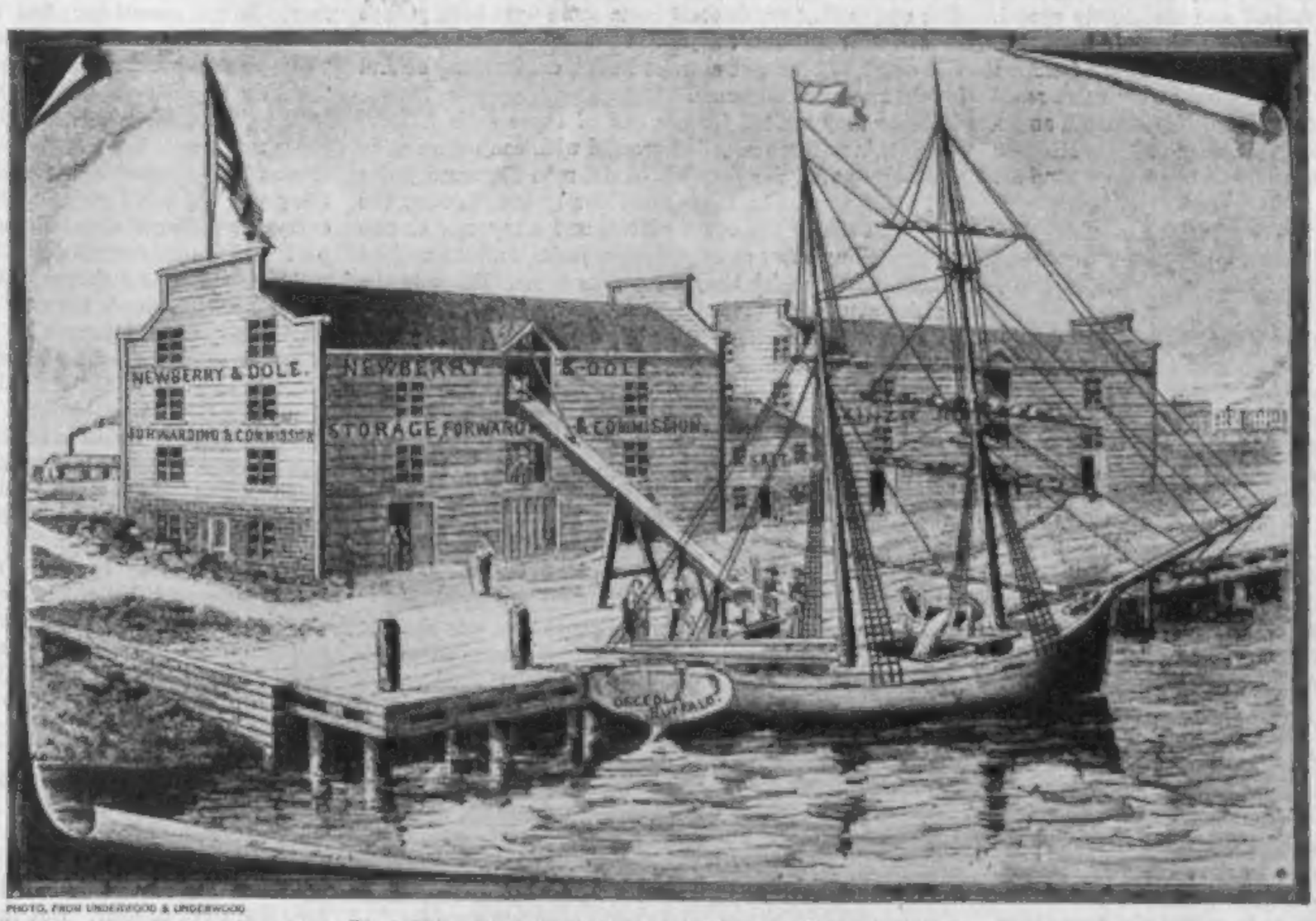


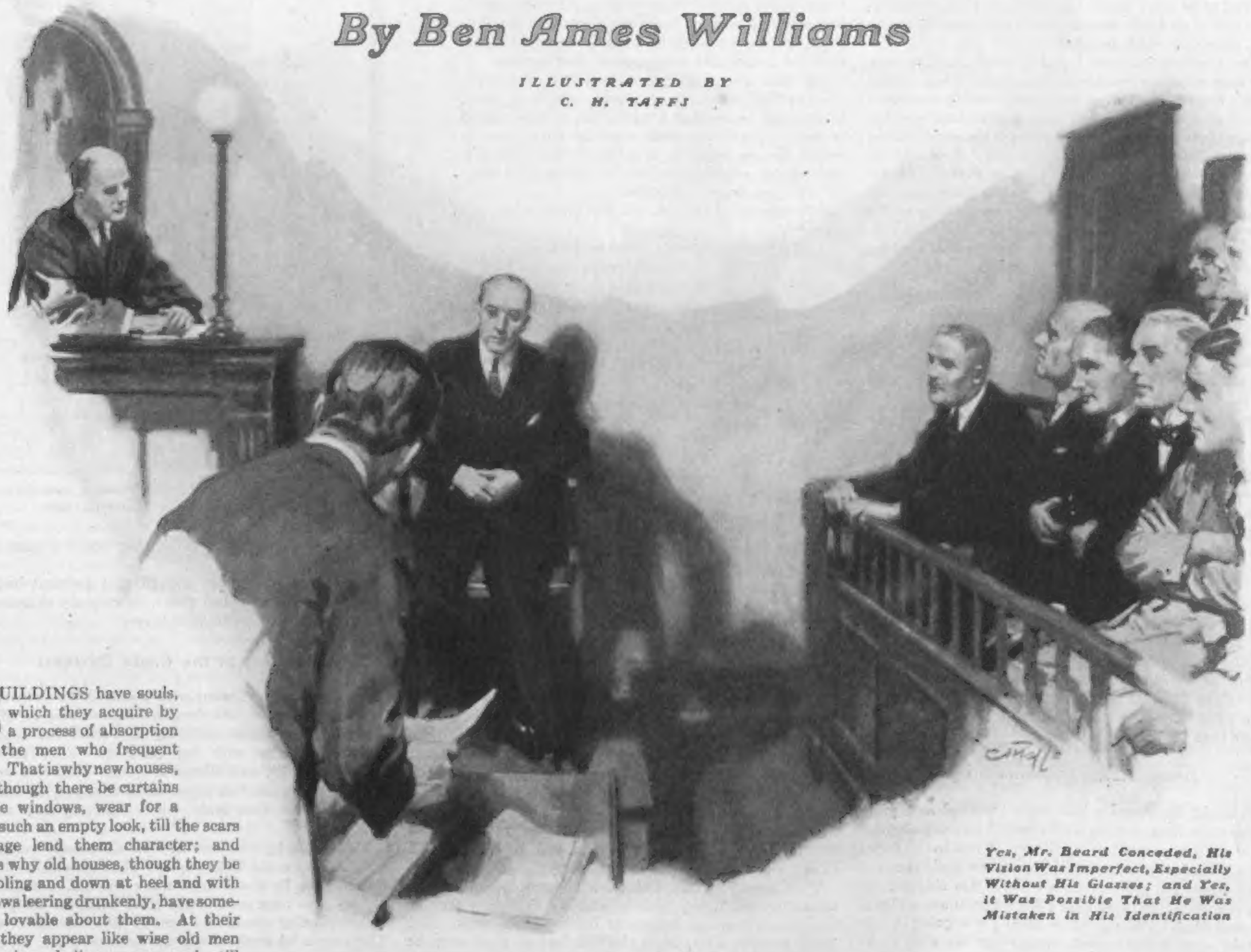
PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

First Shipment of Grain From Chicago's First Dock, 1839

A SCEPTER OF EQUITY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. H. TAFFS



Yes, Mr. Beard Conceded, His Vision Was Imperfect, Especially Without His Glasses; and Yes, it Was Possible That He Was Mistaken in His Identification

BUILDINGS have souls, which they acquire by a process of absorption from the men who frequent them. That is why new houses, even though there be curtains on the windows, wear for a while such an empty look, till the scars of usage lend them character; and that is why old houses, though they be shambling and down at heel and with windows leering drunkenly, have something lovable about them. At their best, they appear like wise old men or gracious ladies, serene and still and fine; but even at their worst, they wear, for all their slovenly decay, an aspect robust and dissolutely genial.

Buildings have souls which may be recognized. The church erects its spire in pride, announcing its function arrogantly. Perhaps humble folk would come more readily to worship if they might slip unnoticed through an inconspicuous door. Libraries are unmistakable; a stranger in town may recognize them before he reads the legend set above their portals. The jail confesses its unpleasant function by the iron lattice at its windows; the city hall has a nondescript and kaleidoscopic character, as though it were a patchwork formed of little pieces out of many lives.

But the courthouse has an individuality of its own; there is something in its brooding front which suggests an all-seeing and contemplative eye. There is a dusty smell about it, like that which rises when a shelf of old books is disturbed; and there is a solidity inherent in its structure, as though it partook of the immutability of ancient custom, which day by day it does perpetuate.

Many men pass through its portals, as they do through those of the city hall; but those who come and go about the seat of local government leave each their imprint on the building, while those who frequent the courthouse are more apt to bear away its imprint upon them. There is an eternal character about even those laws which man designs; there is something eternal and infallible in the aspect which the courthouse in the course of years assumes.

At this hour of the night the courthouse on Central Square was usually no more than a black bulk, its windows dark, its doors secure, brooding inscrutably above the traffic passing by. But tonight the front door was unlocked and there was a single light in the main corridor within. On the second floor, the windows of the district attorney's office were illuminated; and on the floor above, the windows of a court room. Here and there in the corridors and in that upper court room there were little groups of men waiting. For the jury in the case of Edward Roof was out, had been out now for hours, deliberating behind locked and guarded doors.

While they waited for the end of those deliberations, since their minds were all engrossed with conjecture as to what this particular jury would do, men discussed juries and their ways. In the almost empty court room, the clerk and one of the court officers and a reporter or two were recalling other cases and other juries, and the curious conclusions to which they sometimes came. Down in the district attorney's office, the conversation ran on similar lines, and the occasional group of morbid spectators in the corridors argued and predicted out of the depths of their ignorance.

Downstairs in the detention rooms, where Eddie Roof, with whose life the present jury was concerned, was waiting, the same rule held true. Eddie himself, stretched on the cot in the cell where they had put him, seemed to be asleep; but as a matter of fact, though he had adopted this pretense defensively, he was wide awake enough. He could hear the talk which went forward in low tones a little way along the corridor, outside his barred door.

Madden was there, and Dineen. Madden was old and Dineen was young, and their points of view were as divergent as their ages. Madden was one of the sheriff's men, and Dineen was a policeman with no more than five or six years' experience behind him, somewhat disgruntled at his assignment to this particular duty. The text of Dineen's discourse was that juries were unreliable.

"You can't tell me!" he insisted vigorously, over and over. "You can't tell me! I've seen 'em work. I've brought men in, had 'em all sewed up tight, and by the time some windy lawyer gets through, the jury hands 'em a bouquet and a box of candy and kisses 'em good-by."

Madden was not so positive in his position, not so dogmatic in his assertions; but it was apparent that his opposite convictions were as firm as those of the other man. "I've watched juries nearly forty years," he said gently, "and the longer I watch 'em, the better I like 'em."

"Say," Dineen protested, "I'll take a man before the judge any time! Look at the records! You get your conviction in the lower court and he appeals, and the next thing you know it's six months after; and by that time everybody's forgot about it, and what chance have you got?" He added resentfully: "Or the D. A. throws it out and you never get a chance at all."

Old Madden shook his gray head. "A lot of 'em get off," he agreed. "I guess a lot of men get off that hadn't ought to. But those that ought to usually get off too. I don't know," he added reflectively; "there's something about a bunch of men—a jury; something gets into them. Oh, they make mistakes in little things. You take it in the civil sections, and they're wrong as often as they're right, I reckon. But take it in the criminal cases, by and large and on the average, they come pretty near hitting it on the head."

Dineen made an explosive and contemptuous sound. "Say," he retorted, "out of any twelve men, nine of 'em will be nuts, one way or another! You go over the verdicts and you'll see. They do things you can't figure out anyhow. Nobody can tell what a jury's going to do."

Madden said gravely, "Nobody but God." And Dineen laughed again, and Madden explained: "I don't mean anything funny by that either." He added, in a curiously somber tone: "Sometimes, the way it looks to me, God does sit in with 'em. I tell you, Dineen, they do things you can't figure any other way. It don't make any difference what the evidence is, or anything. You know and I know that there's lots of things can't be testified to, things the jury don't get to hear. But that don't seem to matter."

And he paused, and repeated soberly: "Oh, they make mistakes. But take it in a big case, I'll bet on them to be right the most of the time."

Dineen laughed bitterly. "If you want a bet, I'll give you one," he challenged. "This case here!"

But Madden must have made some cautionary signal, for Dineen lowered his voice there and Eddie could hear no more. Lying on his side on the cot so that his face was hidden from anyone who might look in, he grinned derisively. A fine old sap Madden was, he thought, pulling that line of talk. A hot line! The poor old nut was getting dotty. He was weak in the bean!

Dineen was different, but even Dineen was a fool. Most men, for that matter, were; and particularly, Eddie reminded himself, the twelve men on this jury, immured somewhere upstairs.

He grinned again, and confidently, when he thought of them. He had had time during the ten days of the trial to study their individual countenances, until he felt he knew them inside and out. Eddie had enjoyed the experience. The proceedings of the trial itself were tedious and uninteresting, all cut and dried beforehand, following their appointed course. But Eddie had enjoyed watching the twelve men in the jury box.

When their selection was at length completed and they took their seats, they presented a spectacle curiously blank and unresponsive. There was a laborer, with a straggly mustache, in the third seat from the right-hand end in the back row. And there was a bald-headed, doddery old man in the second seat from the right in the front row. Eddie rather admired that old codger. He had a taste in clothes which seemed to Eddie admirable; his suit was well cut and the material from which his shirt was made had been chosen with an eye for color. There was a harmony between his shirts and his ties which Eddie, himself exacting in such matters, thoroughly approved.

The other jurymen equally repaid his study. At first merely twelve lay figures, they assumed, as the days passed, identities. In the court room, where everyone had at some time a word to say, they said nothing. They were the only silent ones who participated in the proceedings. Their function was simply to listen—to sit and listen, and to absorb the facts, the half facts and the nonfacts which were presented to them. Eddie had derived a great deal of quiet amusement from watching them, from trying to estimate their reactions to the testimony presented for their consideration.

It occurred to him one day after the trial was well under way that their faces were curiously alike; that the twelve assumed at moments a curious unity, as though they were one instead of twelve. But he jeered at his own fancy and put it scornfully aside.

Long before he himself took the stand, he felt he knew the jurymen; and while he was testifying, at first upon direct examination and later under the long questioning of the assistant district attorney who prosecuted the case, Eddie had made it a rule in replying to a question to turn and address them. Usually he spoke to some one individual among the twelve, and in a slightly lowered tone, as though he were presenting facts confidential and illuminating.

Eddie had been very well pleased with his behavior on the witness stand. In no single instant had his questioners succeeded in confusing him. The only danger spot in his story concerned his acquaintance with Joe Dammet. They had expected him to deny that, but Eddie admitted it readily enough, thus confounding them; and having admitted it, he amplified it, offering them facts which even their painstaking investigations had failed to elicit. He assured them that he and Joe were the most intimate of friends, and thus disarmed the prosecution, which must have expected him to deny that intimacy.

On only one or two matters had it been necessary for him to conceal the facts. He had denied any meeting with Joe for a month or more before the holdup, and he had denied as positively that he had seen Joe after the robbery and murder were done. There was nothing to shake his denial, and he had the utmost confidence in the ingenuous demeanor which he had worn while he was on the stand. He had no doubt whatever that the jury, those twelve simple and somewhat bewildered men, had found him credible.

In fact Eddie was, during these long hours of waiting, less perturbed than any other person connected with the trial. Even Jenkinson, Eddie knew, was worried and nervous. But Eddie was not worried. He had the confident assurance which goes with ignorance. Eddie considered himself a wise young man, and in this particular matter he had moved with a successful care. The plans he and Joe made had gone through without a hitch. His own skirts were—so far as the law was concerned—removed from all contamination, and he had the utmost confidence that the jury would agree with this estimate and set him free.

Toward eleven o'clock in the evening, when old Madden and Dineen were beginning to believe that the judge would have the jury locked up for the night, a sudden stir came at the end of the corridor, and voices there; and Eddie, listening, knew what it portended. He settled himself in a more relaxed posture, and when Madden came to unlock the door of the cell, Eddie was to all appearances deep in peaceful slumber. Madden had to shake him by the shoulder before he roused.

Eddie turned over then and yawned convincingly and said, "Hello, old man! What's up?"

Madden spoke in a sober tone. "They've sent word they're ready to come in. We've got to go upstairs."

"Oh, all right," Eddie agreed. "Sure, I'm ready. Come on, let's go along."

He submitted to the formality of the handcuffs between his wrist and that of Dineen almost laughingly, and the officers agreed in making a joke of it, for Eddie had been a model prisoner, giving no trouble at any time. He said now to Dineen, "When we come downstairs I'll take you out and buy you a drink, Dineen."

And Dineen grinned sardonically. "I guess so," he agreed. "They'll probably turn you loose."

"Turn me loose!" Eddie assented. "Sure! Why wouldn't they?"

When their preparations were complete, Madden and Dineen, with Eddie between them, went along the almost deserted corridors toward the elevator. Here and there an individual watched them pass—watched them with furtive, morbid eyes—and then followed silently behind them. There was only enough light to show the way. For the most part the great building was dark, and when they left the elevator and turned into the upper hall, this musty half darkness still enshrouded them. The occasional fly-specked globe threw heavy shadows on their countenances.

But when they came to the door of the court room, toward which from every hand other steps converged, Eddie saw that the chamber was brightly lighted; and though he had been conscious of no depression in the shadowy passageways, this more complete illumination was vaguely reassuring.

When Madden unlocked the handcuffs, Eddie sat down in the cage and crossed his legs and nodded confidently to a familiar countenance here and there about the room. During the days of the trial he had come to know not only the court officers and the judge, and the clerk and his assistants and the lawyers and the jurymen, but also the more persistent spectators; and in this moment when their attention centered all on him, he was inflated by his own importance, pleased with the part he played, almost disappointed that in a few minutes now he would be free—free to depart and to be forgotten.

Jenkinson, who had defended him, came over to the cage. "Well, there's nothing to it, Eddie," he said, and Eddie nodded. Jenkinson was a good man. Of course, any lawyer could have won this case for him, but it had been just as well to get Jenkinson, to avoid any possibility of mischance.

Any lawyer, he thought again as Jenkinson turned away, could have won this case for him. It was won before it ever came to trial—won by his own sagacity, in a manner utterly complete and convincing.

After he had taken his seat in the cage, there was a delay, a considerable interval of waiting; and while he waited, Eddie's thoughts ran swiftly through the whole affair.

He Ate Luncheon at the Same Table With Rogers in a Cheap Restaurant Around the Corner From the Works

He and Joe Dammet had concerted the enterprise between them. It was a matter of lifting a satchel containing some thousands of dollars in bills of convenient denomination and intended for the pay roll at the Palmer works. Eddie devised the plan and Joe executed it. Eddie knew himself to be an astute young man, and his shrewdness had been manifest in this particular design. Most men, as he reminded Joe, would have been content to execute the robbery and trust for safety to a quick getaway, but Eddie went further. He even expounded to Joe the philosophy of the situation.

"If the cops don't have anything to go on," he assured his subordinate, "they'll go around picking up anybody they see, and they might just happen to grab you. The thing to do is give them something to work on—make them think they've got what they're after, until it's too late for them to get anything at all."

The essence of his design then was this: That Joe should do the robbery, but in such a way that Eddie

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WATCHMAN

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

Her Black Mug Wrinkled Into a Ferocious Scowl That Tried its Best to Pass for an Inveigling Smile

YES and no. That's generally a crack-brained answer. But if you ask, Is Sourmug a good watchdog? then the only possible reply is, Yes and no.

Take Tollgate Sal, for instance. There never was a poorer watchdog in the world than Tollgate Sal; and yet she came through with the finest, deadliest job of guarding ever done.

Sal was a Sourmug—an English bulldog. She looked a watchman's part. She got her name because she barred the highway. When Sal confronted you, you stopped. "Whoa up!" said Sal, and it was like a toll bar dropped across the road. Whether you rode Shanks' mare or clucked at Dobbin Gray or sat behind eight sweet cylinders—you whoaed. If not for fear of Sal, then from sheer admiration. For Sarah was beautiful. Tremendous power always is, potential or kinetic.

Standing, Sal radiated strength. Swung low in front between wide-propped, columnar legs, roached high in rear, she seemed, when merely standing at her ease, crouched down to rush. Moving, tremendous muscles under her faultless coat of brindle velvet bulged and slid. Her huge under jaw, swung out in front, was like a dreadnought's prow. And when she cocked an eye at you, the white in view a little, and flattened back her ears, a look of such uncompromising truculence came on her wrinkled mug that you not only whoaed—you backed.

Watchdog, old Sourmug? Par excellence, as far as looks go. And more than that. The English bulldog has a reputation that fits exactly with his style of beauty. A century or two ago he was the associate of England's hardest boiled: bull baiters, bear baiters, dog-pit men, badger drawers, bare-knuckle boys, cockfighters, pub keepers and plug-uglies generally. And you can see what bad company will do for a fellow. Old Shortnose hasn't traveled with such gentry for a century. He is a gentleman now. It would be hard to match the perfect gentleness of him anywhere. And yet to most he is still a sullen, dour, merciless, belligerent, death-gripping bully; and the house where he is known to live is guarded as with arrows that fly by day and terror that stalks at night.

But dreadfulness is, like beauty, in the eye, the mind, of the beholder. Character and reputation are sometimes as far apart as north and south. Old Sourmug is the friendliest creature on four legs—or two. The second-story man who knows bulldogs would only need to whisper that it was a fine old dog and dispense a couple rubs behind the ears, and Mugs would help him carry out the kitchen range, the grand piano and the wife and kids.

Are you some fool fox terrier to get all steamed up over nothing? Emphatically not. You were wide awake and on the job when the stranger came in at the window, and you had let go a growl so wicked that any undesirable would have fled with death fear riding him. But this visitor was far from undesirable. He said softly, "Well, hello, old socks. How are you? Come over here and talk to me," and had squatted down and put a hand out. So you had swaggered over to him, scowling genially, and had shaken hands.

Whereupon there had passed the usual amenities between gentlemen—a scratching of backs, right at the tail root, where fleas seem to know that teeth can't reach, and a rubbing of ears, and a sniffing of ankles, and a shoving of wet noses into hands, after which formalities you had gone back to the old rug by the fireplace and watched the friendly visitor put the knives and spoons, and so forth, softly into a bag. Then the visitor, with a pat or two, had slipped quietly out of the window again and was gone—and you had gone to sleep. He was considerate enough not to rouse the household, so why should you, like some rattle-brained lap dog, raise the devil over a pleasant incident like that?

A watchman, Sourmug? Yes and no. Yes positively and no absolutely!

I first saw Tollgate Sal at one of the big shows in the old Madison Square Garden. Half the delightful way down Sourmug Alley, on my first trip through, I caught sight of a marvelous bull bitch. She was, bar question, the most murderous-looking beldam I had ever laid my eye on; and they had her, strangely, caged in like a tigress. Not only was she fenced off from the dogs on either side of her but a third heavy wire grating had been put up in front of her, and a fourth one over her head, and she was stoutly chained besides. It was most strange, for there is no breed from which the public needs less protection than from the bulldogs.

It's amusing, as you walk down Sourmug Alley, to see how the dog-show visitors keep to the center of the aisle. If they only knew it, every one of those villainous reptiles filling the benches on both sides is doing his ugly best to say, "You must come over." Every one of them is ready to snuffle his fool head off and to wriggle his back end off at the touch of a caressing hand. So I wondered at the caging of this magnificent bitch.

I stood and looked at her a while. I hunted up her number in the catalogue—Tollgate Sal. Where in the deuce had she been all my life? Tollgate Sal, the Poplars Kennels, West Mountain, Pennsylvania, Owner H. H. Harrow.

Oh, yes, Judge Harrow, whom a whole country had applauded when he sent that kidnaping couple up the river for the very limit, and added to the sentence the most scathing of denunciations, and the regret that the law did not let him send them both straight to the chair.

Why this most hideous of all crimes does not carry a penalty merciless as the offense is a question that has puzzled minds less just and legal than Judge Harrow's; and so among the dads and mothers of America he had become an idol overnight. I remembered his name well, and that he had a wonderful kennel of bulldogs at his fine estate, the Poplars.

But I had never heard of Tollgate Sal. An unread copy of Dog News on my littered desk explained how she had come across from England without my hearing all about her. I gazed and gazed at that eye-filling bitch, and she glared back at me through her wire fence with bloody murder in her white-ringed eye. But I knew all about that basilisk bulldog stare. All that it meant was that she was an old sweetheart and that she would like to have her back scratched. And the wire inclosure meant only that Judge Harrow's handler knew that she would be utterly irresistible to bulldoggy folks, and that he didn't want their caresses to carry any chance distemper germ to that extremely valuable import.

I knew all this, knowing bulldogs. So, after I had looked my fill at her from across the aisle, I walked across and sat down on my heels before her stall, my face level with hers. I started off a little speech of sympathy, intending to tell her that it was a darned shame, so it was, to keep a lady all penned in like that—and I got just about two syllables into that wise speech.

I First Saw Tollgate Sal at One of the Big Shows in the Old Madison Square Garden. Half the Delightful Way Down Sourmug Alley, on My First Trip

With as terror-striking a roar as I have ever heard come from an animal's throat, she launched herself at me headlong. Lucky the staple held. She brought up with a jerk that nearly tore the stall back out. But the chain held, and it slapped her sidewise at its end against the stout wire partition of her stall with force enough to crack her ribs.

I tumbled backward, sprawling on the floor; utterly ludicrous, no doubt. But dignity was my last thought then. My heart had skipped a beat or two, for death, I had no doubt about it, had come at that chain's end, not twenty inches from my throat. I scrambled upright hastily and, much embarrassed, went away from there. I had thought that I knew my way about at dog shows; I had thought I knew my bulldogs—and here I was, a blundering novice and a disillusioned man, for I had just seen a thing I thought did not exist—a bulldog that a man need be afraid of. I had been reading "vicious bulldog" all my life but had never seen one. I knew that the old newspaper item, "Vicious bulldog tears a child," was an ignorant injustice to the breed. If bull at all, which is unlikely, then some mongrel bull cross does these things. Lord save you, man, no dog in all the world will take a pestering from kids with the endless patience that a bulldog will.

But "vicious" seemed a mild word now for this particular sample of the breed at least. I moved away as hurriedly as you can imagine, and as far as she could see me Tollgate Sal kept leaping at her chain and tearing out that paralyzing throat noise. As I went guiltily around the nearest corner I saw a man come up and quiet her.

Of course I went back later—cautiously. And at a time, you may be sure, when the man who had soothed the holy terror was on hand.

I told him I had caused the row, and begged his pardon. "I thought I knew bulldogs," I said.

"You do, I'll bet," the man said. "No man but one that knows the breed would ever venture near that Morrigu!"

He told me he was Honan, and that the Morrigu was a hideous old battle witch that flew screaming gleefully overhead in Ireland when good Irishmen were killing one another, and that he was Judge Harrow's kennel man; and so, of course, we were off.

"That bitch," said Honan, "is a lamb at home. She's the house dog, and the judge's grandkids maul her so past all endurin' it's a shame, so it is. But all the while she's the sweetest-hearted thing I ever see in all my years with bulldogs—except at dog shows.

"Man, how she hates shows! Strange, too, you'd think. Most bulldogs go right through them, one-day show or four, without a whimper. Just sittin' there and snoozin' most of the time, and lettin' the rest of the breeds do all the worryin'. And a show's a trial, too, for dogs, the lambs—don't let that fool you. There's strange dogs and strange people, and strange beds and strange grub; strange handlers often enough, and strange surroundings everywhere. Chained up for days, and a little shy of water maybe, just when they're nervous and need plenty; and not enough time off the bench perhaps. Endless nuts talking baby talk to them, and endless terriers and police dogs yelping, and long nights to get through somehow, with a dog always raising sorrow somewhere, here or there. Boredom no end except in the ring—and then a fellow not allowed to make acquaintances or start a bit of an argument maybe. A credit that the dogs come through it sane. But old Shortnose, he doesn't ever seem to mind it much. Or if he does he doesn't show it. They're wonders takin' punishment without a peep—bulldogs.

"You wouldn't wonder then," said Honan, "if one of them got grouchy now and then. But with Sal there, it isn't now and then. It's every blessed show and every minute of it. And it's not a grouch. It's rage. It's fury, sir. It's getting so that even her good friend, John Honan, can scarcely get her into her traveling crate. I thought sure she would go for me last time. She hates that crate. She knows it means dog show. We thought that we could change her mind about this thing; but instead, she's getting worse. I've tried everything, but I doubt if I'll ever get her to another show.

"I can't erase a certain memory from her mind. It's this: She was nursing puppies one year at the time of the great All-Breeds Show in London. She was in no shape to compete, of course, but because she had the grandest litter England had ever seen they had her there for exhibition only, with her family. That was the year the Black Watch Armory burned. There was a pitiful loss of dogs. Before poor Sally there could break her chain, her pups had smothered. But she carried them out. They tried to stop her going back for the second one. That was the only time they tried to stop her. They might as well have tried to stop a tigress. She nosed all six dead pups against her out there in the street, and traffic went around her. No one tried to make her move until at last they found her owner.

"When we get home this time," said Honan, "I think we'll have her championship with us. She's gone great guns so far. I hope the judge will never make her do a show again. It's too hard on her. Funny too; when we open up her crate back at the Poplars she'll roll out grinning, ready right off to take the judge's grandkids through enough reunion clownishness to make you laugh a rib loose. She's the best-natured, sweetest-hearted cutthroat in the world. Aren't you, Sally?"

And from Sal's stall there came a growl more frightful than the buzz of a diamond-back.

I met Judge Harrow finally. There's a nice thing about bulldogs. A mutual interest in the grand old fellows makes all bulldog lovers kin. The humblest of bulldoggy scribes is almost sure, sooner or later, to arrive at intimacy with the most famous of bulldoggy legal lights; to spend a week-end with him, like as not.

That Gargoyle of a Pup With Ludicrous Gravity Turned Her South End Around to Me and Gave Me a Back Paw to Shake

The Poplars is a very gracious place, with a most gracious host. The Poplars dwelling is a lovely farmhouse, part of an ancient farm group, typically Pennsylvanian. Additions have attached themselves to the old main house of stone according to the necessities of the passing years. Utility and the honest, unashamed economies of a generation past gave the old place simplicity. So it was beautiful. Frame had been added to stone and whitewashed brick to frame, without excuses offered. Like it or not, it fitted to the circumstances of the builders. Tremendous rooms there are, and tiny ones, as need had risen; wide halls and windows oddly placed; steps up and down from room to room, from room to hall, as ease in building to the land's lay governed; places for fires everywhere, and many homelike chimneys rising from them. And a broad, smooth lawn flowed down an easy slope from the house front, around four noble, high, God-praising poplars, to the Susquehanna River. And as though all this were not enough, there was a kennelful of bulldogs.

Of course, a daughter, womanly and beautiful beyond all words of mine, might be expected in Judge Harrow's house, and twin children of that daughter, just as beautiful as she. France held the father of those children to her breast. The boy looked like his mother. If it was the father that the little girl resembled, I can understand why that bewildering young widow had never plighted troth a second time. He must have been as wild and strong in love as a sea storm, and as clean, too, to have transmitted looks like those that fairy little girl possessed. A woman who has given children to a strong clean man does not remarry hastily when he is gone.

The judge had also never found another wife, and that old house, steeped in human living by many generations of

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Through, I Caught Sight of a Marvelous Bull Bitch. With a Terror-Striking Roar, She Launched Herself at Me Headlong. Lucky the Staple Held

ON SECOND THOUGHT

SOB SISTER WEDS MILLIONAIRE CLUBMAN

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

VAINGLORIOUSLY Ericka Brandt remembered the words as she lay in the cool, still darkness between Mrs. Percy's lace-edged sheets. It was the headline with which Gil Parkes had threatened her when she told him.

Of course Ralph Herringate Percy probably hadn't a million dollars in his own name, and he belonged to only two very quiet clubs, but he was certainly what passes for a millionaire clubman in journalese, and he was what all the girls in Milwaukee had dreamed of as a desirable *parti* when Ericka lived there: An Easterner, quite good-looking, and the son of nice people.

Most of the girls she had known then hadn't married one-tenth as well, and it amused and delighted Ericka to think that she, whom they had rather outlawed as odd and bohemian, was carrying off the sort of prize they had taken it for granted was not for her, and doing so with none of the humiliating effort those same girls had found it necessary to devote to matrimony.

"Society? Oh, I've Always Dreamed of Having a White Sea of Faces Turn When I Entered the Opera"

Ericka had been working on the Daily Pictorial for three years when Ralph obtained a position on that fervid sheet for experience. He had been given the desk next hers.

Ericka had heard the men laughing about his extremely social attitude toward his job before she saw him. Gil Parkes had been bloodcurdling in the cruelty of his account of Ralph Percy's reception of an assignment in the Bronx.

"If it's just as convenient," he had reported Ralph as having said, "could I have something more in the direction of my home? It would be so much easier about dinner. We're having some people in tonight."

When first Ericka saw Ralph he was bending over a paper on his desk, looking perplexed. He was blond and he had straight, fine features and broad shoulders.

"Hello," Ericka had greeted him; "I'm Ericka Brandt."

He had risen. "I'm Ralph Percy."

"Yes, I know. They tell me you're trying to make a place for yourself in the newspaper game."

She'd said it thinking it was funny, because outworn *clichés* were always droll to her, and her eyes and lips had held back a laugh until he should smile.

He didn't smile.

"Yes, I am," he admitted, "and I wonder if you could tell me what this means."

A peculiarity of Ericka's was that she didn't demand that all the people she liked should be of the same sort. Ralph Percy, she noted, was a nice, troubled young man who would never possibly think she was funny. She took the slip:

Cover B. of E. & A. 2:30 P.M. for Bugs.

"It just means that you're to report the Board of Estimate and Apportionment meeting at half-past two this afternoon for Charlie Dwight. They call him Bugs, you know."

After that, when Ralph needed help without mockery, he had come to her, until the day he confessed shamefacedly that he was giving up journalism.

"The people aren't my sort, that's all," he'd said. "I hope you won't despise me for quitting."

Ericka never despised anyone. "I think it might be a good idea for you to enjoy what you're going to do," she'd told him.

When Gil Parkes had indulged in raucous comment on his departure, after that event, Ericka had defended Ralph—at least she'd meant to.

"I think perhaps he would have been happier on the Times," she'd said, and when Gil Parkes had roared with laughter she'd kept her own mirth down to the smallest smile.

Then it had developed that Ralph Herringate Percy wasn't renouncing Ericka with the rest of the Fourth Estate.

He began asking her to Theatre Guild openings and dance recitals and then to take luncheon with him, and finally he proposed—a real, embarrassing I-want-you-to-do-me-the-honor-of-becoming-my-wife proposal.

It had been a terrific shock for Ericka, who had just finished a special article on the thesis that the modern male never proposes, that a girl has to know how to get married without a proposal or she simply doesn't get married, an idea suggested by her observation of Gil Parkes. The thought of Gil Parkes making a formal declaration, no matter how deeply he was in love with a girl, was hilariously preposterous.

That brought Ericka back to the memory she had saved to be the very last one of the lovely day just passed, saved as an exquisitely greedy child saves the frosting of cake—the memory of the scene with Gil when she'd told him, as managing editor of the Daily Pictorial, that she was leaving its employ.

"Yes, you are!" he'd responded to her bare announcement. "Why, you wouldn't give up this job to save your eyeteeth. How much of a raise do you want?"

"I'm going to give it up, though," Ericka had returned, and one of her grins had played about her mouth as she lifted one hand to toy with an imaginary rope of pearls. "I'm going to give up my career for society."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to marry Ralph Percy. I always thought he was a darling, you know."

"You're going to marry him?"

"Yes, isn't it nice?"

"I didn't know that was what you wanted."

"Society? Oh, I've always dreamed of having a white sea of faces turn when I entered the opera."

Gil had recovered himself by then and made up the headline, but for those first few instants he'd looked collapsed—utterly collapsed. It had been nice of Fate to give her that chance of stamping up and down on his ego just once, when he had scuffed hers underfoot so often. And he'd felt it. He hadn't been able to work that afternoon. He'd told his secretary he had a cold coming on. A cold indeed! As though Ericka didn't know how anything that worried him went instantly to his throat, which had begun by being delicate and which he didn't help by constant smoking.

Ericka Brandt was through with being sent to the far ends of the city at all hours in all weathers; she was through with the tedium of days when Gil decided she'd better do something factual for the good of her style; she was through with the ink-smelling, gritty offices of the Daily Pictorial; she was through with the moods of Gil Parkes, whose variability had been stimulating at first, but who had for two months settled into a stubborn grouch. She would never have to worry about money again; she was going to live sheltered in beauty always; she would have dear Ralph, who had the sweetest, evenest disposition she had ever known. Oh, how nice it was that she had that scene in Gil's office for a final memory of the Daily Pictorial! And how nice that Mrs. Percy liked her and had turned out to be a darling too! And how nice ——

She was going to sleep. Her legs and arms were dull with sleep's encroachment; her black, cropped head was sinking deep into the pillow. How nice! she thought for a final time.

Ericka was late for breakfast. Ralph had had to leave for the offices of the intelligent periodical, without illustrations, on which he now held an editorial position. Mrs. Percy was waiting, all graciousness.

Mrs. Percy had known that Ralph would marry an intellectual. Certainly she didn't wonder that a man of his caliber wasn't attracted to the silly little flappers the daughters of her friends had grown into. She was glad, however, that Ericka was so pretty. It would show those girls who, she felt vaguely, had sometimes made fun of Ralph for being so serious, that there were desirable young people in the world besides the country-club set of Langdale.

"I'm so sorry," Ericka apologized for the hour, "but I forgot to bring my alarm clock."

"I had Mary tap on your door, but you didn't answer and I thought perhaps you were tired."

"I always have to be waked violently. Sometimes they have to throw water on me. It's the peasant in me. I've heard that my grandmother slept through an alarm that the ship was on fire when she was coming to this country in 1860—in the steerage, too, and you can imagine what that must have been like."

"Mary's in the pantry fixing some hot toast," Mrs. Percy remarked in a warning tone of voice. "Ralph thinks it's odd of me not to have a butler, but I find I can deal with women so much better, don't you?"

That had not been Ericka's experience. "Mary seems to be a Koh-i-noor," she remarked.

"She is. Your toast will be here directly, I'm sure."

"I smell it," Ericka said.

"It is too bad there isn't a baize door or something." Mrs. Percy was really distressed. "I don't believe the smell ever comes from the kitchen though. Except, perhaps, cabbage."

"But this smell is heavenly," Ericka protested. "If you'd had to swallow a cup of bad coffee at a lunch room and run for a Subway as many mornings as I have, you'd know how heavenly."

"You poor child! I know how Ralph hated it."

Ericka changed the subject. "Your house is simply too lovely, Mrs. Percy."

"Well, it's comfortable," Mrs. Percy beamed. "Of course it's not large as country places go nowadays. I didn't want a really big place, but I do think it's comfortable."

"And pretty," Ericka insisted.

"Well, the furniture is all good; every piece of it. I always say it doesn't pay to buy anything but really good furniture."

Ericka had a vision of a kind she thought it would be just as well to suppress in future—a vision of some wayward piece of furniture finding its way into that home, of a chair Mrs. Percy might find some morning edged into a compromising position beside one of Mrs. Percy's virtuous little chairs, of Mrs. Percy hearing creaks in the night and hurrying downstairs to switch a light upon a scene of what horror.

"Whatever your means," Ericka said, "the end is certainly a delight."

"I want to show you all about," Mrs. Percy glowed. "Everything will be yours and Ralph's some day, you know; and I want you to be able to lay your hands on anything, in case something should happen to me."

Mrs. Percy's eyes were already a little dampish at the prospect.

"Oh, don't let anything happen to you, please," Ericka begged, and she was awfully glad that Mary came in with her breakfast just then.

Mary was undoubtedly the perfect maid. In Mrs. Percy's ménage she seemed as inevitable as the china and sawdust abigails who come in really complete dolls' houses. There was a familiar look about her, but Ericka couldn't tell whether she had seen her before at some time, or whether it was merely that her features, behind their glaze of complete impersonality, were so typical of all the best servants in the houses of the rich and the productions of meticulous managers that she evoked a universal type.

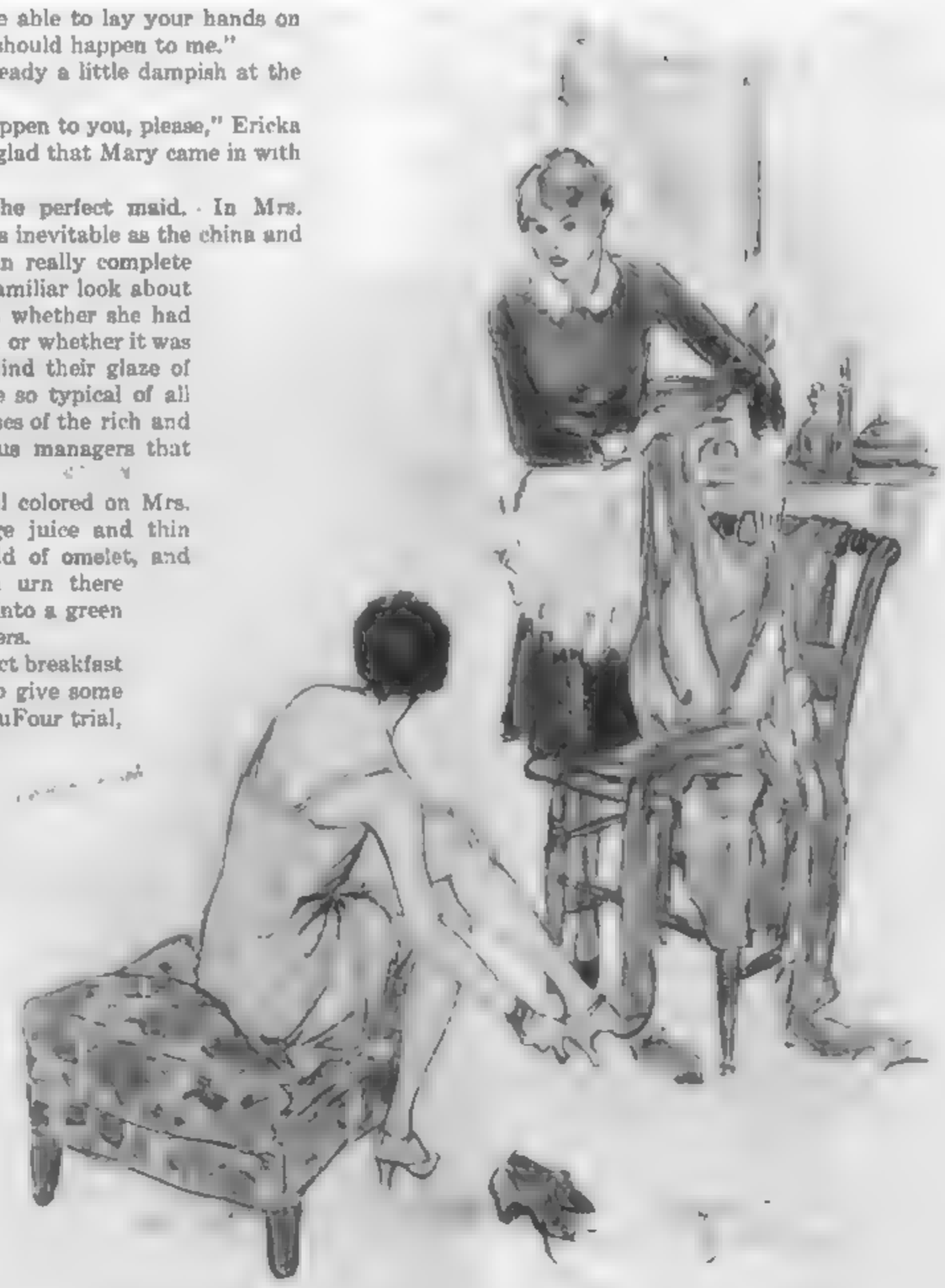
The breakfast was daffodil colored on Mrs. Percy's green china: Orange juice and thin golden toast, a vaporous fold of omelet, and from Mrs. Percy's Georgian urn there streamed dark amber coffee into a green cup meshed with yellow flowers.

It would have been a perfect breakfast if there had been a paper to give some hint of the progress of the DuFour trial, but there wasn't one, and it would have been impolite to ask for one, because there was Mrs. Percy beaming again now like an April sun.

"I'd forgotten that coffee didn't always come in shaving mugs," Ericka said.

"Is that all you'll want, dear?" Mrs. Percy asked her. "Because if it is, Mary can go on with her other work."

When Mary had withdrawn she explained, "Mary hasn't really a thing to do until luncheon, but she loves these hours to herself, and I do think it does pay to humor good servants. Ralph says I wear myself out seeing that mine enjoy themselves."



"They Lifted Him in a Window. They Waited Until the Street Was Empty and Did It"

"Could I ever have seen Mary before anywhere?" Ericka asked Mrs. Percy.

"I don't believe you could possibly."

"She's been with you long?"

"Only about a year."

"Do you know where she worked before?"

"It wasn't in this part of the country. She'd had a position in Cleveland several years ago, but gave it up to keep house for her brother, I believe. The extraordinary thing is that she was almost as good when she came to me as she is now. Most maids who give up their positions even for a little while let their hands get out so."

Mrs. Percy sighed for the folly of slipshod human nature. One couldn't imagine a talent of Mrs. Percy's not kept shining to its small utmost.

After breakfast Mrs. Percy thought it would be nice if Ericka would go marketing with her and be introduced to the tradespeople.

"I try to make friends of them," she said, and leaning forward from the deep seat of her limousine she presented Ericka quite formally to Mr. Kalbfleish, the grocer, and Mr. Thompson, the butcher.

"This is Miss Brandt who's to be my daughter-in-law. Don't you think I'm very fortunate?"

Ericka surprised herself by being awkward and embarrassed. She had always found it easy to make friends with her purveyors in the city.

"Hello," had been her usual beginning. "What kind of cheap meat is good today?"

Usually she and her purveyors laughed together quite a little.

Back at the Percy place, Ericka did ask for a paper. She was curious to see what Nell Ingott, who was probably covering the DuFour trial, would have to say about it. Mrs. Percy had, however, given the paper to Mary to be read in the kitchen, and it had gone into the range.

"I don't think they read a quiet paper with a great deal of interest," Mrs. Percy explained.

That was how Ericka learned that the Percys didn't take the Daily Pictorial.

"I suppose I should, when Ralph held a position on it for a time," Mrs. Percy said, "but it does seem to me so full of distressing things. Ralph says you've had fascinating experience on it though."

Ericka had. She recounted some she thought would interest Mrs. Percy at luncheon.

"Perhaps you'll want to rest now," Mrs. Percy suggested when that delicious meal, exquisitely served in the dim, carefully cooled dining room, was over. "I always rest after luncheon. I find it pays."

Ericka said that would be very pleasant, but when she heard, across the hall, Mrs. Percy's light breathing deepen into light, ladylike snores, she tiptoed downstairs and walked into the village and to the nearest news stand.

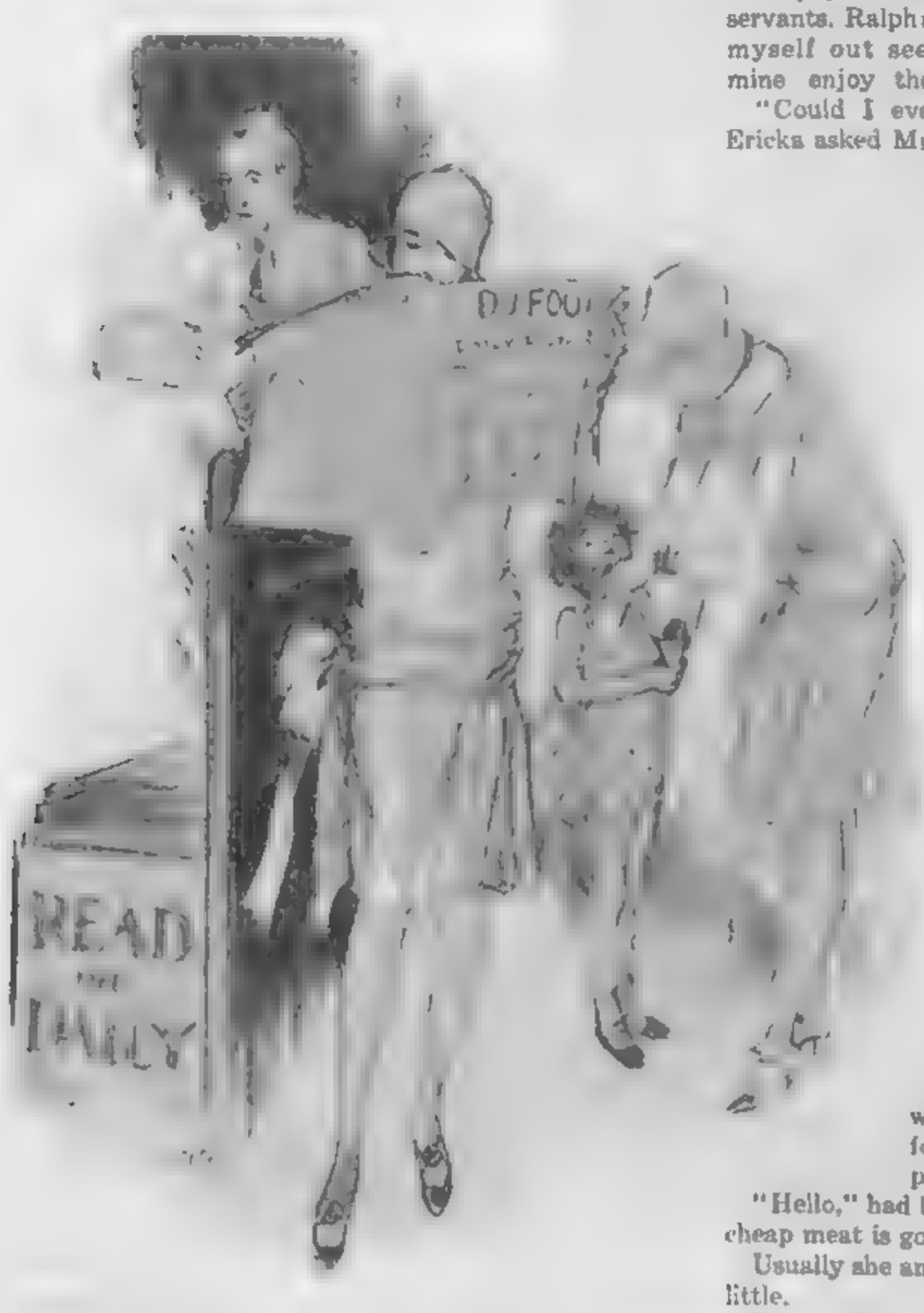
The DuFour trial had been adjourned for twenty-four hours because of the illness of a juror, but her walk was amply repaid. Nell Ingott's article on the heat wave's victims was so satisfyingly flat. It was really a shame. People wouldn't squeeze out checks for the Daily Pictorial's relief fund as they had last year after Ericka's scorching account was published.

Ericka remembered how Gil Parkes had called her into his office:

"Is this just professional sobbing, Ericka, or are conditions really as bad as that? Think twice before you answer, because if they are I'll have to give up my savings and all hope of a vacation in Paris, France, Europe."

It was really the nicest thing Gil had ever said to her, though he'd often been nice until recently. He claimed the change was because he was afraid the Daily Pictorial might be sold, which would threaten the whole precious machine he had built with destruction, but Ericka knew how much likelihood there was of that. No, Gil's troubles, whatever they were, were personal, and if only he'd talked

(Continued on Page 100)



Nell Ingott's Article on the Heat Wave's Victims Was So Satisfyingly Flat

A SPLENDID GYPSY

By PEGGY WOOD

I HAD heard tales of all-star productions before—wolf stories of old-timers hogging scenes while the youngsters didn't dare peep for fear of hurting the older actors' feelings; terrible rows over dressing rooms and scenes over who was to have which drawing-room on trains. So it was with some trepidation I took Miss Pauline Lord's place as Imogen Parrot in the revival of Trelawney of the Wells when it left for the gala tour after seven tremendously prosperous weeks at the New Amsterdam Theater last spring.

Six weeks was at first to constitute the tour, ending in Chicago, Easter week. "But," said Mr. Tyler, "I have just had a great idea, and if Mr. Drew and Mrs. Whiffen agree, we may do a whirlwind tour to California and back by the middle of June, sweeping across the whole country."

"Do you think they will consider undertaking such a trip?" I asked.

"Well," he chuckled, "I was afraid to give a Washington's Birthday matinée for fear it might be too much for them, but of all the company they alone protested, and we played it. They may be game for this."

Now, as Mr. Drew was seventy-three and Mrs. Whiffen eighty-two, this tour sounded pretty formidable in spite of the assurance of a private-compartment car which we were to use as a hotel on wheels during the one-night stands. But I reckoned without two regular troupers to whom the click of the trucks of a transcontinental train was as sugar and cream to a bowl of cereal.

"California? Seattle? Vancouver? Why not?" said they.

So bookings were arranged, and on March twenty-first we ushered in our famous tour and the vernal season in Boston. It was a real New England spring day—snow and sleet. All the cast concerned in scenes with me were called to rehearse, for I was to enter the play that night, and, in spite of the weather, they were there. They must have cussed me out privately, but they were all there; and I had my first taste of the real teamwork and unostentation of the "greatest aggregation of stars ever assembled."

Miss Gahagan as Rose Trelawney and Mr. Drew as Sir William Gower in "Trelawney of the Wells"

My interpretation differed considerably from Miss Lord's, and they had been accustomed to her for many weeks, yet never *once* did they show annoyance at what must have been disturbing to them—difference in pace, in volume, in characterization, in all the little things so thoroughly upsetting in a smooth-running play.

Mr. Drew sat at the prompt table watching me during that final rehearsal, and that I seemed to win his approbation gave me courage to face the ordeal of casting myself into that group of personalities big enough to clash, but to clash in such a way as to strike fire in a performance.

When the Gods Were Kind

IT WAS then and there I got the feeling that this was no ordinary all-star spring revival. This was an all-star cast, yes, but topped and headed by John Drew. Somehow it was his company. Not by any assumption of extra authority—on the contrary, he made a point of being only one of a cast—not because he had been the head of his own companies for so many years that the throne was the proper place for him, for there were others there who held that right in years and distinguished service; not because he was called the dean of American actors by the press everywhere, but because of an indefinable something which drew to itself homage, admiration, humility the recognition of greatness.

I remember years ago William Sampson, the incomparable father in The First Year and a fine character actor, who had been at Daly's with John Drew and Ada Rehan, said to me, "A lot of people consider John Drew mostly as a sartorial delight and tell you they'd rather see him draw on a glove than any other actor play Hamlet. Let me tell you, my lady, you get on that stage with him and see how much more there is to it than drawing on a glove!"

"And a fat chance of my ever doing that," I sighed. But the gods were kinder to me than I dared hope, for they fixed it so my play would flop in time for me to join Trelawney to occupy that delightful position. I there had occasion to recall Billy Sampson's remark many times.

Among the younger crowd, we found ourselves marveling perhaps more than the older members of the cast, who were long ago made familiar with that effortless, vibrant voice, so seemingly slurred in diction, yet so bitingly clear even to the last row in the house, that intuitive yet sharply intelligent timing which made his points, that ever-changing yet never varying method of attack, always newly colored with some Drew *arrière-pensée*, yet ever the same characterization, prismatic in the changing light, yet clear as crystal.

Eric Dressler, playing Arthur Gower, told me the second act was always a joy to him in spite of the fact he thought Arthur a dreadful sap, because of Mr. Drew's performance each night. And he found he waited nightly for the chill which involuntarily went down his spine when old Sir William Gower ordered his grandson to the library for a bad quarter of an hour with an ominous "Now!"

John Drew, From His Last Photograph, a Copy of Which He Sent Miss Wood

We marveled, too—and adored—his running fire of *sotto voce* comment throughout the play, mostly caustic, usually witty, yet never interfering with his playing. The weather, the audience, the town, the idiosyncrasies of his fellow artists, whether or not Lawrance D'Orsay would get a hand on his first speech, how he felt—all these were woven into an amusing lining to the garment he showed the footlights. Effie Shannon used to say his comments, while supposedly asleep under a newspaper, used to tax her control to the point of explosion.

To those actors who take themselves, their moods and their art so seriously on the stage, what a shock he would have been! But, after all, it is only those who can walk up to an art and pull its nose who really have any mastery of it.

Starring John Drew

BOSTON took to us so kindly we were forced to give an extra matinée, a taste of many to come in our tour as far as Minneapolis, after which, for some reason, business fell off until we reached San Francisco, where we expected to resume extra performances in full force. But there, alas, Mr. Drew was confined to a sanitarium, and his absence was not only felt keenly and anxiously backstage but cost the box office about $10,000 in business and returned seats that week.

We were reminded there once more that it was not for nothing we often got mail on tour addressed care of John Drew's Company.

For, bill the names as they might, in equal-sized type, his personality and his greatness towered over all in the minds of the public as well as in our own.

In one of the towns in the Middle West two elderly women asked at the box office if Mr. Drew was being starred there that night. They were told Mr. Drew was one of many stars in the cast, but that he was to play there, yes.

That was what they meant. He was playing there; therefore he was starred; the others didn't matter!

From Boston we journeyed to Washington, not, however, in our private compartment car.

On this trip I discovered the D'Orsays, Mr. and Mrs., traveled with their entire family—a canary bird, which they had brought all the way from England. Their arrival at the station—in fact, at any station any time along the tour—had caused quite a flurry. It took then, as always, the form of a procession: first came a redcap staggering under many English kit bags, then Mrs. D'Orsay with the bird, and about ten feet back of her Mr. D'Orsay with a bouquet of flowers. For the famous Earl of Pawtucket, on and off, always, as J. M. Kerrigan put it, contrived to dress as if he were merely passing through. And from the

early spring tulips of St. Louis, our farthest South, to the golden Scotch broom of Vancouver, he was never without his shower bouquet at a railway station

"The last of the comedians," Mrs. D'Orsay says he is.

It is an old saying in the theater that you can get away with murder in New York, but on the road they find you out; so it was with tremendous interest I watched, as a newcomer, individualities and personalities emerge from behind the whiskers of amenities

By this time we had discovered a foursome of bridge players, and part of that particular long trip was whiled away by dint of upturned suitcases and ostentatious refraining from peeking at one another's cards in a steep game at a tenth of a cent a point.

Effie Shannon, one of the four, told me how years ago she used to play poker on long jumps with Mrs. Whiffen and Daniel Frohman, and long after she'd be worn out, Mrs. Whiffen would still be going strong. Mr. Frohman refused to play for money, so they played far into the night for coffee beans! The picture of Dan Frohman buying a bank at the corner grocery in Des Moines has its high lights!

John Kellerd, having learned bridge during the winter, was most eager to exercise his new social asset and made a most interesting partner short on rules, perhaps, but long on memory Endowed with a naturally keen mind, which misfortune had not dulled, and an unexpected wit, which he could turn on himself as well as others, we admired him for his courageous fight against the real adversity of late years.

I reminded myself that this was the man who had played Hamlet a hundred nights on Broadway, beating Booth's record. And that he and Effie Shannon had played together once before, years ago, in that great success Shenandoah, when her blond beauty, so fresh and lovely still, first received the delighted applause of an audience who found she could act as well. But I was surprised to learn he had made his debut at Sadler's Wells in London—the "Wells" Pinero means in Trelawney of the Wells.

Entertaining President Coolidge

BY THE time I joined the troupe they already had their legends, not the least of which was Wilton Lackaye's famous line about concessions. There was a monster audience in front one night in New York and Henrietta Crosman said to Mr. Lackaye, "Don't you wish you had a percentage of that gross?" It was our mutual joke that we were all playing under cut salaries.

"Haven't you?" asked Lackaye, wide-eyed.

"No, I haven't!" Then, as a suspicion raised its head that perhaps he had made a better bargain than she, "Do you mean to say you have?"

"Well, no," drawled Lackaye. "George Tyler and I couldn't come to an agreement on percentage, but he did allow me the concessions."

"What concessions?" asked Miss Crosman.

"The wheel-chair concessions!"

In Washington, President and Mrs. Coolidge came to our opening with their son, and the President astounded us by upsetting all the traditions—he both laughed and applauded.

Mrs. Whiffen and O. P. Heggie

Later the story went around that Mr. Drew saw him next day and was greeted with these words: "Well, Mr. Drew, I never expected to see you again."

Here Mr. Drew was persuaded by resident photographers to sit for some new pictures, and among his other activities, including special matinées and much social life, he managed to find time to do so. As soon as the proofs came he surprised me by sending them to my dressing room, asking me to show them to Helen Gahagan and between us to decide which we thought the best looking. We were, of course, touched and charmed at his request, and chose several, one of which we assured him made him look quite the *jeune premier*.

"That's the one we'll have, then," he replied, beaming at the phrase.

And weeks later, in Vancouver, on the last day he played on any stage, he sent me one of the *jeune premier*, his latest photograph. He telephoned in the morning, with his usual thoughtfulness, to see whether my trunks had gone or not; if not, and I had room for it, he would send it down by his valet. You may imagine how I treasure it.

The Audience Pays for a Speech

BUT to return to Washington—which, by the way, the house manager wanted us to do, for we played to the staggering sum of $45,000 there that week all the world turned out to see us, and Mr. Drew had to make a curtain speech each night.

How deftly he handled those curtain calls, judging just how many he'd give before capitulating with a speech! You in the audience, he made you work for that speech! The stage manager waited for his signal before ringing the curtain up and down, for Mr. Drew never tried to run up a large tally for the office report, but waited until he could keep an audience no longer, making them do the insisting and finally giving in

Then quietly, not in the vibrant voice of the old Vice Chancellor but in a more gentle one, he would acknowledge with dignity the plaudits of the people He disliked speeches and was always embarrassed about them, although he must have made a million more or less in his career. But he usually gave some charming variant of his thanks for their appreciation, saying, no matter how hard he might try to scale the heights of eloquence, "The sum and substance of it all would be from my colleagues and myself simply—we thank you."

We used to wait in the wings to hear him every night, never tiring of seeing and hearing him handle an audience, never once thinking perhaps someone else might make the speech sometime. It was his due and his place as head of the company, for we more and more acknowledged that place to him each day of our association.

Here in Washington forgive me if I can't seem to get this troupe out of Washington. But I was still so new and there were so many impressions crowding in I discovered Mr Drew actually did not eat dinner before a performance I knew, of course, actors were supposed not to indulge in so vulgar a thing as food before playing, but I had never actually seen one who didn't dine, perhaps not at a fashionable hour, but still they do eat. Mr. Drew, however, only had tea and toast before the play, and whatever he liked afterward—steak, lobster, chicken, anything.

Somewhat aghast after a lobster Thermidor, which I watched him consume one night at the Occidental Restaurant, I asked him how he dared go to bed after so heavy a meal

"I shan't," he replied. "I shall sit up and read for hours. I always do."

And during the few weeks of our tour I found he read the Ludwig book on William Hohenzollern, which he swapped me for my Napoleon by the same

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A Scene From "Trelawney of the Wells," Which Includes Such Famous Stars as Wilton Lackaye, Henrietta Crosman, Helen Gahagan, O. P. Heggie, Mrs. Whiffen, Pauline Lord, Otto Kruger, Rollo Peters and Eric Dressler

FELLOW CHAPERONS

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THERE is no place, except perhaps a summer resort with a single hotel, where one's fellow man is of such vital interest as on shipboard. The interrelations of an eight-day voyage are necessarily a matter of intensive cultivation. Now or Never is the invisible motto which hangs above every ship's lounge, every deck tea room upon the seven seas. It was with the suspense of an audience before a first-night curtain that we watched our gangplank.

"What ho, they flap!" murmured the Tired Business Man of our party, as a chorus of slim, bobbed girls trooped in, followed by the sort of teacher who is invariably seasick. He enlarged upon the improvement of flappers over the girl that mother used to make.

"They have their value to the race," he said learnedly. "They keep the instincts alive; and man is no better than his instincts. Nothing stand-offish and missish about the modern product; they get right down to first principles and the forest primeval. And they make such a comfortable armful, without all that nonsense of bones and unnecessary clothing!"

"I know—they seem to blend so well with the personality of their partners," I murmured.

"Exactly! And no questions asked. If a man can shake a leg, what care they if he supports a wife and family in odd moments?"

"Surely," I suggested, "he has to shake more than a leg to keep up with the modern pace."

"Don't be feline because you are too mature for it yourself," he admonished, in brotherly fashion. "The modern pace has always from time immemorial shocked those who couldn't make it. And note the difference between that bunch of blushing buds, each of whom cut an eye at me in passing"—the Tired Business Man is a vain creature—"and this demure damsel in tow of her mamma."

She was not demure, poor child! She was merely plain, insignificant, too sensibly dressed, with wispy brownish hair that she did not know how to arrange; the sort of girl who never glances at a man because she knows only too well the masculine eye is elsewhere. She had that capable air, too, which is so fatal in the young. Mamma, a helpless little person in extreme widow's weeds, evidently depended upon her, with reason.

"Evelyn, darling," we heard her murmur, in the soft unmodulated tones of the Middle South, "are you sure you've got all our bags? Perhaps this gentleman in uniform will be kind enough to take them for you. . . . Oh, thanks so much. Are you the captain—no, the ship's surgeon? Such a noble profession, I always think! . . . And daughterkin, I have a terrible feeling that I left my dull-beaded georgette hanging in the closet at the hotel."

"You did," replied the efficient tones of Evelyn. "I found it when I went back to pick up after you."

"Whatever should I do without you, precious?" was the maternal comment.

Later we began to suspect that the little lady was not so helpless as she looked. From her chair in the sunniest, most-sheltered corner of the promenade deck—a chair to which she had no moral right, but which her daughter commandeered for her on the plea of her recent bereavement—the widow kept matters well in hand. Evelyn, though a trifle sallow and green about the gills herself, was in constant attendance with hot-water bottles, broth, and so on. The ship's doctor was in constant attendance, too; so, we noted, were various other male passengers of assorted ages. She needed a good many people to pick up the things she dropped, to tuck her small feet into her rugs, to support her tottering steps along the treacherous decks. And these Evelyn supplied, as she supplied hot-water bottles and broth.

It was interesting to see the widow in action. "Daughterkin," the plaintive voice would murmur quite audibly, "who is that very handsome young man standing by the rail? You haven't introduced him to me yet." And Evelyn, having, where her mother was concerned, a sort of desperate effrontery that is not unusual among the shy, would firmly introduce the self-conscious youth, whom she did not know, leaving mother to do the rest. The girl was quite impersonal about it. Once having delivered him, she would retire into her book and wash her hands of the affair. But the youth thereafter became a regular member of the group that gathered in the widow's corner. She was not young; she could never have been pretty; yet there was something in that upturned, wistful, appealing gaze which never missed its quarry.

The Tired Business Man was sufficiently intrigued by the phenomenon to investigate.

"Inferiority is her line," he reported. "Sheer feminine inferiority. It's very restful. You need not make the slightest effort in her presence, either to talk, think or feel. You simply exist and are a male, conquering, all-powerful; while she prattles on for your pleasure."

"What does she prattle about?"

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A Young Argentinean on Board Discovered Belatedly How Well She Could Tango

TRANSPORTATION

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

The Rest of the Trip Was a Nightmare. It Was One Continual Fight to Keep a Fire in Her. Deekman Spelled the Fireman When He Wasn't Wrestling With His Own Particular Pet

MR. SMITH was grumpy. Mrs. Smith was not particularly surprised, her husband was no angel. But she realized that she had to live with him, hence she did everything within reason to keep a nominal peace; they were still on speaking terms after twelve years of married life. This, incidentally, was no fault of Mr. Smith's.

Mr. Smith eyed the food before him disgustedly. "I'm sick and tired of grapefruit," he declared grumpily.

"Listen, fellah," spoke one Mr. Eisenbohm. Mr. Eisenbohm was the king-pin of Enlow & Sons Produce Co., Inc. "I like you all right; I'd like to throw the business to you. But I gotta have delivery on this stuff. Them melons gotta move! Last time you fellahs got my business you wuz four days gettin' here after we loaded, an' it cost me four cars!"

The freight solicitor said he was under the impression that the claim had been settled promptly and satisfactorily.

Mr. Eisenbohm waved his hand disparagingly. "You settled all right," he admitted, "but that didn't help me square myself with my trade."

The solicitor was diplomatic. No one could foresee a track washout, he answered. Under normal circumstances they could give twelve hours better service than any other outfit. Mr. Eisenbohm lit a railroad cigar.

"I'll tell you what," he finally declared, shoving the cigar at the freight man. "I've got fourteen cars to load at Valley. Know where that is?"

"Sure," said the younger man, brightening.

"You spot fourteen cars there for us on the nineteenth and arrange to ice 'em. They'll be loaded by noon of the twentieth. Maybe sooner. When can you get 'em here?"

"Before anyone else could," said the railroader, with a grin. "Name your own date; they'll be here!"

Mr. Eisenbohm considered his cigar.

"I want three of those cars on my track by noon of the twenty-second," he said. "I'll give you the billing on all the cars. Everything goes East all the way, except those three cars. They'll be the first melons this season," he added proudly.

"Your three cars will be here the morning of the twenty-second," promised the freight solicitor.

"If they are"—the cigar was shoved almost into the other's face—"I'll do business with you. If they're not, you'll never get another ton!"

They settled the details easily.

"Good work, Fred," declared the general freight agent. "We'll knock his eye out. Twenty-five trains of freezers is what it means if we have that bird on our side. Noon of the twenty-second—hell, we could have them on the table by then. I'll get right in behind them."

Fifty-two bulky freezers—refrigerator cars; your ice box grown to Gargantuan size and put on wheels—sat in a yard two hundred miles from Enlow & Sons Produce Co., Inc. It was 1:10 A.M. of the twenty-second; they had been there almost three hours.

In the small two-pint office of the roundhouse sat the night roundhouse foreman, hat pulled down over his eyes, feet propped up on the table, slouched down in his chair. His eyes were wide open, however, and his mind was very active. What in the name of sense did his wife want with a new spring coat? . . . He'd have to spend the morning hanging over counters listening to the apple sauce that a bunch of button-brained clerks handed out. . . . She wouldn't be satisfied unless he went with her. . . . What did a woman want with clothes? . . . When did he get a chance to sleep? . . . He'd just had an engine failure—blankety-blank engines—fruit train too—hell to pay—blankety-blank! . . . Did his wife think she needed a new coat any more than the family bus needed a new set of tires? . . . Blankety-blank automobile! . . . This certainly was one hell of a hole; he might just as well be buried—blankety-blank night job!

The telephone jangled. The night foreman stretched out an arm like a main rod, gathered it in: "Deekman talking."

"Hold the line, Mr. Deekman."

Finally came a voice—a rasping voice: "Who's talking?"

"Deekman talking—night roundhouse foreman."

"Oh, Deekman. This is Nuttall!" Nuttall was division superintendent. If it had been Casey Jones in person, Deekman would not have been more thrilled. "What's the matter with 53's engine?"

"Units leaking!" shouted Deekman.

"What?"

"Units leaking; can't keep steam!" shouted Deekman, perspiration beading his wide forehead.

"How bad?" rasped the voice.

"Can't keep steam, pretty bad; tied her up!" yelled the foreman, oozing perspiration.

"That train's gotta move! Understand—gotta move! Whatcha got in the house?"

"Local Engine 396. Extra 862 due here 2:10. We can turn her by 3:30. Nothin' else ready," Deekman paused for breath.

"Put an engine on that train now! That local engine hot?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Put her on! Listen, Deekman! Get that engine out there, get that crew lined up, and get that train out of town! Understand!"

"Yes, sir!" shouted Deekman.

"Don't yell so loud; I'm not deaf," snarled the voice. The night foreman heard the receiver click. He shoved the telephone back on the table and glared at it. He got up and walked around the table, still glaring at the telephone. He went to the door of the office, shouted. No one appeared. He rushed out into the house.

The twin steam gauges on the 396 showed an even hundred pounds. There was no one on her. Deekman cursed all engine watchmen down to the fifth generation. He snatched savagely at the whistle cord; presently a black face appeared by the companionway.

"Where you been, you black ape?" exploded Deekman. "Get this engine hot!"

"Yes, suh, boss." The darky knew better than to argue. He got busy.

Deekman rushed back to the telephone, talked to the dispatcher. If they left within the next thirty minutes,

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SMART AT THE HEAD

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"AND who else was by the prayer meeting?" Old Herman Schichenmaier tapped his crutch impatiently.

His niece conscientiously ground her palms in her lap as she made her weekly enumeration: "Cora Hippel and her Mister and four of Sheriff Kutz's and the Misenhelders all."

"Two Hippels, four Kutzes and nine Misenhelders. But it made thirty-one the week back. Don't you go skinching nobody from me. What about the Hetteseimers yet?"

Celia, very straight on the edge of her chair, stirred and her eyes left her inquisitor's for a moment. "Mister is sick still of his leg. And her, they had got to sell the mare she was driving always."

"Hah!" grated old Herman. "Sick of his leg yet. Seven months, then, he is sick of his leg." He laughed shortly. "And his corn ain't planted. Hah!"

"But you ain't—you wouldn't be doing him nothing?" Anxiety pricked the soft texture of her voice. The pink of her deepened; one thought even more of some spicy fragrance. It seemed, indeed, as she sat there cleanly pink, pinkly clean, that she must be scented deeply, scented sweetly, from the marigold of her hair to her stem-slender ankles.

"And the mare? They sold off the mare a'ready?" his tongue lolled horribly. "And week behind last they sold off the cows but one. Hah! And what else did they sold it off? The farm implements mebbe? Answer me up now!"

"I don't know," said the girl shortly.

"You don't know," echoed her uncle scornfully. "No, I give you right there; you don't know nothing. Who else said a prayer then? Mebbe you know enough to tell me that. Four prayers, that ain't making no moral prayer meeting."

Celia's eyes darted from his again, and this time they did not return. "A young man named Kreiss, he said a prayer."

"A young man named Kreiss? Hah!" the brittle old voice broke on the high note. "Who would that be then?"

"Just a young man named Kreiss." She got up abruptly and made as though to leave.

"Set down!" thundered old Herman. "What do you mean anyhow, gitting up before I give you the dare? Kreiss oncet? A stranger from off? Kreiss, heh?" His eyes suddenly screwed upon the girl. "And who was you coming home by?"

She could feel those eyes screwing, screwing into her own. She flinched and tried to turn her eyes away, tried to close her lids, but as always, the prying screws held them stiffly open. "The Ketzels—they fetched me—on their wagon," she brought out breathlessly.

"And who was setting onto the wagon alongside?"

"The young man—named Kreiss," in spite of herself her voice faltered, though the torturing screws still held her gaze.

The crutch rapped sharply across her ankle. "So you would go gailiwanting behind my back! Make the prayer meeting—the house of God yet—an excuse for your unmoral carryings-on! And you conceited I wouldn't be finding it out. Tell me this, now: Is it anybody in this world ever got ahead of me?"

It was an old question, asked hundreds of times since she had been brought to live there an infant of four years; as usual she shook her head.

"And do you conceit anybody will ever be gitting ahead of me?" Again she shook her head and stared, fascinated, at the powerful old frame, at the massive face with the strong white curls wagging about the small hairy ears.

"Well, then," he deliberated for a moment, "you ain't to go by the prayer meeting no more." She started and her hands flew out in quick pleading. "No. From this time forthward you set at home here and read on your Bible. Git me to my room now—git me to my room. Where is your Aunt Lizzie anyhow? What it is to live by a couple dumb females!"

She Got to the Door, Flung It Open. "Go Back!" She Cried With All Her Strength. "Oh, Make Quick! Run!"

"She is stirring in the sots for to make the bread."

"Kreiss, heh?" His hand tightened hurtingly upon her shoulder as he shuffled across the threshold into his own room. "That makes something familiar with me—Kreiss. Ain't he saying who he was anyhow?"

"No, he ain't—saying," she answered truthfully enough.

"It is in my head somewheres, that name Kreiss. And it will be coming out—it will be coming out." His curls wagged pridefully. "I ain't ever packing my head around by me fur nothing. Outen that candle! What's the moon for? And mind you ain't wasting no candle at yourself neither."

The name was in his head and he brought it out the next morning. He sucked the last of his coffee from his saucer and pushed back from the table.

"You was riding on a wagon with a Hetteseimer then," he stated in a deliberately conversational tone which held more of menace than an open threat. "A niece of mine with a Hetteseimer."

His sister Lizzie's cup clattered against her plate. She was a lean woman with staring naked-looking eyes from which the lids seemed pulled upward and backward by her tightly knotted hair. As always when excited, she stuttered slightly:

"H-Het-Hetteseimer? What fur Hetteseimer? Och, or was it Nellie Het-Hetteseimer's boy? I heard a'ready he was here from off."

"Git me to my bees—git me to my bees. What it is to live by a couple chittering females anyhow!"

"Do look a little out against the bees!" His sister shored his crutch beneath him with her lean strength. "Och, my, I heard a'ready of a man oncet where met his doom when a hive up and run after him."

"And do you think they will ever be getting ahead of me?" crackled old Herman. "Dang insects!"

Nevertheless, he fumbled back from the threshold for a moment while his angry old eyes scoured from one cerulean hive to another in the level, fragrant garden.

"He has always wonderful cross whiles it's near the tax times," Lizzie Schichenmaier remarked as she reentered the house. "It's because of them ten dumb acres alongside of the creek. He can't ever find no one dumb enough to buy them off him, so here last week he had got to pay the taxes onto them ag'in." She stared anxiously from the door. "But, och, my, I could wish he would let the bees: fur good enough I know they will be doing him somepin some day. All the time they talk among each other, them little animals, and, och, yes, I have my reasons fur thinking they will do him somepin wonderful one of these days."

"Why?" asked Celia. "They couldn't be knowing how they got here, could they?"

Her aunt wheeled upon her. "Wh-what do you mean, g-got here?"

"Why, he got the swarm off Hetteseimer's ten years back, ain't he, and wouldn't be giving them back?"

Lizzie flushed. "He ain't ever claiming they was Hetteseimer's bees any which way," she said loyally. "And, och, no, they wasn't the start of the trouble. It was them ten dumb acres ag'in. The neighbors they all laughed on him fur the awful fuss he made when the crik backed up its waters and washed his fruit trees out fur him. And Aaron Hetteseimer, he wouldn't ever leave off from his joking. But, och, poor Aaron! He was always a man where was much fur his jokes, so I couldn't ever fault him fur it." She stopped abruptly. "At least, not so much anyways," she added, flushing.

She scooped out the sponge upon the floured board and went hardily at the soft mass. She had come near disloyalty, this kind Lizzie Schichenmaier who spent her meager life adoring the faults of her brother and the virtues of her niece. Yes, his faults she adored while she deplored them. They were, in a way, the masculine element in her life, so strong they were, so ruthless, so utterly beyond what she in her gentle, virginal thoughts could even compass.

"Och, poor Aaron," she sighed; "it wonders me if he is still that laughing kind, now that his leg up and uses him so mean. And last night you seen Nellie's boy—what did you anyhow say his hinder name was?—och, yes, Kreiss. Kreiss was that feller in that foreign place where she went

"But You Ain't to Come," Faltered Celia. "You Mind—I Said You Ain't to Come"

to work at—Kansas or wherever. What fur like is this boy, then?"

Celia's hand lay motionless upon the dish towel. Her eyes strayed through the window above the sink and rested upon the creek, laughing and dimpling in the bright morning.

"He is like—like the sun."

"Yellow, then, at the head," nodded her aunt. "Yes, Nellie took after him that way too. The pretty piece she was anyhow! And what fur eyes has the boy got?"

Celia's gaze was still upon the tree-hung creek. "His eyes are like"—she had started to say "like the shadows," for she was the sort to whom such thoughts came, but she amended quickly—"like gray, I guess; or blue."

"I guess you ain't looked so wery good, then," complained Lizzie. "It does spite me so that he won't give me dare to wisit back and forthward with the Hetteseimers. Now that Aaron has got it so in the leg—and how it would anyway please me up to see this orphaned boy from Nellie!"

In this latter regard she was to have her wish however. Late that afternoon Celia, hunting for the nest of a venturesome pullet under the azalea bushes which fringed the stream, sprang upright at the sound of a splash and a quick leap upon the bank. Nor was the swift arm which she threw to her forehead due entirely to the dazzle of the setting sun against which the lithe young figure danced before her.

"That stone at the creek handled me wrong." He shook the spray from a drenched foot.

"But you ain't to come," faltered Celia. "You mind—I said you ain't to come."

"And the first thing I got fur to do is to make me such a little bridge or whatever"—he frowned in mock concentration at the water—"fur I don't feel fur getting my feet wet every day."

She ground her palms. "But you don't know ——" she glanced quickly around.

— what I'm going to do!" A dimple in his cheek set impudently. He looked down at her and the dimple vanished. "Is it true that he ain't ever leaving you go on company nowheres?"

She nodded.

His hair lashed his forehead like a storm of liquid amber. "What does he conceit he is anyhow? Does he think he is back in the middling ages or what?"

"No," said the girl, "he ain't in the middling ages no more. He is old fur long a'ready."

"Then he is old enough to stop trying to run this here county. Listen once! Insides of a month you are going riding with me on a buggy." She stared at him. "And furthersomemore, every day till a while yet I am coming to see you."

She got her voice then, and it was edged with terror. "You mustn't make mention of such a thing. Och, the cross he would have—you don't know the powerful he is—he ain't afraid of anything."

"He has cross and he ain't afraid," mused the boy. "No, that ain't according. Fur it's been my observation that cross folks is mostly afraid folks. They have afraid or they wouldn't be cross toward life. Anyways"—he straightened and the dimple set again—"we see once! I will see if this uncle of yours is so smart as what he makes!" He wheeled and was off, zigzagging through the trees.

She uttered a cry and took a step or two after him. She threw her hand against her breast and watched him. She stood looking at the trees through which he had vanished. She looked at the damp pressure of his foot upon the soil. Yes, he had been there then.

But the habit of a lifetime is strong. She had been sent to hunt for a nest, and she hunted. But when the ground and the bushes went revolving into green-brown pinwheels beneath her searching fingers, she gave up and went longingly, fearfully toward the house.

She went through the kitchen, through the living room. There was the sound of voices upon the porch. Her aunt was slanted tensely against the door jamb, her naked eyes seeming, in their astonishment, about to leap their scant holding. She laid a finger to her lip. Celia sat down.

"I told you a'ready I would give you what you been asking fur them," the young man Kreiss was saying, "but, to be sure, if you ain't willing fur to give me the lend of your farm implements, I ain't fur buying them off you. I ain't no millionaire—not yet anyhow."

"Of course I ain't putting my hand to such a dumb agreement," grumbled her uncle. "Who ever heard the likes?"

"I have," retorted the young man alertly. "Twicet a'ready. In Kansas yet. And it worked out fine fur both parties. The feller he wrote it in that he would return the implements in as good a shape as he got them and ——"

"So your grandpop has had fur to sell off his implements all," struck in Schichenmaier on a note of triumph.

"Grandpop's sure been a-running on the hind wheels of bad luck," remarked the young man soberly. And added: "But it's this to be said about wheels. They got a way of turning."

"Now that you're here fur to turn them, I guess you mean to say," remarked the older man in ironic amusement.

"That's it a'ready," agreed young Kreiss.

"And what was you purposing to put it into them ten acres purwided you could of got them off me—which you ain't?"

"Fruit trees."

A crutch clattered to the floor. "Fruit trees once?"

"I believe always in following after a good example," submitted the youth. "You planted in the fruit trees once, ain't you? I heard anyway." His tone was even and respectful, but the girl, taut upon her chair within, could see, as though he were before her, the dimple setting deeply in his cheek.

"Hah! Fruit trees, then ——"

"But since you ain't willin' to borrow away your ——" A chair scraped back.

"Set down!" thundered the old man. "Lizzie! Och, where is that dumb piece? Lizzie! Fetch me a foolscap! And the pen yet!"

The patriarch was in rare humor that night. He chuckled through his supper and during the evening. "The dumbest Hetteseimer yet! He has come fur to help his grampop help him into bankrupency! Fruit trees! Fruit trees once!"

"But it does pity me so!" Lizzie wrenched her lean arms. "Fur he will be soon losing it away from him, I have

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"You Learned Me the Borrowing Habit. So Tomorrow I Borrow the Lend of Something Else. Tomorrow I Come for to Borrow—Her"

FROM THE INSIDE

The Business of Motion Pictures—By Carl Laemmle

I THINK beyond a doubt that "exploitation" has become the most abused word in the show business today. Its precise meaning in movie jargon has yet to be determined. The film companies valiantly contend that it is one of the means of selling the merits of a picture to the public in order voluntarily to assist the exhibitor in getting bigger returns to the box office.

Some exhibitors, on the other hand, claim that it is a means used by producers to exploit a picture with the sole purpose in mind of making the attraction appear so big that the film company can boost the rental price to the exhibitors. However, no matter what are the various views and definitions, exploitation, as I take it, is merely advertising the picture to the public in an unusual and convincing manner.

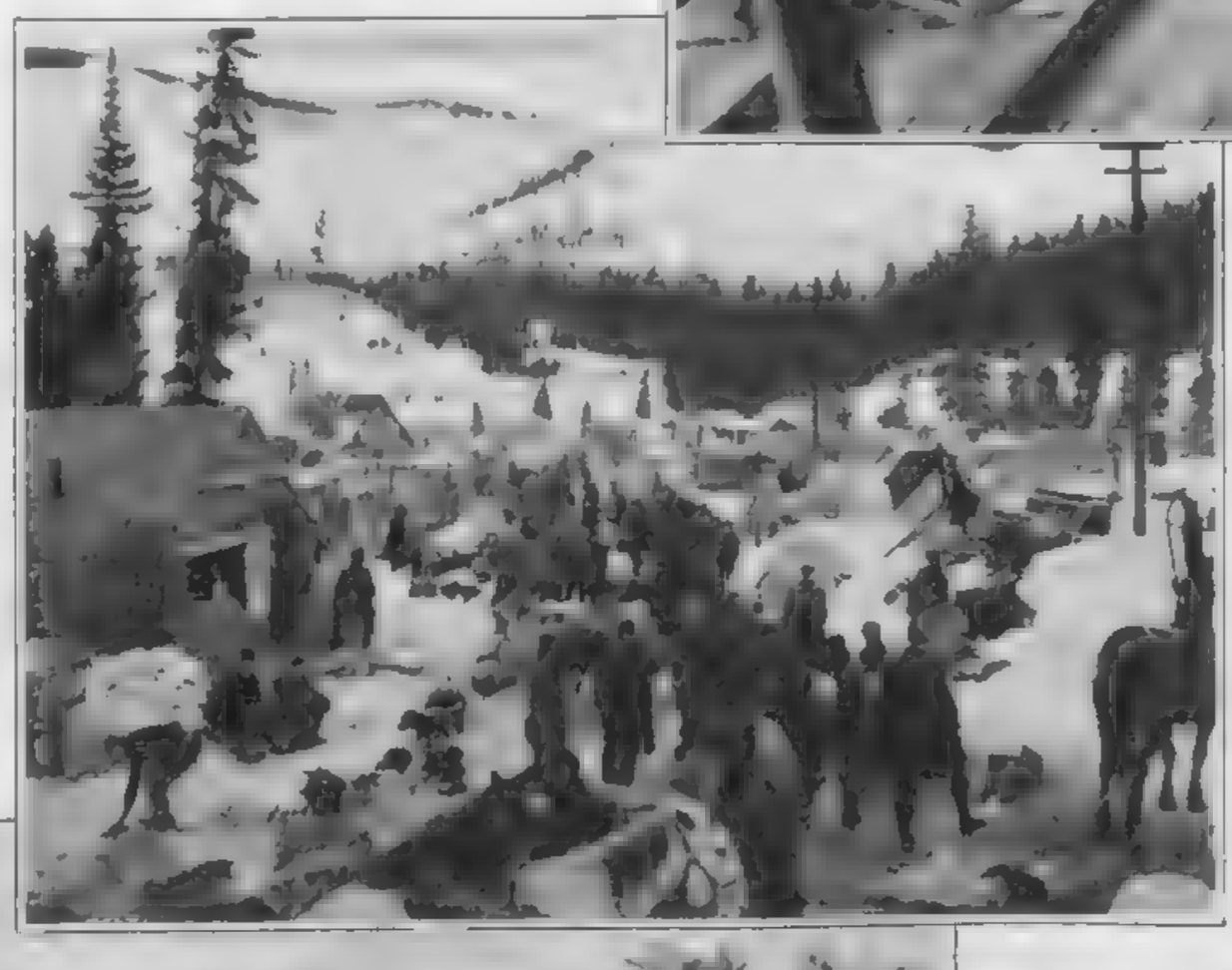
Every large producer maintains a staff of experienced exploitation men stationed in all sections of the country Any exhibitor is free to call upon these men for cooperation, assistance and advice when preparing a campaign to advertise a photoplay. He is at liberty to call in any exploitation representative from the company whose picture he has agreed to present to his patrons. There is never any charge for this service, as all cost is borne by the producer.

The Campaign Book

WHEN you buy a radio, vacuum cleaner or other mechanical device, you receive from the company which has made the product instructions and suggestions as to how to get the best use out of it. These suggestions have been evolved by men supposed to be specialists in their line, after a careful study of the radio or vacuum cleaner. Of course, you are free to disregard their suggestions completely and operate the machine just as you please. The likelihood is that you will not operate it as efficiently as if you had followed out the instructions offered you by the manufacturer.

It seems to me that that is analogous to the exhibitor who rents a picture and receives from the producer a campaign book which offers suggestions as to how best to present the picture, as well as advertising accessories, such as sample newspaper advertisements, posters, heralds, slides, scene stills and other material for use in a campaign.

There is a different campaign book for each picture. Each book is usually divided into four sections devoted to advertising, publicity, exploitation and accessories.



Showing the Difficulties Under Which an Amazing Scene From "The Mob" Was Taken. At Left—A Location Scene of the Dawson Trail

Specialists in newspaper art work, copy writing and layout, poster artists and exploitation men are instructed to develop, each in his particular sphere, the concrete idea which has been selected as the most effective selling point of that particular picture. Each department contributes a section to the campaign book and in due course a copy is furnished gratis to every exhibitor who has contracted to play the picture. Usually an illustration with a catch line conforming to it becomes the focal point of the newspaper ads, rotogravures, and so on, which the exhibitor selects as aids to the exhibition of the picture.

The publicity department's contribution to the campaign book is a synopsis of the theme, the cast, advance stories in connection with the picture and the intimate, chatty type of copy so eagerly relished by the screen fans. These stories are prepared for the exhibitor and save him the writing of his own publicity material. All he need do is cut any story from the campaign book he sees fit, fill in the name of his theater together with the play date in the space provided and send it along to his local editor, timed with the exhibition date of his attraction.

Expert Advice Free for the Taking

THE exploitation department's offering to the book is an entire section devoted to ballyhoos, window and lobby displays, newspaper campaigns, special stunts and prologues, together with full instructions as to procedure. The prospective patron is therefore sold through an association of ideas which link up all the advertising mediums.

In fairness to many exhibitors, I must state that I have seen some of them who have disregarded the campaign book entirely and used their own ideas of exploitation, advertising and publicity to good advantage.

On the completion of a picture, and following its viewing by the New York office, the three departments of advertising, publicity and exploitation combine first on the preparation of the press book or campaign book. This constitutes a complete and encyclopedic guide to the local theater owner in selling the picture to his public. In effect, it places in the employ of the smallest theater owner in the country the services of the best possible advertising, publicity and exploitation brains that we can secure

There are publicity stories of all possible usable sizes and on every angle of appeal to which the picture lends

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF [illegible]

A Bit of Darkest Africa Set Up in California for "The Love Thrill"

itself, which the manager may take to his local newspaper after filling in the name of his theater. There are suggested advertisements from one-inch single column up to page sizes on the more important pictures, that are ready for use with the insertion of his theater's name. The exploitation department supplies a variety of ideas aimed at providing something that the village theater can utilize, as well as ideas for the biggest city theater.

Manufacturing a Snowstorm at Universal City, Where Irving Willat is Directing a Picture of the Frozen North

The theater owner may secure matrices or cuts for the illustrations to be used for publicity stories or advertisements at the branch office of the firm from which he secured the picture. In addition, the press book also lists and shows such aids prepared for his use as lithographs, colored photographs for his lobby, cards for use in store windows, and the colored throw-away circulars that we call heralds. These advertising accessories are provided for the theater owner at a price calculated to cover the actual cost plus the expense of handling.

The Time to Strike

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the preparation of the press book the advertising department has had to unlimber its forces on the task of positive advertising selling. There are a half dozen or so of trade publications reaching the motion-picture theater owner, and these are used in proportion to their circulation efficiency. The amount expended will run from an average of $1500 on what might be termed the ordinary run of pictures, to $5000 and away beyond in exceptional cases. Figures and averages are dangerous in discussing motion-picture advertising, because we must strike while the iron is hot. If a picture strikes the public fancy we must heavy-pressure it to get every possible dollar of return.

With the showing of the picture in the first big cities the exploitation department gets into action. Obviously, of course, its work is the selling of the picture to the public in these cities

But secondarily, and importantly, its task is to show the theater managers throughout the country by actual demonstration that the public will respond to the picture, and also the methods to use in getting that response. As to the means used by an exploitation man, I can best answer by telling you the sky is the limit. If he can induce the mayor of the city to attend the first performance and consequently secure newspaper space, that is good exploitation. If he can prevail on the police department to hold a parade to the front door of his theater because the picture's hero is a policeman, that is exploitation. If he arranges a special performance for the school-teachers of the city because the subject is taken from literature, that is exploitation. He uses advertising and publicity, and then as much else as he can think of or get.

That completes the cycle of bringing the picture from the manuscript to the public. I may be asked how long is the advertising life of a picture. Here again I must recall that we strike while the iron is hot and add -we keep on striking as long as it is hot. Three months may be termed the period of high life for an average picture in the sense of advertising it; six months' activity is worth while on many. But when you get a Covered Wagon or a Hunchback of Notre Dame, you can keep right on in the belief that you won't stop until everybody in the country has seen it. Then you'll hide it only for a year or two until they get anxious to see it again.

Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, Rosabelle Laemmle and Agnes Ayres at Miss Laemmle's Home in Beverly Hills

A word about reaching the public with motion-picture advertising—direct-to-the-consumer advertising it would be termed by other manufacturers.

We have seen that the publicity department is at work early and late, reaching the public through the means of news. We have seen that the theater man is supplied with advertisements for his use in reaching the public. And we have seen the peculiar ways of the exploitation man.

What about the manufacturer's paid advertising direct to the public? First, the matter of daily newspapers. Of course, during the year all the leading producers spend considerable money with daily newspapers in connection with their own showings of pictures in the bigger cities. But when it comes to the question of daily newspaper advertising as used in other fields to aid the dealers, we have been blocked by marketing conditions. The motion picture is not a product that will be on the dealer's shelves available to the customer at any time he may choose to buy, nor is it a product sold to the dealer for a stated standard price.

Our first problem therefore is timing the advertisements so that this local advertising is of value to a great number of our theater owners. Obviously, to be of value to the biggest customer, the leading theater, it must be placed simultaneously or previous to his showing of the picture. But that means it will have appeared weeks, perhaps even months, before the picture will reach the great bulk of our customers. That isn't good advertising.

Direct Appeals to the Patrons

SUPPOSE we time the ad only with consideration for the biggest customer. Here we have a theater man who prefers to do his own advertising, who does considerable of it. We have a product not sold at a standard price. It is only natural that this customer would consider the amount of money spent by us in advertising is directly taken from him in the rental price he is paying. At any rate, he would prefer to have us take the amount off his rental and allow him to spend his own money in his own way on advertising.

When you leave the question of daily newspaper advertising by picture producers in this unsatisfactory state and come to the matter of direct-to-the-patron advertising by national magazines, you will receive as many opinions probably as there are picture men to interview.

We have first, of course, the problem again of timing our ads with the availability of the product to the reader. Obviously we are not able to do the hammer-and-tongs direct sort of advertising that would sell the reader into a feverish desire to rush around the corner to view a certain picture. When he got there the theater might be showing an entirely different picture.

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A Mountain Setting Erected for a Biblical Production. Above—A Scene From "The Covered Wagon"

PEOPLE AGAINST HEYWOOD

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Silk," Said Heywood. Garyan Saw a Piece of Black Silk Between Heywood and Ma Bonn, and Strolled Forward With a Sociable Air

BUT the police testified ——" began the chubby restaurateur from Pleasant Avenue.

"The police?" interrupted Mr. Philip Renard, who was the jury's foreman.

"I wouldn't believe a cop on his oath," said the silk salesman, hoping that he was agreeing with the foreman. And Mr. Renard looked at him with kindness.

"So you're one of these cop fighters, are you?" said the carpenter.

"After all, gentlemen," said the shipping clerk, in a voice that impressed his eleven fellows until they looked and saw who was talking, "what end is subserved by punishment? Has society the right, I ask you ——"

"I'm no cop fighter," retorted the silk salesman, "but any sensible man knows what police testimony amounts to. What do you say, Mr. Renard?"

"I wouldn't convict a dog on police testimony," said Mr. Renard, with a touch of passion. His dark-blue eyes lit with fanaticism and his long, clean-shaven face set. "I confess I haven't had much to do with the police, but I'll never forget the things my mother told."

"Was your mother a witness in this case?" bawled the carpenter.

"Let the foreman speak!" snapped the silk salesman.

"I have often heard my mother tell about the police in the old country, and how brutal and tyrannical they were. No, sir, my mother was not a witness in this case, if that's information to you. That policeman who swore he found the goods in Heywood's car was a brutal and overbearing fellow. Gentlemen, my mind is made up and nothing will change it, not if we sit here forever."

"I heard the judge say Ambrose Hinkle was for the prisoner. Was that the big lawyer they call Little Amby?"

"What, the prisoner's lawyer? No, Little Amby wouldn't bother with a small-time case. That was a lawyer from his office."

"Oh. I liked him better than the district attorney, didn't you?"

"Yeah. I liked him better. He was more of a regular guy."

"Hey, I got to get home. What's the verdict?"

"Not guilty!" cried Mr. Renard, striking the table.

"Well, I don't want to be pig-headed," said the restaurateur. "Appearances are certainly against this Heywood, but I knew a party years ago looked just like this Heywood, except he wore a plug hat, and he used to come into my place and we had him down for lifting bennies. Well, when we got the guy, it wasn't him at all. That just goes to show that it might be they ain't got this Heywood right. All I say is that it certainly looks like it."

"The majority rules," said the carpenter. "I'm for finding him guilty, but the majority rules."

"Let's vote," urged the man who had to get home.

They voted, found themselves unanimous, and returned to the court room. People there, hearing the fateful trampling of feet, whispered, "They're coming in." That whisper has a thrill for anybody; people are so sick and tired of opinion, knowing how commonly wrong it is, that they are elated when something is about to be settled for good and all, when something final will happen now—right now. A war elevates the spirits and so does a prize fight; a criminal jury is a settler too. The jury that followed the gray-haired and dapper Philip Renard into the box was about to announce its decision in the case of George Heywood, who had been indicted by the grand jury of the city and county of New York for grand larceny in the first degree, committed by feloniously stealing, taking and carrying away the goods, chattels and personal property of one Henry M. Kay.

George Heywood was there; so was Henry M. Kay, the clothier whose personality Heywood was accused of making off with. A fair-minded spectator, comparing the two men at leisure while they eyed the jury and compelled to decide between them from mere appearance, must have found for Mr. Kay in point of honesty, intelligence and general worth. Heywood surpassed in elegance and in plausibility, but there was something false and professional about the smile wherewith he besought the jury to the last; the straightforward lust for revenge in Mr. Kay's face was truer to life.

Kay was obviously a business man; a practical, ready-made sort of fellow, sharp-faced, firm-mouthed, quick, direct. Heywood had again that professional look, and there is hocus-pocus about all professions, mystery. He was five feet five inches high and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, and that made him tubby. His voice was rich, his smile bland, he wore quaint sideboards and a small yellow mustache; his quiet suit of English broadcloth had braided edges. He was completely bald on top and was yet a young man. Kay was twenty years older and was not old. They leaned forward, dwelling on the stern and collected countenance of Mr. Philip Renard.

"Not guilty," said Mr. Renard.

The judge's mouth rounded and his eyes opened. He said, looking from Mr. Renard to the district attorney, "Good heavens!" Mr. Kay half rose and said loudly, "What? What's that?" George Heywood looked down and was red and serious.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge urbanely, recovering his poise. "Your verdict is instructive and valuable as a commentary upon the provision in the Judiciary Law for exemptions from jury service. It also points to the wisdom of our practice of calling for a special panel when we want to insure an intelligent verdict. It is not true that nearly all intelligent men are exempt from jury service under our law, nor can it be said that to trust a case to the general panel is to invite a stupid verdict and a miscarriage of justice; it only seems so at times. You find the prisoner not guilty. Within the past fifteen minutes he offered to plead guilty and was bargaining for a sentence."

He sighed, looked weary and said, "I'll excuse this jury for the rest of the term. Gentlemen, you're discharged, but without the thanks of the Court."

Because of Mr. Renard's position as Number One, he was the last to leave the box when the jury filed out. As he approached the exonerated prisoner and his attorney, he averted his face, but he could not avoid Heywood, who seized his hand and wrung it fervently and beamed on him with gratitude. "I dare say we made no mistake," mumbled Mr. Renard, pulling away.

He was shouldered aside. "Heywood," gasped Mr. Kay, livid with anger and shaking a lean, hard finger before the ex-prisoner's fleshy nose, "you haven't heard the last of this. You robbed me and I'll square the account, no matter what those twelve lunkheads may say. You'll find I have something to say too. You'll never get employment again in this city, and I'll make it my business to see that the police keep you under surveillance. You'll find I can do that too. I'll put you where you belong, mark my words."

"You need not be abusive, sir," said Mr. Renard.

"You're a fine apology for a juryman," said Mr. Kay.

Mr. Renard turned his back and shook hands again with Heywood.

"It is evident, young man," he said, "that you are the victim of a low conspiracy, quite as your attorney urged. Do not be disheartened by the frothings of men whose schemes have gone awry. When you are ready for employment after your experience, call on me."

He gave his business card to Heywood, sneered at Mr. Kay, and went on his way invigorated. The judge had put a depressing doubt in him; Mr. Kay had evicted it.

Mr. Renard walked a few blocks from the courthouse for a breath of the early summer air and then took a cab to his office and showroom on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-seventh Street. He was the surviving Renard of Renard & Renard, Silks.

"A Mr. Heywood is outside," said his secretary.

"Heywood, eh?" Mr. Renard smiled at the coincidence, and decided to mention to his caller that he had just come from a trial of a Heywood—for grand larceny, by George. Heywood—he did not know any Heywood. "Send him in, Miss Curry."

"You?" said Mr. Renard, displeased to find that there was no entertaining coincidence to mention.

"I came right up," said George Heywood, the ex-prisoner.

"What do you want?" said Mr. Renard, a bit gruff.

"I trust you'll pardon me, sir, for my promptness in accepting your kind offer, but I must have employment at once. Can you give me something to do, sir?"

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Renard.

"Consider my situation, please, sir," begged Heywood. "I'm a salesman, and a cracka-jack, but who'll put me on now? I've been pilloried as a thief. The police are watching for a chance at me."

Gargan Recognized Him as the Man Who Had Been on the Sidewalk Shortly Before

"And I don't know about that either," said Mr. Renard, surprising himself. "I don't take much stock in that cry of police persecution, Heywood. The judge said you offered to plead guilty."

"I did," said Heywood with a shake of the head and a quivering sigh. "I thought I was due to be put through. I was making the best of a bad situation."

"No, no," said Mr. Renard. "No honest man would do it."

"Sir, you don't realize my position," pleaded Heywood. "I had no reputation to lose. The police had poisoned my employer against me ——"

"Why were they after you?"

"It's quite a story, sir, and I want to tell it to you. It's not all to my credit. I admit I went to pieces after Susan died. That was a terrible blow; it broke me all up. I drank the dregs of misery, sir. And then I found two diamond rings and a bracelet in a rubbish can on the street, and I pawned them to get money for a night's lodging. If I had been willing to see the jewelry go secretly to a crooked police captain ——"

"How much did you pawn them for?"

"Three hundred dollars only, Mr. Renard, and they were worth thousands."

"Three hundred dollars for a night's lodging," said Mr. Renard. "Where were you going to put up—in the White House?"

"Ha-ha," laughed Heywood. "That's very good." He sobered and put out his plump white hands. "Won't you let me explain?"

II

GEORGE HEYWOOD was found not guilty of grand larceny as above set forth on Monday, June 28, 1915. His visit to Ma Bonn's curiosity shop on lower Sixth Avenue, near Jefferson Market, cannot be fixed with like precision as to time; it was about the middle of July, and was probably Thursday, the fifteenth.

Ma Bonn's was well known in those days, and had been well known for many years, although Ma Bonn was hardly more than fifty. It had done a modest and successful business while her husband lived, but not until after his death -he was murdered—did its great days begin.

Wonderful bargains were to be had there, particularly in silver. You could buy a waiter or a dozen spoons or a tea set there for the price of department-store junk; when you hefted it, you knew that it had come from a good home and that a staggering price had been paid for it once. If the design of what you bought was bad and vulgar, that was your fault; the best of the metal was there and Ma Bonn didn't know it from the other kind. New Yorkers will remember the large double store under the Elevated; children were always before it, preparing bad dreams for themselves by minute study of the row of human heads—South American Indian—that were exposed for sale in one of the two windows.

Such places, buying almost anything from almost anyone, frequently buy from thieves. Detective Gargan of the fence squad was looking over Ma Bonn's displayed silverware when Heywood entered. Gargan, by the window, stretched his neck and looked at Heywood over a spread wing of a stuffed owl.

"Silk," said Heywood. Gargan saw a piece of black silk between Heywood and Ma Bonn, and strolled forward with a sociable air. Heywood turned at the sound of his approach.

"This looks like a piece of the Redfield stuff, Mrs. Bonn," he said casually, holding out a coffeepot. "A monogram was taken off this."

Having stalled so, he felt entitled to look down at the silk. Ma Bonn's hand was sweeping it into a drawer. The expression of her large-featured and rather ugly face was frank and cordial; there was no trepidation in her greenish eyes. "There certainly was, Gargan," she said. Her voice was loud and challenging and slightly hoarse. "I'd get fat waiting for a buyer to come along whose initials were L. J. S. That's the monogram that was taken off."

"Where did you get the stuff?"

"Those pieces come from a very fine old lady who sneaks in here in the evening once in the while with something under her coat. I wouldn't for the world hurt her feelings by asking her questions. I guess the poor old soul is somebody that's seen better days and has come down in the world and is putting out the family silver for bread and butter."

"And that's all right, too, if it's her family," said the detective practically. "If she lifted it off somebody else's sideboard—not so good." He narrowed his eyes at Heywood and said, "Don't I know you?"

"Sir?" said Heywood, resenting the tone. Gargan glanced down again quickly; Ma Bonn was closing the drawer with a movement of her body. He put out a hand toward the drawer, said, "Just a minute there. Let me ——"

"Redfield!" cried Ma Bonn with awakening recollection, and she caught his hand. "Come over here, Gargan." She led him down the counter to where they were out of earshot of Heywood, and then she leaned over and looked into his eyes and whispered, "Try Goldman's on Ridge Street."

"Who done the job?" he demanded in an equally guarded tone.

"I don't know," she said, rapping on the counter for emphasis. "You got your tip, Gargan. Now beat it." And she turned and walked away from him.

He left the store. Ma Bonn returned to Heywood and said, referring to the sample of silk, "I can use some of that, Soapy. How much can you deliver?"

"It'll cost you a dollar a yard, Ma."

"Absolutely not," said Ma Bonn, plucking the sample from the drawer and tossing it to him. "Times are hard, Soapy, and it costs too much to do business. If you don't want seventy-five cents, sell it somewheres else."

Heywood meditated. "And expenses?"

"Out of your end. I'll finance you, of course."

"I can deliver seven thousand yards in a week," he accepted

Detective Gargan, sitting behind a slab of factory-made pie and factory-flavored coffee in Hemlock's lunch room on Sixth Avenue, saw Ma Bonn and Heywood emerge from the curiosity shop. They walked south to Christopher Street and climbed the Elevated stairs on the uptown side. Gargan paid his ten-cent check, walked north to Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, and was in the waiting room of the Elevated station there when the train bearing Ma Bonn and Heywood arrived. He boarded the train.

Ma Bonn and Heywood left the train at Fifty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. They were well over toward Fifth Avenue when Gargan

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Ma Bonn and Heywood Were Standing Beside the Board of Education Building on the West Side of Park Avenue; They Walked Around the Corner and Were Shortly Joined by the Old Fellow From the Bookstore

CHARLESTON—By Maude Parker

One of Charleston's Famous Gateways, Church Street

Old St. Michael's Church

The Sword Gateway on Legare Street, Charleston

THE mother of a New York debutante who was presented at the Court of St. James not long ago, was being complimented by an Englishwoman on the brilliance of her daughter's London season.

"She's had a great success," declared the foreigner. "And I really must congratulate you, for it isn't every American girl, you know, who can pass in court circles."

"Oh, I knew that she could," was the answer, "because she even passed in Charleston, South Carolina."

The Englishwoman repeated this remark, as a great joke, to a Charlestonian whom she encountered shortly afterward. He smiled, but it was apparent that he did not find in the story the same element of humor as she did.

"As a matter of fact," he answered, "Charleston is an extremely difficult place for a stranger."

"But don't you think London is?"

"Not in quite the same sense. You see, speaking as a whole, you care much more for money than we do. You will accept rich Americans, even those who aren't accepted in their own country, if you are sure they'll show you a good time. We won't. In Charleston money can't buy much. Our scale of living is quite simple, you see, and we would be disturbed and, on the whole, uncomfortable if strangers came in and gave parties that were too luxurious or showy."

He told her, as an example of the low purchasing power of money in the social world, of one of the many controversies which have occurred over membership in the Saint Cecilia Society. This society now numbers about three hundred members and gives three balls each year. For almost two hundred years, since its inauguration as an amateur concert society in 1737, it has been the final test of one's standing in society.

"Like being presented at court?" the Englishwoman inquired.

"Yes, except that I've heard that your rules have become more lax during the past few years, and I don't think ours have. I know of people who have been presented here whom we wouldn't want in the Saint Cecilia. On the other hand," he added quickly, "we may have some members who wouldn't qualify in London."

Where the Family Tree is Deepest Rooted

THE story with which he made his point concerned a rich Northern business man who came down to Charleston with the idea of investing money in some of its new industries. His rather patronizing attitude toward the city and its inhabitants antagonized the men with whom he came in contact, and when he suggested that he'd like to go to a Saint Cecilia ball his name received more than the two requisite black balls. His astonishment at not being admitted was overwhelming. He told the board of governors of his connections in other cities, of the clubs to which he belonged and of the prominent men throughout the country whom he called by their first names. Nevertheless he was not included.

Of course, when he found out how difficult membership was, his respect for the entire place seemed to increase. He began to speak less scornfully of the shabbiness of the old houses and he uttered fewer suggestions about making the place up-to-date.

Then the morning after the great event, the girl whom he had employed as personal secretary came into the office an hour after her regular time.

"I'm so sorry to be late," she apologized. "But I just couldn't seem to get here on time. I was up so late at the Saint Cecilia Ball last night."

This was too great a strain on his sense of values.

"My stenographer can go where I can't," he declared to the local business man with whom he was associated. "What a town! And they told me that was the most exclusive ball given in the United States of America!"

"But you don't understand the situation. Your stenographer's family is one of the best down here. On her father's side ——"

"Don't talk genealogy to me," said the Northerner. "I'm tired of hearing who people's maternal great-grandfathers were, and so on. Why, lots of the most successful men I know couldn't tell you, offhand, the maiden names of their own grandmothers. But," he added maliciously, "their daughters don't have to work in offices either."

This contrast did not alter the calm assurance which is characteristic of the Charlestonian. For they believe, more staunchly than the people of any other city in our country, that blood will tell.

"And particularly Charleston blood," someone added.

Their record of continuity of achievement and of enduring social standards gives them much ammunition with which to defend their belief. It is significant, moreover, that by very virtue of its refusal to accept the customs and manners of the changing world outside, Charleston is becoming a place of pilgrimage for Americans who wish to see for themselves a city where generation after generation has sustained the principles upon which their forefathers founded it. Other communities had as admirable early records, but they have discarded one after another of their traditions when they impeded the course of fast-racing modern progress.

In the Spirit of the Past

IT IS amusing to find the prosperous descendants of these iconoclasts going to Charleston, which is a treasure house of tradition, with the same regretfulness with which people whose immediate ancestors discarded their old family maple and rosewood in favor of black walnut and horsehair furniture may go and look at the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

"My grandfather used to have things like that in the attic," the onlooker may say. "I wish he'd kept them."

In Charleston they have kept the beautiful old tables and chairs and portraits painted by Sully and Trumbull and Stuart of their forefathers, and in addition to these material symbols they have preserved more nearly than any other place in America the spirit of the past.

A phrase which expresses perfectly this unique quality was invented by a delightful old lady who represents all that is best in birth and breeding there.

Some time ago the negro, who for many years had rung the chimes of Saint Michael's Church, died. The question then arose as to the best way of finding a successor to him. The rector

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Pink House, a Tavern Prior to 1776

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

THE announcement of my engagement to the Kaiser shook Germany like an earthquake. The news was given out on the fifteenth of September, 1922. The wedding day had been fixed—November fifth. When this detail leaked out the very people who had contrived to ignore the Kaiser now turned upon him vehemently, as if his remarriage were a crime against the German Republic. Persons who ordinarily pay no heed to any convention feigned indignation because Emperor William did not wait five months longer to complete two years of mourning for the late Empress Augusta Victoria.

Although William II had ruled the German Empire for thirty years, his enemies affected to look upon him as a private person. His doings, they said, were of no consequence to the German people. Yet they denied him the right to regulate his personal affairs in his own fashion. His engagement and his contemplated union with me became a matter of immense importance as soon as they saw an opportunity of exploiting both to destroy the popular reaction in his favor which had set in after the death of Augusta Victoria.

The attitude of certain circles and individuals on the occasion of our marriage is well known. It is not necessary to delve into their motives here. Most of them never realized what they asked of their exiled Kaiser, when, contrary to the wishes of their dearly beloved late Empress, they assumed to withhold their approval of his second marriage. He was robbed of everything to which he had been attached for a lifetime, of everything for which he had labored, to which he was accustomed, for which he had lived and fought. Should he be denied also the quiet happiness of married life? That was a demand exceeding human endurance.

Without the slightest appreciation of the Kaiser's sacrifice and of his suffering, they planned to prolong his torture indefinitely. He was to wear his heart on his sleeve for their political gain. Experience should have taught them that he is averse to melodramatic effects. If Emperor William had had the temperament of an actor he would have sought a more theatrical exit on the ninth of November, 1918. The Kaiser had no wish to hoist the imperial colors on the flagstaff of his personal grief.

Reporters on the Trail

THE tempest in the inkpot assumed threatening proportions. Our contemplated marriage became the play ball of politics. Vindictive articles appeared in every part of the world, especially in Central Europe. Anonymous letter writers plied their vile vocation. Reporters followed hot on my trail wherever I went. The village of Doorn was infested by foreign newspaper men. The peaceful countryside reëchoed the babel of many tongues. House Doorn was a besieged fortress. The Emperor could well have used the double moat of his former host's lordly castle in Amerongen to insure his protection from the Peeping Toms of the press. Fortunately, the fence around his estate, and the Dutch guards, greatly increased in number, succeeded in keeping intruders away.

One enterprising reporter hired an aeroplane to attempt a landing in Park Doorn. He was arrested by the Dutch Government before he could execute his purpose, and was hurried across the border with less politeness than expedition.

Not all voices were hostile. Both the Emperor and I received friendly letters and touching tributes. The Emperor's family rallied to his defense. My family was equally loyal. Intimate friends of the late Empress, especially her mistress of the robes, Countess Brockdorff, assured us that the Emperor's early remarriage merely carried out the wish of Augusta Victoria.

The Emperor did not consider it necessary to hide behind his dead wife. Having sacrificed his throne to save his people, after thirty years of unremitting devotion to their welfare he felt that he had the right to consult his own happiness in exile. No German revered the late Empress more than the Emperor. He looked upon her as a national saint, a worthy successor of Queen Louise of Prussia. The turning of those bleak years, 1920–21, when the late Empress hovered between life and death, was one long agony for her husband. The following winter, when he was forced to live without his companion of forty years, proved a nightmare. The capacity of human nature for suffering is limited. Emperor William had reached the limit. Another such winter might have broken him. It would certainly have impaired that resiliency of spirit which enables him to withstand successive blows of fortune without admitting defeat.

For a man of the Emperor's mercurial temperament it is torture to be confined to a few acres of land, and to restrain that wanderlust, so characteristic of the Teutonic race, which earned for him the sobriquet of *der Reisekaiser*—the travel Emperor

Picture a winter in Doorn! Snow covers every blossom. Dismal winds howl through the trees. Picture, alone and forlorn, except for his personal aides, a gray-haired man eating out his heart for his country. Accustomed to dwell among giants, and anxious to help in the task of reconstruction, he is fettered to a Lilliputian estate in an alien land. Picture him,

Feeding the Ducks at Doorn

day after day, in the death room of his beloved wife. Every chair, every couch, every photograph reminds him of his loss—until House Doorn is no longer a home, but a mausoleum, where his spirit dwells with the dead.

When the Years are Longer

IN THE German Army war years count double. One year of war is the equivalent of two years' service in peace. One year of mourning at Doorn, under such circumstances, counts as heavily in the scales of the angel of judgment as ten years of grief at home. And Emperor William waited one year and seven months

I refuse to worship at the shrine of convention. I certainly refused to buy exemption from criticism at the price of another lonely winter for Emperor William in Doorn, after two desolate winters, after three harassing years. Life in Doorn in the winter season is a hardship even for the gentlemen who volunteer to spend a few months with

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The Reception Room Where Princess Hermine Was Married to William II

THE CHANGING ROAD

VII

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SONIA KARLOV arrived in Geneva at noon. Near the station was a newspaper kiosk, and before signaling to a taxicab driver she purchased several newspapers, which she intended to search thoroughly in the first moment of privacy she had. She refused the proffer of aid from a station porter and carried her suitcases to the cab. Centimes were precious now; every one must be made to count. She had neither letter of credit nor travelers' checks. Bank notes and metal money would not identify her.

If she failed to make Paris she was lost.

She knew no one in Geneva. She could not telegraph to Paris for help. To sign her own or her assumed name would be inviting the police. She had no telegraphic code; till this hour she had had no need of one. One wild moment—with this result! Whirled off her balance, out of her senses, that night in Vienna! It had seemed so easy—so easy that by now she was being hunted and Gregor was dead! Paris—even if she had to go third-class. Once there, she would be guarded.

She would have to purchase her tickets through the hotel porter. She dared not enter any of the public ticket offices. It was quite possible that after having purchased her tickets she would not dine that night.

There was a policeman patrolling the cab stand, doubtless for the purpose of straightening out periodical human tangles. As Sonia passed him to get into the cab she was conscious of being the object of intense scrutiny. As she dropped into the corner of the cab a wave of dizziness rolled over her; but the wave was light and she recovered quickly.

Of course a minute description of her was now traveling to all the police stations on the Continent. She had disposed of the white wig before leaving Martigny, but that act offered her no security. The man with the scar was clever and bold. For his own safety and future leisure—leisure in which to dispose of the emeralds—he must denounce her.

She stared at the sky through the cab window. God gave great wars and pestilence to humanity, and such trifling things as the lack of water in an automobile radiator. But for this last gift, Fedor would never have caught them. She wondered what life was all about, of the purpose of human beings, when the universe could go on serenely without them.

At the hotel she explained that she required a room till the night express departed for Paris. She inquired of the porter the charges to Paris. She must have a whole compartment to herself on the sleeping coach. These items made known, she ordered the porter to procure the tickets at once. This expense, tips and the charge for the room would see her into Paris with exactly twenty francs left. Austrian schillings into Swiss francs, Swiss silver into French brass—always at a loss. And all through these questions and answers, her heart torn by the thought of Gregor Sergine!

Secure in her room, she opened the newspapers. There was nothing about the Boronov emeralds in the story of the murder on the Simplon Pass. She had expected that. But what she did not expect was the escape of Fedor Lubovin and his companion. Lubovin free! It was hard to breathe for a little. If he found her, he would kill her or she would have to kill herself to escape worse than death. Neither the American nor his chauffeur was mentioned, but Sonia Karlov was. There was one grain of comfort—the description of her was meager:

Gregor Sergine, the victim of this peculiar murder—peculiar since the police could not or would not reveal the motive—was a duly licensed taxicab driver in Vienna. The car was his own and his record was above reproach. The body will be shipped back to Vienna to his widowed mother, who had been, or who said she had been, in complete ignorance of her son's whereabouts. But who and what is this Sonia Karlov? Find the woman!

Chivalry! And she had thought that he had let her escape out of chivalry, when all the while the emeralds had lain snugly in one of his pockets! His name—she could not recall it. She beat her head with clenched fists. He had given her a name and she could not remember it! She would give half the remaining pearls for that man's name

An American, one of the last of the knights. She laughed. He hadn't defended her; he had defended his pockets. If only she might go for a long walk to break this nerve tension, to fatigue her body beyond the fatigue of her mind. But she dared not go into the streets. She was being hunted.

Regrets; no human being is without them, and nothing on earth is more useless. To grieve that we had two courses and took the wrong one, when, for all we know, the second course might also have been the wrong one. To go back over a road we have traveled, to count the ruts we might easily have avoided—as Sonia did. She could have left Vienna on the Paris express safely. She could with equal safety have come from Domodossola to Geneva by train. Had she left Vienna on the Paris express, only Lubovin might have pursued her, never the police, and Gregor would now be alive.

Hours stretched themselves; the hands of her watch dragged; the sun shadows in the street refused to move. Once in the sleeping compartment, the door locked, she could let go; but till that time she must listen and watch.

At last the sun became merciful and began to drop. She refused to call for dinner, ate a bit of chocolate which she found in her hand bag and drank copiously of the free water.

When in time she entered the sleeping compartment and locked the door, having delivered her tickets and received the identification coupons, she pushed up the window and sat on the little plush folding seat and breathed deeply of the cold reviving night air. Paris, where she could hide so completely! Tomorrow morning she would be in Paris. In a few minutes the train would start.

Passengers were still coming aboard. Porters, their backs bent with luggage, were hurrying. The magic horn sounded.

Through the line of station idlers came a bulky man on the run. He was without luggage. One of the station lights struck his smoothly shaven face. But in that instant Sonia recognized the man. She was more familiar with the shaven face than with the bearded. Fedor Lubovin—on the same train! And she could not denounce him without denouncing herself! She flung herself back into the

"God Wills All Things, Barina. Perhaps He is Through With Us Now"

curtained berth. Then a wild and tragic impulse seized her—to run and find him and let him kill her, since his freedom signified that that would be one of his larger purposes. But she was reminded that for the present she had no right to die. She had a dreadful debt to pay. After that was paid it would not matter how soon Lubovin found her.

VIII

SONIA need not have worried through the long night. She need not have crouched in terror when the train was halted at the frontier and she was called upon to exhibit her passport and to open her suitcases. The man Lubovin did not suspect her presence on the train; and had the knowledge come to him he would not have been able to make use of it. He had his own affairs, at present more vital than the twisting of the slim neck of the woman he had sworn to destroy. He might have thrilled with venom for a moment, but he would not have dared to strike.

His life and his freedom hung by a hair; and till he was through and beyond the railway station, where the police were always apparently most indolent but in reality most alert, that hair would be tenuous indeed. He had been forced to leave Rotbeck in Geneva; and Rotbeck, weak and in pain, might say one word too many. Pity the blows hadn't killed the mawkish fool. But even Rotbeck could not say where the car was—at the bottom of the Rhone, between Martigny and the lake. Clever, that.

To be sure, Lubovin fumed inwardly through the watches of the night in the second-class coach. That meddling pig of an American, for one thing! But for him he and Rotbeck might have slipped into Paris without alarm, the emeralds divided. And then there was Rotbeck, threatening to leave him if he harmed the woman beyond the necessary act of chloroforming and binding her to the chair! A bit of maudlin sentiment, and a beautiful house of cards had gone anywhither on the wind. But young Sergine's ticket had been paid in full

From time to time Lubovin gently manipulated his jaw. He would not be eating meat for a day or two. The American was clever and strong. That cry had sounded natural enough There was no way of paying him out. Americans were always roving, roving. But he had seen their faces, master and man, and would recognize either ten years hence. First of all, his security; then he would rearrange his plans. Sonia had the emeralds, but she would not possess them very long. She would not dare to sell them openly; he had her there.

At the Paris station he showed a bold and resourceful mind. In order to convey the impression that he had luggage—for the police would naturally look critically at a passenger coming from Geneva without luggage—he closely followed a heavily burdened porter to the street, jumped into a taxi and was driven to the Grand Hôtel. Here he loitered for ten minutes, then got into another cab and was driven up to Montmartre, where he found the security he sought.

From his garret window he could see the bristling chimney pots of Paris. He looked in the direction where the Quai d'Orsay lay, and laughed softly. The police—let them find him now!

Sonia stepped out onto the station platform. There was only one thing for her to do—march boldly into the street. One of two things was going to happen: She would be arrested or she would go free. The steel in her—how much longer before it snapped?

If Lubovin saw her, so it was to be. At any rate he would not dare attack her on the spot. Capture meant only imprisonment for her; it meant death for him. If only she had dared telegraph Antoine to meet her with that cherry-colored taxicab of his! In an hour's time neither Lubovin nor the police would know where she had gone, so eel-like was Antoine's adroitness at the wheel.

She passed through the station unmolested. No one approached her as she entered a taxicab. Her luck—such as it was—still held. She asked to be driven to the Place Bastille and there dismissed and paid—with her last francs—the cabby in front of a little tailor's shop. She entered the shop immediately.

"Ma'm'selle!" cried the astonished tailor.

"Hush! Can you possibly go to Vienna tomorrow night, Anatole?"

"Vienna?"—doubtfully.

"I shall bring funds to you late tonight."

"Yes, ma'm'selle. But I must have my passport visaed."

"Attend to it then. Lend me one hundred francs. I haven't money for a taxi home."

"What has happened?"

"Nothing that I may tell you about now," said Sonia wearily; "nothing except that I am in danger. You will be here in the shop till midnight. I shall be here promptly on the hour."

"It is done. My assistant can take care of the shop till I return."

"I shall tell you what you are to do tonight. Give me the hundred. I am so tired, Anatole, so tired. Gregor Sergine—whom you never saw—was killed by Lubovin on the Simplon Pass. He is in Paris."

"Lubovin?" The tailor made a sinister gesture.

"No, no! If you see him, merely deliver him to the police. There is another—an American, whose name I cannot remember. Handsome, but with a saber or bayonet scar on his cheek. The scar runs from his right ear to his chin, diagonally. I shall want him some day. He has the emeralds."

"The emeralds—he?"

"Under the pretense of helping me, he put the gems into his own pocket."

"Everything shall be as ma'm'selle desires," the tailor declared, his eyes hard and his mouth grim. He was stout and of middle age, but he wore a ribbon in his lapel. He took from his pocket a thin packet of bank notes and gave her one. "Midnight, then."

From the tailor's shop Sonia was driven over to the Boulevard Raspail, where she lived. There was a baker's shop at one side of the doorway. She walked into the shop. At her appearance the baker showed the same astonishment as the tailor.

"Ma'm'selle!"

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"What a Pity, Madame—What a Pity to Sell These Pearls Singly! Why Didn't You Bring Me the Complete String?"

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

I Ducked and the Cup Shattered Into a Million Pieces Against the Wall. I Heard the Old Man Curse Like a Pirate and I Heard the New Maid Squawk With Terror and Beat it Pell-mell for the Kitchen

FOR a couple of minutes after the captain cracked that thing about making a dick out of me, I did not wise up to the idea. Of course, as soon as I could think at all, I saw through it. They knew I never would go on the force, because guys that remembered tricks I pulled with the old gang would take me for a stool and I would be picked up some night just like they picked up poor Fletch.

"You must think you are very smart, you two," I sneered at them as soon as I could speak. "There is about as much chance of me bein' a pavement pounder as there is of the old man bein' alderman!"

I figured I ought to have some comeback at them, and that looked like the best one handy. It sure worked. The old man choked on some food and stood up. I never saw a man so anxious to say something and swallow all in the same second. His face got red and then purple and his eyes bulged out like a frog's.

"Take it easy, old socks," I told him. "If you keep that up you'll soon be starin' at the bottoms of daisies!" The captain got up and ran around the table and hit the old man a shot on the back that sounded like a bass drum. That cleared his throat and he was ready for action.

"You little rat!" he cracked at me. "That's just like you! You ask for a job an' we get it for you. Then you pass out a line like that! We was goin' to put you on the police force because I told you before you ain't got brains enough to be any place where we can't watch you!"

Practicing With the Teacup

"YOU ain't goin' to put me on any police force!" I hollered. "You may want me to go on it just so's I'll be bumped off as a stool, but I ain't goin' to fall for it, you bet."

The captain had gone around to his chair again, and now he cut in on the lingo by offering a sickly smile and what he thought were helpful ideas. "This is all a mistake," he cracked. "It is a misunderstandin' that you two can straighten out, but you'll never do it arguin' like that."

"Shut up!" the old man growled at him. "It ain't any of your business what my kid and I say!"

"I was only tryin' to help, chief," the captain explained. "I come over here for a nice dinner, an' you sure gave it to me up till now."

"Eat, then, and shut up!" the old man growled again. "You," he said to me, "git out! I'll settle with you later on."

"Sure," I grunted. "Try to fill the captain up with bum forks and highballs. You can't eat with these new tools yourself an' you never drank anything but rotgut whisky in your life, but if aldermen do it—go ahead! You don't know your real friends. If the captain wasn't afraid of you he'd tell you to lay off this crazy alderman thing. It'll break you all the way down if you try it."

He grabbed up a cup that was beside his plate and let it fly at me. I ducked and the cup shattered into a million pieces against the wall. I heard the old man curse like a pirate and I heard the new maid squawk with terror and beat it pell-mell for the kitchen.

But I cleared out of the house to give the old fool a chance to cool off. I was as mad as he was every time I thought about the deal they were trying to put over on me, but I knew too much to start throwing things, and that was more than you could say for him. I knew the captain would tell people about this dinner, and the telling never would help the old man any. Imagine a guy like that being alderman!

What speeches he would make! The first man that disagreed with him would be apt to spend the rest of the day identifying teeth as his own. My old man was as much a part of the docks as a steamboat. He would never change inside even if he did not work any more and drank highballs just to be fancy.

I went to the movies, and when I got home the captain and him were still sitting in the big room. They were smoking and talking, and I heard the old man say again that he could beat any man in town for alderman. I was getting awful sick of that lingo. It was all he talked about, and I knew he was hipped on the idea, and when you get a guy like him with his mind made up, you have got something.

"I never ran away from a fight yet," he was saying, "an' whether the big boss likes it or not, I'm not goin' to start now. How did he git to be the big boss? By duckin' trouble? I guess not! He went out an' fought when he thought he was right an' could win. That's what I'm goin' to do."

"Of course," the captain told him, "I'll be for you. I'll vote for you an' I'll work for you, chief."

"But you think I'll get licked, eh?" the old man sneered.

"I don't know. Anybody that starts out to beat the machine is startin' on a long trip," the captain answered. I could see his real meaning, but the old man seemed blind. The captain felt the same way I did. The old man never could win, and once he was licked, the big boss, whoever he was, would be out to break him completely for kicking over the traces.

A Challenge to the Big Boss

THAT would leave the district in the hands of new people, and maybe the captain would find himself in hot water unless he could square himself with the new gang. I was the same. If the old man fought and got licked I was licked too. Everybody would hate me and be after my scalp on account of the breaks I had while the old man was powerful.

I was so disgusted with the whole works that I never even waited to hear what else those two crooks would talk about. All the time, I can see now, I was getting lonelier and lonelier. With Mary up at the hospital and Danny worrying me about being trusted, I was alone.

That was the first night I had been to bed as early as that in a long time, and, funny as it seems, I went right to sleep. I remember it because it was the night before the big break between the old man and the big boss. The next day was the first time I ever saw the big boss. The morning papers said that the old man was going to run for alderman and that his statement was nothing but a challenge to the biggest political powers in town. I suppose he had told them the night before, after talking with the captain. The telephone rang most of the day, and after a while the old man refused to answer it. What a mess!

He kept to himself all day, doing some pretty steady drinking, and pacing the floor a whole lot. He seemed to forget that him and I had a fight to settle, and I was glad to let it go at that. About four in the afternoon the big boss came to the house, and he met the old man in the hall while I was on the stairs and could hear what they said. I figured he had probably been trying to reach us on the telephone and was sore because the old man would not answer.

He was a fine-looking man. He was dressed like a millionaire. Maybe he was one. He drove up the street in an automobile with a chauffeur, and the thing waited outside for him. You can tell a smart man just by his looks, and

this man was smart. I thought of all the things he had done for me through the old man, and I have got to admit that I envied him a whole lot. What a cinch he had!

"Murphy," he cracked to the old man when they were sitting in the big room, "I've dropped down here to have you spike the rumors that you are going to fight Nolan for alderman in this ward."

"I didn't think you'd come to bring me flowers," the old man said. The minute I heard his voice I knew there was no chance of patching things up. He was a fighting fool, my old man. Get him started on anything that called for a fight and he would go ahead even if he knew he would lose.

"I have a statement here for you to sign," the big boss said steadily. I could hear paper rattle before the old man spoke again, then he said:

"A statement about what?"

"Merely stating that the papers are misinformed, and giving your hearty indorsement to Nolan."

I heard the old man's fist thump down on the table. "You an' the statement both can go to the devil!" he cracked. "What do you think I made my statement for?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," the big boss said calmly. "It is, without doubt, the craziest thing I ever heard of a man doing! Either you are drunk or crazy, and it matters little which!"

"What's crazy about my bein' alderman?" the old man asked.

"We just don't want you, Murphy. . . . Lower your voice a little when you talk to me too. . . . Lower it more than a little."

I certainly thought there would be a grand scrap when he cracked that. He talked like he was speaking to a little boy that had got confused and was forgetting his manners. There must have been a full minute of absolute silence, and I could imagine my old man with his teeth chewing at his mustache and his big white hands working open and shut.

"I asked you," my father said at long last, "what's the matter with me fer alderman?"

To the Death

"WELL, I'll not stop to answer you in detail," the big boss sneered, "if you don't already know. But let's leave it that we see no sense in making a poor alderman out of a fairly good district committeeman. That explains it, don't you think?"

"Not to me," the old man snapped. "I'm out to go to the top, an' no matter what you think, I'm goin' to get there!"

"What a shame," this smooth guy laughs. "Indeed, what a shame. I make it clear that we don't want you."

"What do I care whether you want me or not? Do you get everything you want?"

"I do in politics, Murphy!"

"You won't get it this time!"

That was the end, and I knew it then as well as I know it now. The second the old man cracked that, he declared war, and to declare war against as smart and as smooth a gent as the big boss was like signing up for ten rounds with a cannon.

"No. Perhaps you are right," the big boss said easily. "It may be that I will not get what I want this time. Because, you see, I really do not want to drive you out of politics. However, I see I have to do it. Sorry, Murphy."

I heard his chair slide back over the carpet and knew he was getting up to leave. I slipped back along the hall toward the stairs, but you can believe me, I was feeling pretty rotten. The old man was through. I would have bet my hat on that. No man could tangle with this classy-looking gent and come out with the long end of the stick. But the old man was fighting mad.

"Listen to me," he rasped, and I could picture him laying his big hand on the arm of the boss to keep him from leaving; "you go ahead and drive me outa the game. Go ahead. Remember, you're the one to crack that first. But get this: If there's any drivin' done, you'll go! I'd like for you to have a drink on that. We've pulled together as friends, boss; now let's seal up the new deal with a drink. If it's war you want down here, it's war you'll get, an' you'll learn somethin' about fightin' before we're done with each other!"

"I'll drink with you, Murph," the big boss laughed in a hard voice. "Sure, I will. Pour the stuff."

Knowing the old man as I did, I expected he was planning some trick, but he did not pull it. I slipped back to the door again and heard him rattling glasses and a bottle. Then I heard the siphon bottle squirt, and the old man called in heavy tones for the girl to bring ice. It was almost like a show, this drinking to a fight to come. But the old man was that way.

"To a fight," he offered when the drinks were ready, "to the finish, boss! Your finish!"

"To more than that, Murph," the big boss laughed again, calling my old man by a nickname just like they were the best of pals. "I drink to Nolan for alderman and your political wake. Drink hearty!"

They must have gulped their drinks, because they caught me in the hall before I had a chance to get away.

"This," the big boss cracked when he saw me, "is your gorilla son, isn't it?"

"He's the promisin' child of Alderman Murphy, boss," the old man sneers. "An' the little rat can promise more things in a minute than you could think up in a month."

"I'll be making Clancy the district committeeman next year, Murph," the boss cracked through a smile. "That will give you plenty of time to rear this young prodigy."

With that he was gone, and the old man stood pretty still behind the door for a couple of seconds and watched the big boss go to his car. I heard the automobile motor start up, the horn sounded a warning and the machine glided away. I felt, somehow, just like I did that time Danny left me when I had been collared for bumping off that driver. Everything either me or the old man depended on went away in the big car. I knew it.

"I s'pose you heard it all, kid?" the old man asked me.

"I did," I grunted in disgust. "I never knew a guy as bullheaded as you are! You tried to bluff him, an' he'll sink you in the river before he winds up this fight!"

Hit in a Sore Spot

"YOU never knew a guy as game as me," my father corrected; and, at that, I had to kind of admire him. "He'll find out that Jim Murphy ain't nobody's—puppet!"

That was a new word he had found for speeches, and he had to stop and think how to use it. So I knew again that he was getting all set to make this crazy fight.

"You heard what he said about Clancy?" I asked the old man.

"Bluff! Just bluff!"

"It is not. Even I got sense enough to see what his racket is there. Clancy controls a lot of votes around here, an' if the big boss promises him your job, it's a cinch Clancy won't be out workin' for you! You got to admit that you been dependin' on Clancy to fight for you."

The old man never answered, but he chewed his mustache and I knew I had hit him where it hurt. But his big jaw worked square and he walked past me with his fists opening and closing; and when I heard the rattle of glasses again and no sound of ice or siphon, I knew that he was acting like himself and the fight was all set. If they brought the President of the United States into the district to fight against the old man they never would scare him off. I felt like a man on rubber ice, except that such a man has got a chance if he keeps moving, and there was no way I could move.

That night, when we had what the old man was now calling "dinner," he was silent for most of the meal, but when we were about finished he got up and brought me one of his best cigars.

"Light up, kid," he said. "I want to talk with you. All you can see in this fight of mine is me bein' licked. You're scared to death of that because you think we'll all be in the soup if I do."

"That's right," I agreed. "I want to tell you you'll never beat that bird that was here today."

"I'll do the talkin'," he grunted; "you listen. Have you stopped to think what'll happen if I win? Where will we be then? I'll stand out like a thumb that's stickin' square into the mayor's right eye! I'll be the only man that has

(Continued on Page 137)

"Mebbe You Better Get a Doctor. They Shot Me, Kid!"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1927

The Bankers' Manifesto

SOME months ago appeared, over a long list of signatures of well-known and influential business men of Europe and of the United States, a lengthy statement on trade barriers that has come in common parlance to be known as the bankers' manifesto. This was acclaimed in this country by debt cancellationists and sponsors of internationalism in trade and finance. It was sought to apply its tenets to tariffs and debt settlements generally. Despite internal evidence to the contrary, widespread attempts were made to convey the impression that the thesis of the manifesto was intended, by implication, to be applied to the United States. In the light of the recently received report of the transactions of the International Economic Conference, it is now possible to set the facts in their correct order.

The manifesto was entitled Plea for the Removal of Restrictions upon European Trade. Over and over again the argument of the manifesto applied to European conditions. The third paragraph began with the statement that "The breakup of great political units in Europe dealt a heavy blow to international trade." The next paragraph began with the declaration that "To mark and defend these new frontiers in Europe, licenses, tariffs and prohibitions were imposed, with results which experience shows already to have been unfortunate for all concerned." The next to the last paragraph declared that "There can be no recovery in Europe till politicians in all territories, old and new, realize that trade is not war but a process of exchange, that in time of peace our neighbors are our customers, and that their prosperity is a condition of our own well-being." A careful perusal of the document leads not merely to the conclusion that it was not designed for application to the United States but also to the inference that it was expressly drawn in order not to be regarded as pointing to the United States.

The International Chamber of Commerce was requested by the Preparatory Committee of the International Economic Conference of the League of Nations to prepare a collaborative report of a Trade Barriers Committee. This was done. It is a document of considerable length. The American Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce, at the request of the international chamber, prepared a statement of comment on the trade-barriers report. In the initial paragraph of this American comment it is recognized that "The Report is designed with particular reference to the solution of urgent problems which are primarily European in their application. We note also that the Preparatory Committee of the International Economic Conference, who requested the report, consider the scope of the agenda of the conference is to have the same definition." Discussing further this delimitation of the problem as "both expedient and wise," the American committee gave their "general agreement with the recommendations and proposals of the report as to existing barriers to trade in Europe." Following this, the American committee ventured to recommend to Europe the "substantially similar freedom of commerce and trade" that exists between the forty-eight states of the United States.

Comes now the report of the International Economic Conference. The reports of the Committee on Industry and the Committee on Agriculture have no direct bearing on the subject of trade barriers under discussion. The report submitted to the conference by the Commerce Committee deals exhaustively and minutely with trade barriers. Some of the important trade barriers under discussion do exist outside of Europe—for example, the British control of rubber. But for the most part the trade barriers under discussion exist and are prevalent in Europe; and most of them, at least the worst of them, have arisen since the war.

The particular barriers dealt with at the International Economic Conference are not such as have been set up by the United States in our trading relations with foreign countries. We have, of course, a protective tariff; but the conference excluded tariff levels in the specific statement that "In enumerating the causes and ideas which are responsible for the super-protectionism of postwar years, the International Economic Conference does not attempt to pass judgment on the fundamental principles of protection and free trade respectively."

Leaving aside our current doctrine of protection and existing tariff levels, there is practically nothing in the fourteen-page report of the Commerce Committee of the International Economic Conference that directly or indirectly, expressedly or impliedly, applies to or involves the United States in its official relations in commerce with foreign countries.

Under these circumstances, it is time to see dropped all propaganda to the effect that the so-called bankers' manifesto, the Trade Barriers Report of the International Chamber of Commerce, the discussions on trade barriers held at the International Economic Conference, and similar discussions more recently held at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Stockholm, apply to the United States. It is true that at the Stockholm meeting a general resolution was passed that "The time has come to put an end to increase in tariffs and move in the opposite direction." Everything depends on what one reads into that all-inclusive resolution. The suggestion that discussions on trade barriers are directed at us in the same sense that they are directed at European countries is gratuitous, and the implications do not operate in the direction of improvement in international commercial relations.

The Search for Security

THE policy of the Treasury Department in calling such a substantial portion of the Liberty Bonds outstanding, and more especially the heavy redemptions to be made in November, will leave many small investors literally adrift. Large sums will be frittered away and others spent for articles of real utility and enjoyment. Holders who reinvest their funds cannot be expected to make a uniformly successful try at it. Many will lose their money and others will be wiser or more fortunate. It is seldom that the entire public has thrust down its throat an absolutely safe investment, in the smallest as well as the largest denominations, paying more than four per cent.

Not only are Liberty Bonds being called but many other safe bonds of industrial and similar corporations are suffering a like fate, as the investor views the situation. The corporations look kindly upon the opportunity to lower fixed charges which the present period of low interest rates affords. It all makes for corporate solvency, but embarrasses the investor to replace his funds to advantage.

It is well at this time that the sale of annuities for old age and retirement purposes should be on the increase. In England and France the public has long found the sinking of funds into annuities to be a reliable backlog of personal finance and provision for the later years of life. In this country, speaking generally, ignorance concerning annuities is profound.

But the strain of our modern life is driving people to search for financial security, just as poverty has been the motive in Europe. In England and France men and women could not afford to take chances with their savings; here we are beginning to doubt the wisdom of taking such chances.

Annuities relieve the mind and make the annuitant less likely to speculate with other funds. Annuitants live longer than other people, first, because only those who expect to live a long time buy this form of investment; and, second, because the elimination of financial worry makes for health.

It is a rather curious commentary on financial intelligence that the increasing sales of annuities are made to quite an extent to men and women of means. Naturally, this form of investment, with its extreme degree of security, would seem to appeal to teachers, nurses and other classes of professional workers with rather uncertain or slender incomes, especially in their older years. But often the richer men and women are, the more determined they prove themselves to place their funds with the maximum of security, while those who cannot afford to lose a penny frequently take the longest risks.

Stamping Out Diphtheria

SOME eighteen months ago the state of New York launched a campaign whose aim was to stamp out diphtheria by the end of 1930. This undertaking was planned out with such broad forethought and is being prosecuted with such vigor and resourcefulness that it is not too much to hope for victory virtually complete. The health department is fortunate in having the coöperation of the state department of education, state medical society, and scores of voluntary health and welfare agencies.

If the immunization of school children were all that was required the task would be much less formidable than it is. Authorities are agreed, however, that a large proportion of this work must be done among young children, ranging all the way from babes of six months to youngsters of seven or eight who have not yet entered school. Consent of parents is required for immunizing treatment, and if the work is to be carried out on a large scale it must necessarily be preceded by an intensive educational campaign.

Such was the program carried out in such cities as Syracuse, Yonkers and Schenectady. Public lectures, clinics, exhibitions and motion pictures supplemented the barrage of news articles which appeared in the local press. So much was said and printed and pictured in regard to the safe and simple methods which will assure immunity from diphtheria that it became almost impossible for upstate New Yorkers to remain in ignorance of the proper methods of protecting their children from the ravages of this disease.

At first, there was considerable prejudice against permitting young children to receive immunizing treatments; but it has gradually melted away and in a year or two opposition is likely to become negligible. Figures are already available to show the beneficent results of this campaign. There is little room for doubt of the soundness of theory or the practical efficacy of modern methods of immunology. The Empire State has attacked her diphtheria problem with such intelligence and energy that she will almost certainly solve it by making the disease virtually extinct within her borders.

What New York has done other commonwealths can do, and do with less labor; for the invaluable experience of her health officers along publicity and educational as well as purely medical lines is at the disposal of all.

Making a Living in New York

The Resident Buyer

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

MORE than a year ago Everett Bartlett came from the Middle West to be resident buyer for his firm, the Mammoth Mercantile Company. The Mammoth does an annual business of $6,000,000, and nearly half the purchases are made through the New York headquarters, which are located in a thirty-story building close by the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

A resident buyer must have the ability to act quickly and decisively. By ten o'clock each morning a small army of salesmen mobilizes in the anteroom of the Mammoth's headquarters with offerings of ladies' dresses, automobile tires, wrist watches, men's suits, aluminum ware, Oriental rugs. Mr. Bartlett must see every salesman personally, because it is not only his function to buy but also to keep posted on the market for future reference. Each salesman is given a minute or so to tell his story. Some are turned down at once. Others are assigned to sample rooms, where they spread out their exhibits. Mr. Bartlett goes from one sample room to another to buy, to make notes or to say there is nothing doing.

A telegram comes in from the big store back home marked Rush. The Lincoln Avenue High School has its graduating exercises in two weeks, and the Mammoth will need 200 more misses' dresses to retail at around twenty dollars apiece. The goods must be shipped by return express. Mr. Bartlett calls up half a dozen manufacturers to inquire if any may be able to fill such an order from stock. None has 200 such dresses.

He puts on his hat and scours the near-by dress district. One manufacturer has twenty dresses that he can use. Another has fifty. Mr. Bartlett keeps going until he has bought the required 200. Porters trundle them in hand trucks to the Mammoth's offices in the thirty-story building, where they are checked, rechecked and packed in shipping boxes. At six o'clock the express wagon calls for the shipment and at nine o'clock it is aboard a west-bound express train.

Perhaps a couple of the Mammoth's department managers have come to New York to look up salable specialties. To them Mr. Bartlett must act in the capacity of guide, philosopher and friend. If they are of settled middle age, he needs only to give them the addresses of manufacturers where they may find what they want. But sometimes a department manager is young and inclined to friskiness in the gay atmosphere of the metropolis. To such a one Mr. Bartlett diplomatically imparts the information that night-club attendance is but poor preparation for the next day's stern business demands, and he warns against the blandishments of New York salesmen who are only too eager to win the favor of out-of-town buyers by means of lavish entertainment. Mr. Bartlett must be tactful in such advice, for his own success as resident buyer depends in the long run on the goodwill of the Mammoth's department managers.

Mr. Bartlett himself does not accept entertainment of any sort—not even so much as a luncheon or dinner—from a manufacturer or a manufacturer's salesman. One does not have to go far to learn the reason. When you accept favors from anyone, you put yourself under obligation to him. The time may come when his merchandise may be just a bit inferior in value to someone else's merchandise, but you give him the business anyhow, because you feel you owe him a favor. And besides this, one never gets something for nothing.

Eventually the money that is spent in entertainment gets into the invoice.

Working in New York Against an Imposing Background

How does this job of resident buyer compare with other jobs? Mr. Bartlett has had it long enough now to check it up fairly well. Before the Mammoth sent him to New York he had been in its employ twelve years and had worked up to an executive position, with a salary of $10,000 a year. When the New York job came up the general manager asked him how much he thought he ought to have, and Mr. Bartlett, anxious to get to the metropolis, said $1000 extra would be all right. He figured that clothes, groceries and such things were about the same price everywhere, and that his house rent would be about the only item costing more in New York than at home. It was agreed therefore that his salary as resident New York buyer should be $11,000, and Mr. Bartlett and his wife moved to the metropolis.

He has found that he miscalculated a bit. It is true that the ordinary purchases from stores are no more costly, and rent is about what he expected. At home he used to pay sixty dollars a month for a five-room house, while in New York his three-room apartment is $125. Theoretically his $11,000 a year salary in New York equals the $10,000 he drew at home, but it does not work out in actual practice. Somehow money goes faster, though it is hard to explain how. You do not have to dress more expensively in New York, but you do. At home you never thought of tipping for little services, but in New York you have your hand in your pocket a good deal of the time. Then there is the matter of amusement. At home you could hardly spend more than a five-dollar bill in an evening if you tried. You and your wife went to the best hotel, had a table-d'hôte dinner for $1.50 each and then to the finest picture house, where the highest priced seats were seventy-five cents. In New York your hotel dinner for two spoils a ten-dollar bill, and the theater tickets are $3.85 apiece.

Mr. Bartlett has done some careful figuring and finds he ought to have about $14,000 in New York to equal his $10,000 salary back home. At the end of this year he is going to ask the Mammoth for such a raise. Yet this is going to be embarrassing because there is really nothing that he can put his finger on to justify the demand.

The Broadwayite

NEW YORK is not invariably kind. Sixty years ago, when he was eighteen, Joshua Hull came to Broadway from an Ohio village to seek his fortune and has not yet found it.

So far is he from fortune, in fact, that he is obliged to work at two different callings to earn his living.

One of Mr. Hull's places of business is in an office building on lower Broadway, where he works in the mailing department of an advertising firm. His is what is termed a four-motion job. He folds a circular, puts it in the envelope, seals the envelope, affixes the stamp. A four-motion job pays 80 cents a 1000. If the circular has to be folded twice, it is a five-motion job and pays one dollar a 1000.

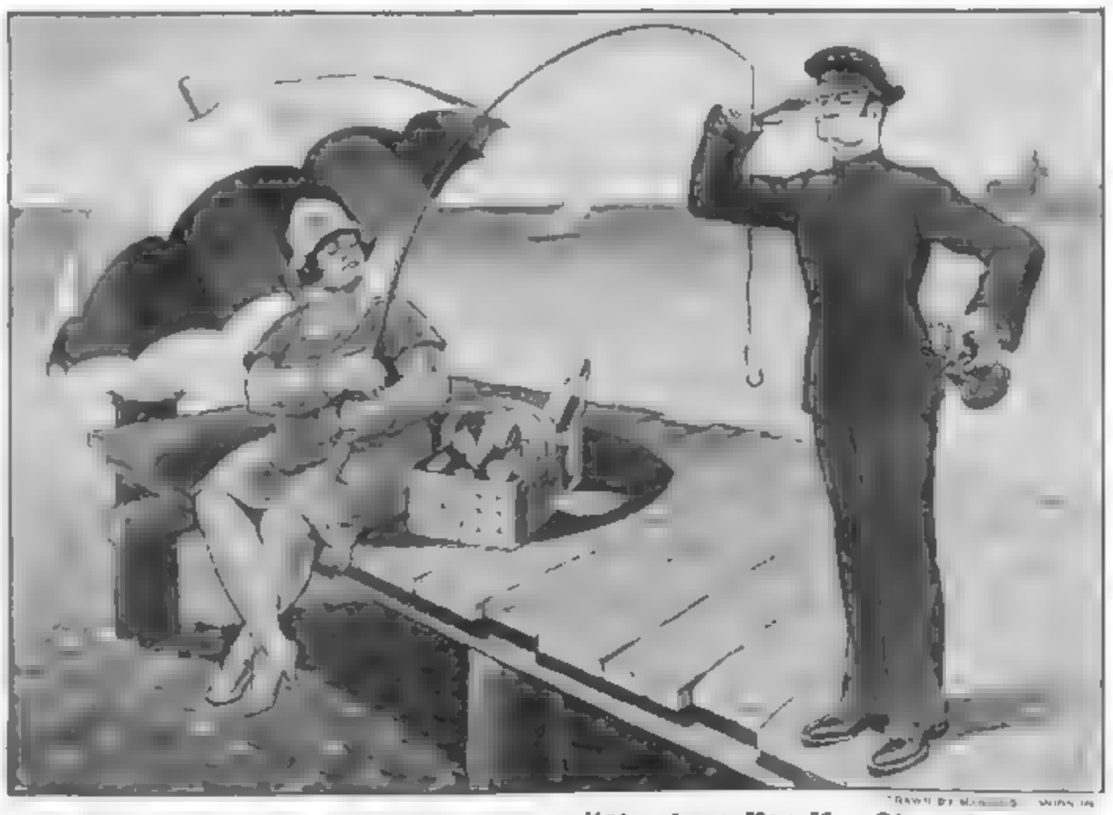
Mr. Hull's other place of business, where he works evenings, is also on Broadway, the west side, between Canal and Prince streets. His clients are casual strollers from whom he solicits small donations.

Though he has not yet gained his fortune Mr. Hull still believes Broadway is the place to make money. His first position was with the old A. T. Stewart dry-goods store, then on Broadway near Chambers Street. Afterward he went with a Broadway wholesale dry-goods house as traveling salesman. He earned $4000 a year and at the age of forty could have retired on his savings. He made his mistake when he let a friend persuade him to buy Morris and Essex Canal stock. He made a little money on it and that got him into the habit of stock speculation. Eventually he lost everything he had. What he should have done was to put his money into Broadway real estate. Some people say Broadway values have reached their limit, but Mr. Hull has been hearing that kind of talk for sixty years and he knows better. The next time he gets his hands on a few thousand dollars he is going to invest in a good Broadway corner and wait for a rise.

(Continued on Page 78)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Guest (on First Visit to Friend in the Suburbs): "Ed, Did You Ever See Such Frightful Architecture? Who in the World Lives in That Atrocity?" Host: "I Do"



Fishing at Newport. Mrs. Van de Gelt: "Meadows, You May Place Another Worm on My Hook"

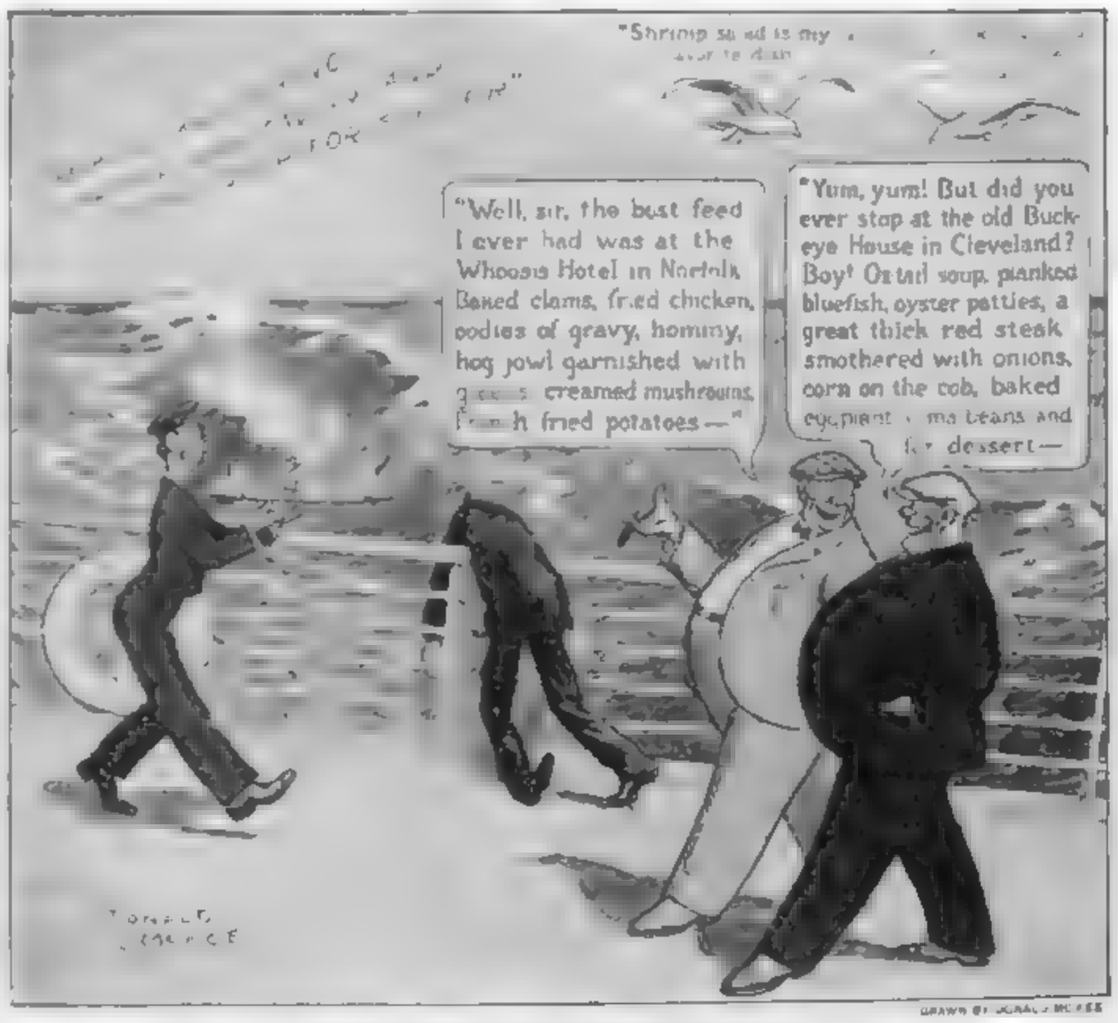
As We Would Have Done It

GETCHER extry paper! Getcher extry Herald!
Columbus Back From Voyage! Says He's Found a World!
Read about the grand reception! Welcomed Home by Band!
Isabella Greets Him! Ferdinand Shakes Hand!
Monarch Wires From Portugal: "Knew You Wouldn't Fail."
Fifty Marriage Offers Came in Morning Mail!

Get his latest photo! Getcher souvenir!
Getcher watchman's rattle—show you know he's here!
Getcher medal with his face, and his flagship tall.
Don't let 'em cheat you, lady, this one's got 'em all!
Here's a map of what he found—rivers, hills and valleys!
Book on Why the Earth is Round—only dos reales!

"Chris, Chris, Chris, we knew you couldn't miss!
We knew they couldn't hide a world so well you wouldn't find it!
You sought across the main for it; you nailed the flag of Spain to it,
And now you'll find another world behind it.
The New World's glad it met you and the Old World won't forget you,
And the sea is green with jealousy because you didn't mind it!"

Officials Join in Banquet! Scientists Give Fête!
Crowd Runs Off With Mainmast! Cops Arrive Too Late!
Hero Gets Another Medal; Kissed Upon Both Cheeks!
Given Biggest Cheese on Earth! Hasn't Slept in Weeks!
New World's Discoverer Interviewed by Press; Asked if He Will Try Again; Answers, "I Don't Guess." —*Merle M. Elsworth.*


"Shrimp salad is my favorite dish"
"Well, sir, the best feed I ever had was at the Whoosis Hotel in Norfolk. Baked clams, fried chicken, oodles of gravy, hominy, hog jowl garnished with greens creamed mushrooms, French fried potatoes—"
"Yum, yum! But did you ever stop at the old Buckeye House in Cleveland? Boy! Oxtail soup, planked bluefish, oyster patties, a great thick red steak smothered with onions, corn on the cob, baked eggplant, lima beans and for dessert—"

As It Seems to the Seasick Passenger

On Prescription Only

ONE fall when cabbage, with other foodstuffs, reached an unprecedented price, John was discussing the high cost of living with his German neighbor.

"Cabbage is pretty steep this year. Think you'll make much kraut?" John asked in the course of the conversation.

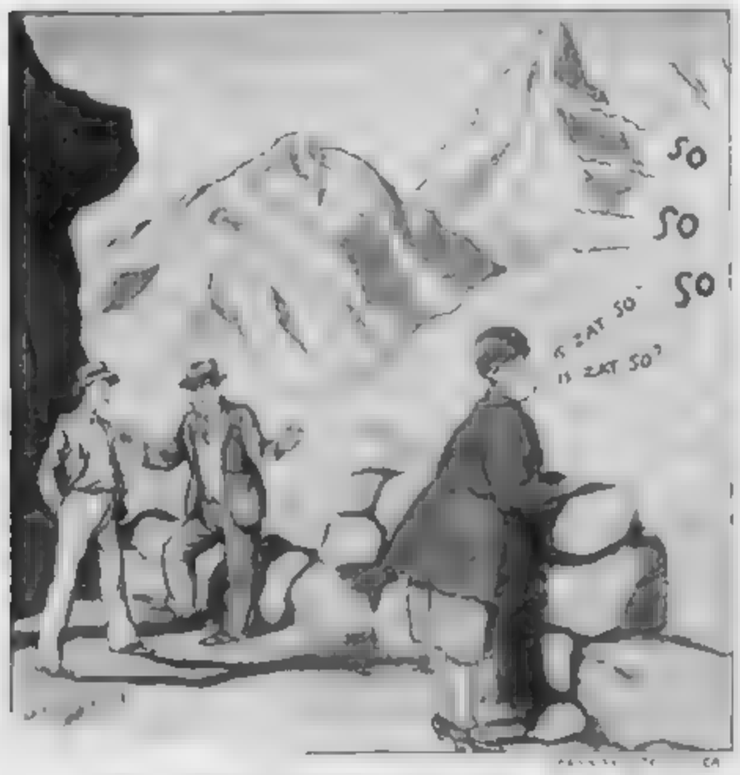
"Veil, ve usually put down seven or eight barrel a'ready," replied the thrifty German, "but I says to mine frau the other day, I says, ve vould try to get along on three barrel this year—yust to have a leetle in case of sickness."

—*Marie George.*

The Civilized Sophisticates

THE Civilized Sophisticates are really most intriguing;
Their brains and substitutes for souls must often be fatiguing;
How brave they are, how uncontrolled, how delicately arly,
How naughty, naughty worldly-wise and smarty, smarty, smarty!

(Continued on Page 119)



"I Wish I Hadn't Brought Your Mother Up Here. She's Been Arguing All Day With That Echo"

Circus Life. Bearded Lady's Friend: "He Has His Father's Eyes and His Mother's Whiskers"

Slow-cooked beans of wonderful flavor

No need to tell housewives that beans are nourishing—they know it. Otherwise beans would not be such a regular feature of the family diet.

But the flavor! That's the special quality that women seek. They demand beans that taste delicious—which their families will enjoy to the very utmost.

So they prefer Campbell's Beans and insist on getting them always. Slow-cooking is the main reason for this popular flavor—the long, thorough cooking that makes every particle of the bean tender, appetizing, digestible.

Quality. Not only in the carefully selected beans. But also in the way they are cooked and blended with Campbell's famous tomato sauce!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

The Dark Horse, 1844—By Meade Minnigerode

GENERAL HARRISON, with his Vice President, John Tyler, was inaugurated on March 4, 1841, during the course of which ceremony he made a very long speech—but not so long as it had been before Mr. Clay ran his blue pencil through it—full of allusions to Rome, to Greece and to the Swiss Republic. One month later he was dead, and the trouble began for the victorious Whigs.

For Mr. Tyler was now, accidentally, President, and Mr. Tyler was no Whig. They had, for one political reason or another, put him on the Whig ticket of 1840, but Mr. Tyler was at heart no Whig, and they knew it, although they pretended afterward that he was a turncoat. He was strongly for states' rights, he was against any United States Bank, he was against the American-system protective tariff, he was against Federal internal improvements—he was in opposition to all the views which the Whigs, now that they were in power, were prepared to announce and uphold. "Tyler is a political sectarian," John Quincy Adams, himself somewhat of an authority on such matters, remarked, "of the slave-driving, Virginian, Jeffersonian school, principled against all improvement, with all the interests, and passions, and vices of slavery rooted in his moral and political constitution. . . . The improvement of the condition of man will form no part of his policy, and the improvement of his country will be an object of his most inveterate and inflexible opposition."

Washington's Reception on the Bridge at Trenton in 1789 on His Way to be Inaugurated the First President of the United States

Tyler Uses His Constitutional Power

AND Mr. Clay was very worried. Just as in the days of John Adams Mr. Hamilton had thought to control the Administration, so in 1841 Mr. Clay, the dictator of the Whigs, had begun immediately to impress himself on General Harrison, the party's compromise candidate. Mr. Clay had corrected the general's inaugural address; he had advised him concerning his cabinet—good Clay men mostly, except for Mr. Webster, whom he could not exclude—he had gone running in and out of the President's house so frequently that General Harrison had finally requested him to stay away and put his suggestions in writing; he had talked so violently on one occasion that the hero of Tippecanoe had reminded him that "Mr. Clay, you forget that I am the President." Now with John Tyler, Mr. Clay was not so sure.

Mr. Tyler's address was "every inch of it . . . Whig." Mr. Clay was to insist in the Senate, and "entertaining this opinion . . . I came to Washington . . . with the most confident . . . hopes that the Whigs would be able to carry all their prominent measures." But in private Mr. Clay had written that "I repair to my post in the Senate with strong hopes, not, however, unmixed with fears. If the Executive will cordially coöperate in carrying out Whig measures all will be well. Otherwise, everything is at hazard."

Mr. Clay soon found out. The Whigs wanted a bank of the United States, to replace the one destroyed by General Jackson and the Democrats; with Mr. Clay calling for "action, action!"—and trying not to listen to Mr. Calhoun's echo of "plunder, plunder!"—Congress passed the measure and sent it to Mr. Tyler. Mr. Tyler vetoed it, while Washington mobs howled under his unsympathetic windows. The Whigs were not strong enough to override the veto, but they went to work immediately to prepare another bank bill, and sent Mr. Sergeant, among others, to ascertain the President's views, so that the act might be drawn up to suit him. Mr. Tyler's pledge was obtained, so the Whigs claimed—although Mr. Webster was at the time writing to Mr. Tyler that "if any measure pass, you will be perfectly free to exercise your constitutional power wholly uncommitted except so far as may be gathered from your public and official acts"—and when the revised bill came before him Mr. Tyler again vetoed it.

The Cry for Impeachment

WHIGGERY went wild. The entire cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Webster, resigned; the Whig press had its violent say; and ten members of Congress, headed by John Quincy Adams, turned in a report stating that Mr. Tyler's pledge had been secured in advance, and that "the majority of the Committee believe that the case has occurred in the annals of our Union, contemplated by the founders of the Constitution by the grant to the House of Representatives of the power to impeach the President." It was, unofficially, their belief—and Mr. Webster apparently concurred—that Mr. Tyler had been angered into his second veto by the sight of a letter in which

(Continued on Page 34)

Major General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney

John Adams

Alexander Hamilton

Finer than ever in Quality

Lower than ever in Price

Today's Pontiac Six is the finest Pontiac Six ever built. Not merely does it offer the fashionable smartness of Fisher bodies in new Duco colors, but it brings to the buyer those many refinements which have been made in Pontiac Six design since the first Pontiac Six was introduced.

Although the original Pontiac Six was such a revolutionary value that it set a world record in the number of buyers it won during its first year—

—the Pontiac Six you buy today is even smoother in operation, even more sparing in the attention it requires, even more luxurious and more distinguished in appearance!

Yet it sells for less than ever—the result of price reductions made possible by the economies of increased volume production in the world's newest and finest motor car plant.

Unless you have actually driven today's Pontiac Six—actually studied the richness of its Fisher bodies and its exclusive features of modern design—you cannot know what thrilling power and smoothness, what thorough road mastery, and what enduring satisfaction can now be obtained in a six at $745!

New low prices announced July 15th on all passenger cars

Coupe $745 Sport Roadster $745 Sport Cabriolet $795

Landau Sedan $845 De Luxe Landau Sedan $925

Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

THE NEW AND FINER

PONTIAC SIX

(Continued from Page 32)

Representative Botts had said of him that "he has turned, and twisted, and changed his ground so often in his conversations, that it is difficult to conjecture which of the absurdities he will rest his veto upon. . . . Our Captain Tyler is making a desperate effort to set himself up with the locofocos [Democrats] but . . . he will be an object of execration with both parties."

To all of which their Captain Tyler replied later that "I declare, under all the solemnities that can attend such a declaration, that my assent to that bill was never obtained. . . . Will Mr. Sergeant endorse the statement made by the [congressional] report—will he say that I prescribed the terms of the bill? . . . What member of the House employed to prepare the bill will endorse this statement?"

Pierre Auguste Adet, French Ambassador to the United States, 1796

And Mr. Sergeant would not—but the Whigs were through with Mr. Tyler. All political alliance with him was at an end, and from then on "those who brought the President into power can no longer, in any manner or degree, be justly held responsible or blamed for the administration of the executive branch of the Government."

The Whigs would have another candidate for the presidential election of 1844, and Mr. Clay, in 1842, resigned his seat in the Senate.

And with the Democrats—the locofocos, the descendants of the old Jeffersonian Republicans—the campaign of 1844 had begun on the day that Mr. Van Buren lost the cider-soaked, ballad-deafened contest of 1840. The Little Magician was to run again, and his colors had been nailed to the mast under Senator Benton's approving eye.

An Outline of Calhoun's Life

BUT Mr. Van Buren—though undoubtedly the choice of the Democratic majority, the prophet on whom, in 1836, had fallen the mantle of General Jackson—was not to have it all his own way. Many people in the South objected to him; he had strange ideas about the tariff; he was in other respects too much his political father's son; he was a New Yorker, and those Northern states were beginning to make a nuisance of themselves. If his flag was nailed to that Democratic mast there was room on its halyards for other colors too. Room for Lewis Cass; for that "pre-eminent and dazzling luminary," James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania; for Old Tecumseh of red-vest fame, the ex-Vice President, Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky.

And for Mr. Calhoun. If the great idol of South Carolina was ever at all to be President—"which God in His infinite mercy avert!" John Randolph had been in the habit of remarking quite a good many years before—now was the time. "Many of my friends think the time has arrived," Mr. Calhoun wrote in November, 1841, "when my name ought to be presented for the next presidency. It is my own impression that, if it is ever intended, now is the time." It was arranged that he should resign from the Senate, and James Hammond was to have published a résumé of Mr. Calhoun's career, for which the latter himself furnished the topics.

"It will be sufficient," he decided, "to say that [Mr. Calhoun] has remained at his post purely from a sense of duty, without any personal motives whatever. . . . And now . . . he seeks the repose . . . to which he is so fairly entitled. . . . It now remains for the people of the United States to determine how long he shall continue in retirement."

The next President would need "great abilities, skill, experience, firmness, patriotism and devotion to the cause. . . . It is for the people to say who it is that has them in the highest degree. I throw out this as a sort of outline." And an excellent outline it remains, perhaps, of Mr. Calhoun

And for a while matters progressed, especially in the South. Mr. Calhoun's friends were always "active and sanguine," although he would not consent to do any personal electioneering; it seemed to be "admitted that Mr. Van Buren is the only one that can stand in my way, and the impression is strong that he is making no headway, while I am constantly gaining." If Mr. Calhoun saw himself forced to go before a national convention—a procedure which he detested—he at least secured a date to suit him, May 27, 1844, instead of the earlier Van Burenite November.

But in 1843 things were not going so well. State conventions were instructing for Mr. Van Buren, and when New York did so, Mr. Calhoun lost heart. "I am now disentangled," he told Duff Green on February 10, 1844, "from the fraudulent game of President making, and hope never to have to do anything with it again. It is abhorrent to my feelings and tastes." The truth was, he thought, "that both of the great parties have degenerated. . . . The Whigs are the old Federal Party [turned] demagogue . . . the Democrats are the old Republican Party [turned] spoilsmen. . . . They, or at least the V. B. wing, are the legitimate offspring of the Burr school of politics and . . . in his and their triumph the school of Burr has triumphed over that of Jefferson. I cannot think, in the present state of parties, of entering again on the political arena. . . . I am . . . willing to end my public life [now]. In looking back, I see nothing to regret, and little to correct."

Thomas Jefferson

But only a few days later two cabinet officers were killed by the explosion of a gun on the U. S. S. Princeton, and a week or so after that Mr. Calhoun was willing to be Secretary of State, because there were some unfinished treaties which he wished to conclude, and because it was his "duty" to accept Mr. Tyler's nomination.

The Democratic Party was turning toward Mr. Van Buren; the cry was more and more "for Martin Van Buren and short Dutch cabbages against the world"—in spite of South Carolina, which would not attend the national convention, and a multitude of other sectional disputes—while the Richmond Enquirer reminded everyone that "Henry Clay, the roaring lion, stands in our path. . . . Give us any honest, staunch Republican . . . rather than fasten Henry of the West . . . around our necks."

The Annexation of Texas

AND Henry of the West was not idle. In 1842, in 1843, he was touring the South, from Washington to New Orleans, addressing thousands who "constantly impeded" his progress by their "vast assemblies," their "immense concourses" gathered to give him "tributes of gratitude and respect," and to gaze upon "the greatest living champion of their country's honor and interests." And in April, 1844, Mr. Clay was at Raleigh, resting from the burden of his very great popularity. So matters stood when, in that same month, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Calhoun sent a treaty to the Senate providing for the annexation of Texas.

It is not necessary in these pages to discuss the intricacies of the Texas question—the English commercial interest in an independent cotton-growing region, the fundamental hostility of Great Britain toward slavery, Lord Aberdeen's diplomatic intrigues, Mr. Calhoun's celebrated letter to the British Government, the various parliamentary steps in Congress leading up to the final adoption in altered form of the treaty of annexation.

What it is essential to remember is that the treaty was at first rejected by the United States Senate; that in general the Whigs seemed to be opposed to it; that the Northern abolitionists saw in it only a threat of further slavery extension; that Mr. Calhoun was convinced of Great Britain's secret intention to acquire Texas and abolish slavery in America, so that he considered the annexation of Texas "to be necessary to . . . peace and security"; and that the South, and with it the whole Southern wing of the Democratic Party—irrevocably committed, for economic reasons, to the maintenance and expansion of the principle of slavery—was energetically in favor of the proposed transaction which, under the terms of the Missouri Compromise, would, if consummated, furnish new slaveholding territories to the Union and an increase of influence to the Southern States.

Along with Oregon and "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" the cry for "immediate reannexation" of Texas—for so it was decided to consider it—arose from the entire South, and the matter was suddenly become a political issue of overwhelming importance. Across the reasonably even path which the presidential

Patrick Henry

(Continued on Page 146)

Libby's

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Two generations of master chefs have worked to perfect the special recipes for spicing and seasoning which lie back of the rare flavor of these foods

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Sweet Cauliflower Pickles
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ra-gon
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat Paste Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Minced Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Beef for Quick
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Milk
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Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Marmachino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Greens
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
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Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Kraut
Tomato Soup

(Partial List)

The old-time dill flavor! Fresh, crisp cucumbers packed between delicate fronds of dill—slowly cured according to a special recipe in a liquor of spices, vinegar, dill and salt. No wonder Libby's Dill Pickles taste so good!

Dill Appetizers—Cut thin slices of bread in strips 1½ by 2½ inches. Toast very crisp—spread with any cream cheese. On each, place two slices of Libby's Dill Pickle ¼ to ⅜ inches thick. Garnish with Pimento cut in fancy shapes.

Free booklet, "Tasty Touches"—full of tempting, new ideas. Write for it—also for personal help on menus, recipes, entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. C-9, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Kitchens
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario

PEOPLE AGAINST HEYWOOD

(Continued from Page 21)

gained the street; he had been the only other passenger to ride to the end of the line, and was forced to linger and wait. They walked north on Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street and then east again. Gargan told himself that they looked like a couple seeing the town—a country mother escorted by her city son; Ma Bonn was comfortable and plain, while Heywood was carefully finished. There were many such couples on the Avenue.

Ma Bonn entered a bookstore, leaving Heywood on the street. Ma Bonn came out. A tall and stooping gentleman whose hair was thick and white beneath his slouch hat of velours and whose face was long and seamed and red, followed her to the street after an interval of several minutes. Ma Bonn and Heywood were standing beside the Board of Education building on the west side of Park Avenue; they walked around the corner and were shortly joined by the old fellow from the bookstore. The newcomer held up his walking stick and stopped a cab. Gargan was fortunate in that two cabs had swerved toward the curb at the signal, and he took the second.

The leading cab discharged its passengers at a Fifth Avenue tea room. They remained there the better part of an hour while Gargan waited in a side street. Emerging, they took a cab again and rode downtown to Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, stopping before the State Arsenal. They did not leave the cab; the old gentleman used the stick several times to point through the open window, and Gargan saw that they were looking at the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company's building across the avenue.

Resuming its journey, the cab rolled over to Fourth Avenue and down to Twenty-seventh Street, where it discharged Heywood. He went into the establishment of Renard & Renard, Silks. Ma Bonn and the elderly escort whom she had salvaged from the bookstore went then to her shop on Sixth Avenue near the Jefferson Market court and jail. Leaving them there, Gargan returned to Twenty-seventh Street.

It was, then, not by sheer good fortune that Detective Gargan and Detective Holzapfel were in a police-department car in Thirty-fifth Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue late in the afternoon of Tuesday, July 27, 1915. They had followed a laden truck from the premises of Renard & Renard. They were watching it discharge its load into the building of the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company on the farther side of Seventh Avenue.

"Wrong again," said Gargan disappointedly. But out of mere pertinacity he left the car and crossed Seventh Avenue.

The goods had gone into the building by a new entrance on Seventh Avenue; the old one was around the corner on the side street. The new entry had been one of a row of stores let to various businesses. The store front had been taken away within the week, and the interior of the long, narrow store, which had been completely gutted by the workmen, would have been fully exposed to the street had it not been for a temporary screen of builders' cheesecloth. Two metal workers were erecting a copper cornice over this new entrance. The boxes from the truck were on the floor behind the cheesecloth. Sitting on a box and smoking a cigarette was a strongly built man in overalls; his hat was off, showing a long and branching scar through the thinning hair on the left side of his head. The butts of a dozen cigarettes were on the floor about him. Gargan recognized him as the man who had been on the sidewalk shortly before, directing the unloading of the truck from Renard & Renard; he had then worn an official-looking peaked cap with a front of bright metal. Gargan had supposed him to be the superintendent of the building. Gargan walked through the store, intending to go through the building into the passenger entrance that gave into the side street, but found that the wall in the rear of the store had not been broken through. He returned toward the street. The man on the box said nothing to him, but watched him steadily with pale gray eyes. "Where's the way in?" demanded Gargan.

The man lifted a hand and pointed and struggled to speak. "On Th-th-thirty-f-f-f ——" he began, trying like a good fellow but hopelessly mired.

"Thanks," said Gargan, leaving the store. Holzapfel, sitting in the police car, saw Gargan walk around to the side street, hail a cab, and ride away to the west. But five minutes later Gargan arrived from the east, having swung around the blocks. He said to Holzapfel, "It's a job. Whistling Maurice is over in there now."

"Gilday?" exclaimed Holzapfel.

"Gilday. The stuff is there too. There'll be somebody along right away to move the stuff, and we'll grab the whole mob."

"We'll need help."

"We won't need help. We'll say we had no time. What's the matter with you, Holzapfel? I've worked this up and nobody's going to take it off me. It'll make both of us."

"There's the stuff coming out now!" said Holzapfel.

A motor truck was standing before the new entrance to the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company's building. The boxes which had just been delivered were crossing the sidewalk again and going into the truck. Four men and the stuttering man were rushing the work.

Gargan, it is likely, thought that the five men would ride away on the truck with their loot, when he could follow them to the point of delivery and take them there easily enough. But when the cargo was reshipped, only two of the men climbed into the truck; the stuttering man went back into his den and the two others mingled with the homegoing pedestrians on the sidewalk and were lost. At this moment the police car was crossing Seventh Avenue to approach the truck from the rear.

A small closed car that had been parked by the curb started suddenly out into the roadway, cutting off the police car. While giving this exhibition of inexpertness or rudeness, the driver of the closed car tooted his horn insistently. The horn had a note of its own, as most horns had in those days; it sounded two long blasts and then two short ones, and repeated.

"Get over there, you ham," exhorted Holzapfel, pushing to pass the small car.

"There goes the truck!" cried Gargan. The loaded vehicle had lurched out into the highway, and was evidently going to try to escape—an effort whose vanity should have been apparent, it would seem. The truck roared down Seventh Avenue to Thirty-second Street, across Thirty-second Street to Sixth Avenue, north to Thirty-third Street, and east on that thoroughfare again.

It was already two blocks away when the detectives won free of the awkward driver of the closed car. They narrowed the gap quickly, but were still fifty yards behind the truck as it approached Fifth Avenue by Thirty-third Street; they had to show a little respect for life and property on those crowded streets, where the truck, ripping through, had confused and unnerved a hundred drivers.

Traffic on Fifth Avenue, Gargan saw with satisfaction, was flowing north and south. The good fortune of the fugitive truck was at an end. If it held straight on it must collide with a moving wall of vehicles. The detective watched alertly for the moment when the two fellows should leap from the truck and seek safety afoot.

The truck, tilting sharply to the right, swerved abruptly to the left and entered the narrow alley behind the great hotel that occupied a Fifth Avenue block front there. Holzapfel slowed for the turn and was immediately annoyed by the discovery that the closed car that had impeded the pursuit on Seventh Avenue had reappeared. It was waiting at the head of the alley, evidently by prearrangement, and it swung in now behind the truck.

"Straight ahead!" warned Gargan, seeing the trap. He would have made the circuit of the hotel—a matter of some three hundred yards—and picked the truck up on Thirty-fourth Street as soon as might be, but Holzapfel was already turning into the alley. What Gargan anticipated, happened; the truck emerged into Thirty-fourth Street and turned to the east and disappeared behind the hotel, while the closed car blocked the exit from the alley by turning its broadside to the police car and stopping.

Two men jumped from the closed car, bolted across the sidewalk and tried to board the truck. One of them succeeded and got away; the other was caught by the exasperated Gargan. The detective, springing to the street, leaped in pursuit, firing his revolver at the fugitives; one of them fell to the sidewalk and lay there. He had gone down from fear and in token of surrender; he had not been hit. Gargan jerked him to his feet.

"Soapy Heywood, hey?" he growled, recognizing his captive.

The truck got away. It was reported, simultaneously, as having been seen at Jeanette Park between Coenties Slip and South Street, and as having passed Broadway and Dyckman Street—points many miles apart. It was probably in neither place.

III

THE bell over the door of Ma Bonn's shop jangled; detectives Gargan and Holzapfel entered, followed by Mr. Philip Renard. A male sales clerk came forward.

"Where's the boss?" demanded Gargan aggressively.

"You mean Mrs. Bonn?"

"Yes, I mean Mrs. Bonn, young fellow. Where is she? Send her out here."

Mr. Renard compressed his wide, thin lips, and nodded; his long and intellectual face became stern. The sales clerk was less pleased and showed it, but his face suddenly cleared and he said, "Oh, yes. You're the detective was in here the other day. Just a minute."

He disappeared in the dark rear of the shop. After an interval a door opened there and Ma Bonn came out.

"Hello, Mrs. Bonn!" called Gargan. "We're here to look your place over."

"What for?" asked Ma Bonn, unafraid.

"For fifteen thousand dollars' worth of silk, if you have to be told. We know it's here. Will you deliver it to us, or will we look around for it?"

"Have you a search warrant, Gargan?"

"Certainly."

"Where is it?"

"Never mind about that now. There's one out all right."

"You're getting too big for your job, Gargan," said Ma Bonn contemptuously. "The first thing you know you'll pop right out of it."

"Is that a threat?" asked Gargan, striding up to her. "Now let me tell you a thing or two, Mrs. Bonn. You think you're in so right that you can ——"

"You can't tell me anything," said Ma Bonn, walking away from him. "You have no warrant, and you can't get one, and you're not going to search this place."

"You watch us," growled Gargan. He scrambled over the counter and yanked open a drawer and snatched from it a piece of black silk. "Look at that, Mr. Renard," he said. "Is that yours or ain't it?"

"This is the very goods," exclaimed Mr. Renard, examining the sample. "Not the least doubt of it in my mind. Absolutely, that is mine!"

"It's mine," said Ma Bonn, twitching the silk from his hands. "I bought it and paid for it, and it's mine."

"Madam!" said Mr. Renard reprovingly.

"You heard her," said Gargan. "She says she bought it, just as I told you. You may just as well take it easy, Mrs. Bonn, because we're going through and we're going to find the stuff, and then I guess we won't need any warrant to hold onto it when Mr. Renard identifies it. We got the tip straight. Look around here, Holzapfel. I'm going in back."

He pushed a door open and went into a dark and musty vestibule. With some eagerness beyond professional zeal, he crossed the vestibule and opened a door on the farther side. Gargan had heard reports of the splendor of the apartment that lay in back of the dingy and dusty curiosity shop.

A few high lights started out of the twilight that filled the great chamber on whose threshold he stood. There was a glitter as of jewels in mid-air, and that was a crystal chandelier; a broken line or two and a smearing of colors like that on an artist's palette was the enormous sideboard of which he had heard, and the numerous articles of virtu that occupied its shelves and recesses; the leaden splashes were for silver. The room was inadequately lighted by two small barred windows high in the wall behind the sideboard.

A small and elegant gentleman in a suit of white and black checks was sitting beside a huge table; at his elbow, which rested on the table, was a crystal goblet filled with a dark red drink. He was fronting Gargan. His other hand, on which were four diamond rings, was holding his silk-clad ankle on his knee. He glanced up with inquiry in his large black eyes and readiness in the lines of his narrow and triangular face. His patent-leather-shod foot slipped to the floor and he passed a hand over his sleek black hair. His figure and movements were youthful. But Gargan saw that he was middle-aged, when he said crisply, but not at all aggressively, "What is it, young man?"

"Police department," said Gargan, entering the room.

"One moment," said the little man, rising. "I am Mrs. Bonn's attorney—the name is Ambrose Hinkle."

"We're searching for stolen goods, Mr. Hinkle," said the detective, recognizing the famous little shyster.

"Have you a warrant? Now, my boy, don't plunge ahead with this. You'll only get yourself in trouble."

"Mr. Hinkle, neither you nor anybody else is going to stop me when I'm doing my duty. I got the best of reasons for believing the stuff from the Renard job is here on the premises and I'm going after it right now and we'll argue afterwards. Step aside."

"You're one of Inspector Conlin's men, aren't you?" asked Little Amby, stepping aside, but not resigning the point.

"He's the inspector."

"He's going to tell you over the wire, inside of two minutes, to lay off," said Little Amby. "Take a tip from one who knows, my son, and wait for orders. I'm calling him right now."

"Call him," accepted Gargan, with mockery in his tone.

Little Amby called police headquarters on a telephone in the room and asked for Inspector Conlin, who was then the chief of the detective bureau. "Hello," he called. "Inspector Conlin? This is Ambrose Hinkle."

"Hello, Amby," said the slightly husky voice of the very husky inspector. "How's your behavior today?"

"Law-abiding as always, Conlin. I hope I can say as much for you, but you got to prove it. Two of your men are up here now—at Mrs. Bonn's on Sixth Avenue—and they're searching for stolen goods."

"A very good idea, Amby," chuckled the inspector. "It's the very place I would

(Continued on Page 41)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

NUMBER ·13·

Your 2, 3, or 5-year-old car

An unforeseen problem

THIS is to you who use a car until it wears out. You are not "traders." Your present car is anywhere from 2 to 5 years old—and good for many more thousands of miles. Why not get them?

But will you? It depends to a great extent on whether your lubricating oil meets the new demands which did not exist when you bought your car. They are:

1. **New traffic load.** Since January 1st, 1924, over 7,000,000 more motor vehicles have been registered. Today village streets are as crowded as big-city avenues. You start, stop, and accelerate more often than ever before. One *quick start* puts a greater load on your engine than a whole mile of straightaway driving.

So these multiplied starts and stops put an entirely new burden on your lubrication.

2. **New high-speed highways.** Concrete roads have also multiplied. Speed laws allow faster driving. Together, these two changes invite swifter travel for longer stretches than ever before. Under such driving conditions many of the "good" oils of yesterday quickly break down. A new lubricating margin of safety against this danger is imperative.

* * *

If you drive a 1924 car, remember this: 1924 lubrication will not provide the margin of safety needed against 1927 driving conditions.

To get the big mileage you expect from your car, you should accept nothing less than the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil. For Mobiloil has been continuously improved to meet the demands of today which were not even dreamed of a few years ago.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only from crudes selected for lubricating value. It is made by the organization which has specialized longest and most extensively in lubrication.

Mobiloil is the only oil approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks. If you want the longest life and cheapest mileage obtainable from your car, put Mobiloil in your crankcase.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
Buick & Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Elcar	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gardner	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Garford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Graham Bros	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lafayette	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Roamer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stearns-Knight	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	B	A
Stephens	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wills Sainte Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	A	B	A
Willys 15, 20 & 20B	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Winton	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL.

For their ... use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "... recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Announcing the Imperial *at a new*

The Imperial Landau now only $745

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Former price, $780

Long, low, sweeping lines. Satin black Duco finish with embellishments of brilliant chasseur red. Mouse gray top. Such interior appointments as special upholstery, vaulted roof, period hardware, built-in smoking set and maroon leather wind laces around the doors. A car of marvelous smartness at a marvelous price!

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Landau, *low price!*

A spectacular price reduction resulting from a rapid spectacular public acceptance!

In the Imperial Landau, Chevrolet answered a widespread demand for a low-priced car that combines notable style and individuality with power, speed, economy and handling ease.

Beauty of line and elegance in appointment—an air of fleetness and distinction—that fashionable smartness which bespeaks modern principles of design—

—these are qualities that all motor car buyers are demanding today more than ever before.

And you need only to inspect the Imperial Landau to understand its sensational popularity in every section of the land. The Body by Fisher is of special design. Its finish is ultra-smart. Oblong windows, a low roofline and brilliantly nickeled windshield frame and landau bars emphasize its stylish, dashing appearance.

Here, truly, is an order of beauty that revolutionizes all previous conceptions in the low price field!

Here is arresting individuality combined with all the advantages of Chevrolet's advanced engineering and proved design—the advantages of smoothness, snap and high-speed roadability, of unfailing dependability, of finger-tip steering and restful comfort!

Here, at a price amazingly low, is the smartest model of the world's finest low-priced car! Visit your Chevrolet dealer and see it today!

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Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet's Amazingly Low Prices

The Touring or Roadster	$525	The 4-Door Sedan	$695	½-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	$395
The Coach	$595	The Sport Cabriolet	$715	1-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	$495
The Coupe	$625	The Imperial Landau	$745		

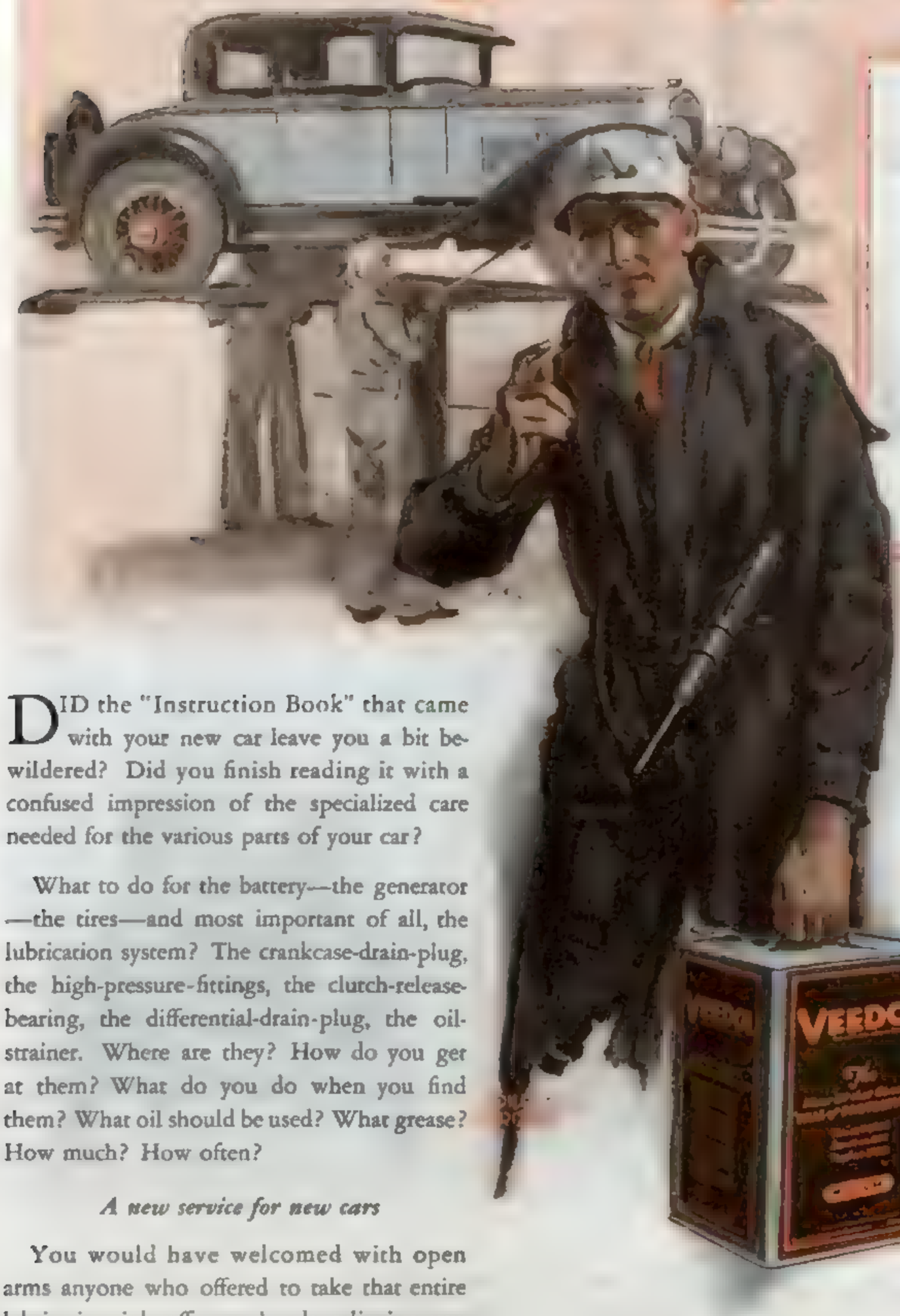
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices
They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

TO OWNERS OF NEW CARS

This Better Service the first 1,000 Miles *means a* Better Car after 10,000



The parts of your new car are like a football squad. No matter how good the material is, a period of training is needed before those parts develop teamwork. Bearings must be limbered up, gears must learn the signals, cylinder walls must acquire polish, until finally every part plays the game and your car is a smooth-running team.

But, as always in training periods, there is grave danger of strains and injuries unless extra precautions are taken.

Read how that danger is reduced by a new lubrication service which acts as a skilled trainer and safeguards your car.

DID the "Instruction Book" that came with your new car leave you a bit bewildered? Did you finish reading it with a confused impression of the specialized care needed for the various parts of your car?

What to do for the battery—the generator —the tires—and most important of all, the lubrication system? The crankcase-drain-plug, the high-pressure-fittings, the clutch-release-bearing, the differential-drain-plug, the oil-strainer. Where are they? How do you get at them? What do you do when you find them? What oil should be used? What grease? How much? How often?

A new service for new cars

You would have welcomed with open arms anyone who offered to take that entire lubrication job off your hands, relieving you of all trouble and worry.

That's exactly the service Tide Water has now made possible for you to get.

In your neighborhood, there is a dealer who specializes in Veedol Complete Lubrication.

You can place the entire lubrication of your car in his hands with complete confidence. He understands the special care a new car should receive. He knows how and when to lubricate each of the friction-spots in your car. He will do an honest, thorough job. Most important of all, he will use nothing but high quality Veedol Lubricants that give the "film of protection"—the film which masters deadly heat and friction and safeguards your car.

Let this service
safeguard your car

The thoroughness of Veedol Complete Lubrication Service means that your car will weather the critical breaking-in period in the best of shape. And it will continue to give years of faithful repair-free service if you make a habit of getting Veedol Complete Lubrication Service at regular intervals.

Stop today, where you see the orange and black Veedol sign. Tell the dealer you want Veedol Complete Lubrication. He'll do the job while you wait. Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. If you drive a Ford ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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(Continued from Page 36)

pick myself. Wish them luck for me, will you?"

"They'll need it less than you will, Conlin, if you don't pull them off at once. Let me remind you that there's a restraining order on this place. There's an injunction directed to the municipal police and to you personally, forbidding you to interfere with Mrs. Bonn's business in any way, and forbidding you specifically to enter upon and search these premises without a warrant. I'm putting you on notice, Conlin, that your men are here violating and trampling on that order of court and I demand that you tell them to lay off."

"I'd forgotten that injunction. Have they no warrant? But let me tell you something, Amby: Nothing is going out of that place until the warrant is obtained, and that'll be inside the hour."

"That suits my client perfectly, inspector. So long as the police observe the law, she is perfectly contented." He held out the instrument to Gargan and strolled out into the store. "Oh, by the way," he threw back over his shoulder as an apparent afterthought, "tell the inspector I'm going down to see him at once."

He said to Holzapfel, "You're through here. Your partner is talking to Inspector Conlin now, and is being told to lay off."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Renard. "By what authority do you interfere with these officers, sir?"

"They have no more right on these premises than two burglars," said Little Amby.

"In fact, a darned sight less," snickered Holzapfel rebelliously.

"This is ridiculous," gasped Mr. Renard. "These officers tell me that this woman is a notorious receiver of stolen goods, and we find an article of my property in her possession. The police are privileged to go anywhere and search for stolen property and apprehend suspicious characters."

"I don't know where you got your notions," said Little Amby slightingly, "but they're not American. The police must obey the law like the rest of us. . . . Well, Gargan, what's the verdict? You're to wait here for a warrant, and to hold that piece of silk? Good enough. . . . Give it to him, Mrs. Bonn. There won't be any search, for I'm going down to talk to the inspector at once."

He strutted from the shop, swelled with self-importance. Self-important people are often negligible; Little Amby was not less formidable for the good opinion of himself that he entertained.

He entered his car outside and rode to police headquarters at Grand and Centre Streets. The incursion of the detectives had not changed his plans; he and Ma Bonn had studied with care the situation presented by the arrest of Heywood and had come to a decision that he was now to demonstrate.

Inspector Conlin, his bald head gleaming in the electric light above his desk, grunted a lukewarm greeting from a deep chest and fixed his small and brilliant black eyes on Little Amby.

"What do you think you're putting over on us now?" he said. "That warrant will be out right off."

"It won't get you anything," said Little Amby, sitting down and lighting a gold-tipped cigarette. "Mrs. Bonn has nothing to conceal, but she can't have the police on her premises at their own sweet will. Having police in a place of business, Conlin, cuts two ways, as you know very well; law-abiding citizens won't trade there, no more than criminals."

"We'll get rid of your injunction and we'll run her out of business," said Conlin determinedly. "We'll keep an officer there day and night until she puts up the shutters."

Little Amby shrugged his narrow shoulders and smiled amiably.

"What are you here for now?" grumbled Conlin.

"By a strange coincidence, these men of yours who were putting you in contempt of court are the same men who picked up a young client of mine named Heywood."

"Strange, wasn't it? What makes it stranger is that when they go after Ma Bonn you come down to talk for Soapy Heywood. Gargan says he found a piece of silk up there that came from the stolen goods."

"That's a joke, Conlin. There's no way to identify that silk. What are you going to do with Heywood?"

"Hold him until the rest of the mob are brought in and then put them all through."

Little Amby shook his head discouragingly. "I'll give you two to one we beat the case. What have you got on the boy? He was on the scene when his employer's goods were being stolen and he was pursuing the thieves."

"Is that the defense?"

"We haven't decided the defense yet. You had a whole lot more on him in the Kay case and he beat it."

"He certainly did," admitted the inspector. He shifted in his chair. "Listen here, Amby, between ourselves and the desk, didn't Heywood have a piece of that Kay job?"

"Yes," said Little Amby hardily.

"I knew it. I never had a doubt of it. That verdict was a slap in the face for me. Kay's been raising a time about it; he thinks the department let him down. Kay's quite a politician, you know. Well, he's a member of the general committee, and he always comes across for the campaign. He can get a little favor like making a heap of trouble for some poor cop."

"It happens, by another coincidence, inspector, that I've been talking to Heywood and pressing him to tell what he knows about the Kay job, and he's in a frame of mind now to make a clean breast of the whole thing."

"Yes?" Conlin tilted his head aside, looking away from the little lawyer.

"About all that's required now is for the police to convince Heywood that he can trust them to be fair with him and do the right thing. Naturally, after his experience he feels that he's being persecuted and picked on. He's found not guilty of a criminal charge and he goes out and gets a job ——"

"And the police pick him up right away again for no better reason than that he's found lamming off with stolen goods," said Conlin with a gasping chuckle. "It's a pathetic picture, Amby. Never mind coloring it for me. What have you got to offer?"

"Heywood will go before the Grand Jury if necessary, and he'll turn up the two men that worked with him on the Kay job, and he'll restore Kay's goods or an equivalent. That's easy; Kay didn't lose more than a thousand dollars. It was only a clothesline job."

"He'll sign a waiver of immunity?"

"If you tell him to."

"I know what that means." He turned a frowning face on the lawyer. "You're afraid that Soapy will talk. Ma Bonn's people did this job all right, or you wouldn't be here offering to turn up the Kay mob. They don't belong to her, eh? I have nothing to say to you until I see what that search warrant produces and have a talk with Soapy."

"There's no money in long shots, Conlin. Short odds and a sure thing every time. It would be ideal if you could break both of these cases, but *Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.*"

"Amen," said Conlin devoutly, after seeming to ponder the scrap of law Latin.

IV

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1915, George Heywood was brought before a magistrate for examination. He asked, by his counsel Ambrose Hinkle, for an adjournment, and was accordingly committed for examination. He lay in the Tombs until Monday, August ninth following, when he was given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Cimiotti in Tombs police court. It appears from the record that the defendant's counsel took out a habeas corpus, but the reason for such action is not apparent, since the examination had been set down for a day certain by consent.

Little Amby in person handled Heywood's defense at this preliminary hearing. The presence of the notorious little advocate in a police court was a rare occurrence at this late stage of his lurid career; he had sprung from the police courts, but had arrived some time since at the leadership of New York's criminal bar; he had a number of admitted clerks into whose eager hands he resigned the petty business of his bustling office on Centre Street. Magistrate Cimiotti—a dark and blubbery man, as flowing of line as a jellyfish, but a magistrate of worth and integrity—looked over his rail, saw the foppish little man by the unctuous prisoner, and felt his attention sharpen.

Mr. Philip Renard, the complaining witness, took the stand. He testified that he was the president and majority stockholder of Renard & Renard, Silks. That, on or about Saturday, July 17, 1915, his firm had received a communication on the letterhead of the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company, and purporting to be from the said company, and placing an order for seven thousand yards of Renard No. 3 black silk. The letter was signed "James Wheaton, purchasing agent, Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company," and asked that replies be so addressed and directed to the company's building on Seventh Avenue. Mr. Renard said that he knew the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company very well and rated them highly, but had never done any business with them; that by a bit of luck, as it seemed to him at the time, the goods ordered were then on the floor and could go right out, obviating negotiations. He said that the individual who prompted that order must have had precise knowledge of the affairs of Renard & Renard.

Continuing, he testified to his going with detectives Gargan and Holzapfel to a curiosity shop on Sixth Avenue and finding there a piece of the stolen silk. At this point Little Amby said, "I don't wish to impede the witness, but to aid him. What has the discovery of a piece of silk in a Sixth Avenue shop to do with the prisoner?"

"Yes," said the magistrate. "Unless the district attorney proposes to connect it, then don't go into that, Mr. Renard."

"Then that is all," said the silk manufacturer: "We filled the order, which was unquestionably prompted by this infamous fellow whom I took in from the street, and who was caught while making off with his spoils."

"Any questions?" asked the magistrate.

"How much of that silk that you call Renard Number 3 black do you make?" demanded Little Amby.

"Annually? Oh, perhaps ——"

"A hundred thousand yards?"

"More."

"You are speaking of the past year?"

"Yes."

"And you distribute it generally among the women's wear people?"

"I don't wish to hinder or impede Mr. Hinkle in his defense of the person who is his real client here," said the district attorney dryly, "but this is not cross-examination."

"Keep to the matter of the direct, Mr. Hinkle," said the judge.

"Oh, well, if the district attorney wants to be technical, that will be all," said Little Amby, lying back in his chair.

Detective Gargan took the stand. He testified that on July fifteenth he had been on East Fifty-ninth Street and had seen Heywood there in the company of a man and woman.

"You knew Heywood?" asked the district attorney.

"I didn't remember him just then, though I must have seen him in a line-up. The party I knew was the old-timer with him—old General Green. He's no general in the Army, you understand, or even an Albany general, but they call him the general. He's famous in every big city in this country as a crook, but he's a perfect gentleman and very fond of reading a book. They say he's got one of the greatest collections of books you'd want to see. They call him the general because he lays out jobs these days and doesn't take any active part, unless maybe it's the outside man. He's lost his nerve, but he's cleverer than ever. Oh, he's a daisy. Well, seeing Heywood with the general put me in mind to investigate this Heywood, and I followed him to where he worked in Mr. Renard's on Fourth Avenue. That's how I got a line on him."

"Who was the woman?"

"Well, I must have been all of two or three hundred feet away. They were down by the Board of Education building. You see, the general came out of an old bookstore and walked down the street and I watched him, and then I saw him join these people on the corner."

"You don't know who the woman was?"

"They stood on the corner only about a few seconds, and then went around the corner, and when I got there they were getting in the cab."

"The woman wasn't Heywood in disguise, was she?" put in Little Amby. "That's what the district attorney wants to know."

"No, sir, Heywood was standing right there."

"Well, maybe it was his double."

"Mr. Hinkle," said the district attorney, "you may want to turn this proceeding into a hippodrome ——"

"Sit down, Mr. Hinkle," said the magistrate.

"Come down to the events of the twenty-seventh of July last," said the district attorney. Whereupon the detective told of the spiriting away of the truckload of silk and of his arrest of Heywood, substantially as hereinbefore set forth.

"Any questions?" asked the magistrate, but this time with expectation. Gargan's testimony seemed to tie Heywood to the crime.

"When did you first see the prisoner on this occasion?" asked Little Amby.

"On the sidewalk, helping with the boxes."

"Did you recognize him at the distance you have testified to?"

"No, I didn't recognize him, but ——"

"That's enough. When did you first see him to recognize him?"

"When I collared him in the alley behind the hotel."

"When he got out of the car. What was the car's number?"

"It had a dealer's license. The number was ——"

"When did you first note the number?"

"After the arrest. When detective Holzapfel and myself were checking up."

"You have given the district attorney a precise description of this car. When did you gather those details?"

"When we were checking up."

"What did you notice about the car that cut you off on Seventh Avenue?"

"Well, it was a sedan."

"Yes?"

"I didn't notice it particularly then. I thought it was just some ham driver."

"Did you see the driver?"

"Yes."

"Will you swear it was the man you saw scuttle out of the alley a few minutes later?"

"Well, then he was standing up with his back to me, but it was the same driver if it was the same car."

"What was on that truck you were pursuing?"

"The silk."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I saw the boxes being put on the truck."

"Ordinary packing boxes?"

"Yes."

"When did you return to the store on Seventh Avenue?"

"Maybe in half an hour after the truck drove off."

(Continued on Page 43)

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WOULDN'T you like a dining room as pretty as this one? And there isn't a single thing in it that's beyond the reach of a modest purse. Simple furniture, gay hangings, colorful china and a cheerful Congoleum Art-Rug.

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Gold Seal Art-Rugs are lower in price than ever before. Their quality and their beauty of pattern are outstanding. They are without question the greatest floor-covering bargain in America.

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But beware of imitations that seek to trade on the reputation and popularity of the genuine. There is only one Congoleum. It bears the Gold Seal reproduced below which says and means, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Look for it on the face of the rug.

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

(Continued from Page 41)

"So far as you know, the store wasn't watched during that half hour?"

"So far as I know. But when we got back, the store was empty and Whistling Maurice had blown."

"Did you count the boxes when you went in the store?"

"No. In fact there was a tarpaulin over some."

The next witness was the renting agent for the building of the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company. He testified that on or about July fifteenth then last past, a man named James Wheaton had rented the store on Seventh Avenue, taking a three-year lease and paying a month's rent. Wheaton had told the agent that he was a resident buyer for a number of out-of-town business houses. "Purchasing agent was the name he gave himself." Wheaton had asked permission to receive his mail at the office of the building while the store was being altered, and that was why letters addressed to "The Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company, James Wheaton, Purchasing Agent," were given to this stranger. Wheaton received telephone calls at the same office.

"And he seems to have had access to the company's stationery, too," commented the magistrate.

"It looks that way," said the agent.

"Didn't it strike you as odd that a resident buyer should want to hire a store?" went on the magistrate.

"I didn't consider that, judge. It was a reputable business and he seemed responsible."

"And that he should tear out the front of the store and start to rebuild it as a new entrance to the building?"

"People have their own ideas."

The magistrate shook his head slowly. "Was this man Wheaton the same individual as the prisoner?"

"Oh, no."

"Did you ever see the prisoner before today?"

"No, sir."

"Any questions?" asked the magistrate of Little Amby.

"No questions."

The chair was then taken by the manager of an automobile agency, who testified to having rented out for the afternoon the sedan that had been captured behind the hotel.

"Is the prisoner the man who hired the car?" asked the magistrate.

"No, sir."

"Any questions, counselor?"

"No questions."

Detective Holzapfel testified, but his evidence was merely corroborative. The superintendent of the Manhattan Feather and Fabric Company's building went on the stand; the magistrate interrupted him after he had sworn solemnly that a party unknown had, on the twenty-seventh day of July last, stolen his brass-bound hat.

"I won't hold this man on such evidence," he said. "No grand jury would indict him. It's evident that a crime was committed, but the prisoner is not plausibly connected with it. The evidence is flimsy; the evidence of the police is particularly, not to say suspiciously, weak.

"The only charge I could entertain would be that of interfering with an officer; and the prisoner has already lain for some time in the Tombs as the result of that. The prisoner is discharged."

"What? What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Renard.

"But, Your Honor ——" began the district attorney.

"This way out," snapped Little Amby, snatching his client to his feet.

"But, judge," cried Mr. Renard, pressing forward, "we found a piece of the stolen silk. Why don't you inquire into that? You never would have freed that rascal."

"In Ma Bonn's, over by Jefferson Market," said the district attorney chattily.

"Was she arrested?"

"No. The police searched the premises after some delay and found no more of the silk. And as Mr. Renard testified here, he had put a lot of that silk in circulation. There's no doubt but that Ma Bonn was back of this job and bought the loot, but we have nothing to prosecute on. Heywood is one of her people, I'm told."

"Has he a record?"

"He's never been convicted of a felony, but he's well-known to the police. I've heard he's a stool pigeon for them, and that's why we can't make anything stick on him."

"Ah, that explains it," said Cimiotti. He held up his hand to Mr. Renard. "The hearing is finished, and we have a big calendar to get through. Call the next case."

Ten minutes later Mr. Renard stalked into the office of Inspector Conlin, four blocks up Centre Street from the Criminal Courts. He snapped his business card down on the desk, and said, "I am directed to you as the head of the detective bureau. I wish to register a complaint against two of your men, and I want action on it."

"You shall have it, Mr. Renard," said the police official. "You're the victim of that silk robbery, are you not?"

"I am," said Mr. Renard grimly. "I am also the victim of a deplorable miscarriage of justice. I was robbed by this Heywood, and when I proceeded to bring him to justice, I found that he was a licensed criminal."

"What is a licensed criminal, Mr. Renard?"

"A licensed criminal," said Mr. Renard, shaking a hand in the inspector's face, "is what is called, in police parlance, a stool pigeon. A fellow who secures immunity by informing on other criminals."

"I've heard of stool pigeons. But please be more specific, Mr. Renard. What's your complaint?"

"My complaint," cried the silk manufacturer, "is against a system that permits professional criminals, known to be such, to walk the streets and plot their crimes against the community! Do you deny that there are many professional criminals in this city known to the police authorities, known to live on the proceeds of crime, and who yet are unmolested by the police?"

"What would you have us do to such people?"

"Run them out of town on sight!"

"No. We'd be brought up with a round turn. We'd like to do it."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Renard flatly.

"You must think we like work more than other people. We run the crooks in, and the judges and the juries, with the backing of the legislature, turn them loose again. We're compelled to live with them. The best we can do is to try and control them and keep them from running wild, and that's where your stool pigeon comes in. Why, if I had to do without information I couldn't begin to handle the job. It's not the best system, frankly."

"And how are those informers paid?" demanded Mr. Renard as a telephone on the desk rang insistently. "By immunity, that is how! They're licensed criminals. The police ——"

"Hello . . . yes," said Conlin to the telephone. To Mr. Renard he said, "I can't talk to you now. Write me a letter. Good day, sir. . . . Hello . . . yes, this is Conlin."

On the way out Mr. Renard met Mr. Henry M. Kay, the clothier. Mr. Kay, going in to see the inspector, was satisfied with everybody and everything. He called gayly to Mr. Renard, "Why, hello, there! What brings you in here? Wonderful weather we're having!"

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Renard, polite but unrejoicing.

The gentlemen studied each other, finding each other's faces familiar. "Oh, now I have you!" exclaimed Mr. Kay. "You were on that jury that tried that fellow Heywood some weeks ago. You remember me now? I was the complainant."

"Oh, yes. I recall you very well. Oh, yes."

"Do you know," bubbled Mr. Kay, with genial forgiveness, "you were wrong to turn that fellow loose?"

"Wrong?"

"Why, certainly. He has since confessed, implicating the clerk who was his accomplice, and reimbursing me in full for my loss. I think it was rather fine of him. After all, what do any of us know what we will do until we are tempted? We want to think of that when we're called on to judge our fellow man. But still, it was a wonderful piece of detective work on the part of the police."

"The police," stammered Mr. Renard, pale with anger. But before he could utter his thoughts Mr. Kay was called into the inspector's office.

A Scene in Ontario, Canada

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

MARIAN NIXON

A beautiful young star who appears in several notable Universal productions

I receive many letters complimenting Universal on the smart styles worn by the actresses in its productions. There is an excellent reason for the fact. No Modiste in Europe or America is more ingenious or proficient than the clever woman who designs our costumes.

Of her large corps of assistants, there is not one who is not a thorough artist in her line. Our constant endeavor is to put CLASS in our pictures, and the costumes worn by our women stars must not only be up-to-date, but away ahead of date.

Many residents of California who love nice things and are willing to pay almost any price to get them, have repeatedly asked our Modiste to design and make gowns and coats for them, but this is obviously impossible, considering the thinking she must do for the many fine pictures we produce.

I wish you would notice the costumes in all Universal pictures you see from now on. Take notice of the gowns worn by MARIAN NIXON in *"The Chinese Parrot"*; by DOROTHY GULLIVER who has scored such a hit in Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s *"Collegians"*; LAURA LA PLANTE in *"The Cat and the Canary," "Silk Stockings"* and Mary Roberts Rinehart's *"Finders Keepers"*; by LOIS MORAN with NORMAN KERRY in *"The Irresistible Lover."*

And by the way, don't forget to make a note that when either you or your friends are in New York there is one treat you must enjoy: *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."* Also, be sure to watch at your local theater for our great picturization of Victor Hugo's *"Les Miserables."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

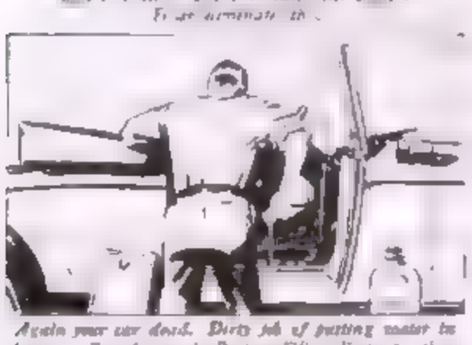
UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

FRY AUTOMATIC BATTERY FILLER

Midnight. Party at Lights out at business. But battery dead—no water. Fry Automatic Battery Filler eliminates this.

A good car made useless by dead battery. Due to lack of water. The Fry Automatic Battery Filler eliminates this.



Again your car dead. Dirty job of putting water in battery. Fry Automatic Battery Filler eliminates this.

$7.50

Fits any car or any make of battery. Installed in a few minutes.

At Last—battery troubles are no more

Think of the number of times that your plans have all been upset and completely thrown out of gear merely because your car would not start due to lack of water in your battery!

Now all that annoyance is a thing of the past, for the great new invention—the Fry Automatic Battery Filler—solves the water problem for batteries for all time to come.

Here is the most up to date and one of the most necessary devices ever devised for your motor car.

For with the Fry Automatic Battery Filler your battery is fed fresh distilled water automatically and regularly.

Here is the simple manner in which this very modern and scientific invention operates:

Fastened to the engine side of the dash is a durable glass container, which holds distilled water. This automatically keeps your battery filled with precisely the correct quantity of water. All you have to do is to fill the glass container on your dash.

Installed in just a few minutes, a feed line carries the distilled water to the battery as it is automatically required. See illustration on this page. You refill by merely unscrewing the container cap.

Entrance of the distilled water into the battery cells is controlled by capillary attraction.

Nothing could be simpler.

Any day now a Fry agent will call on you. Better let him install one of these remarkable Fry Automatic Battery Fillers at once. Then all your major battery troubles will be over for all time to come. Or if our agent does not call, fill out the coupon for complete information. Use the coupon and mail it now.

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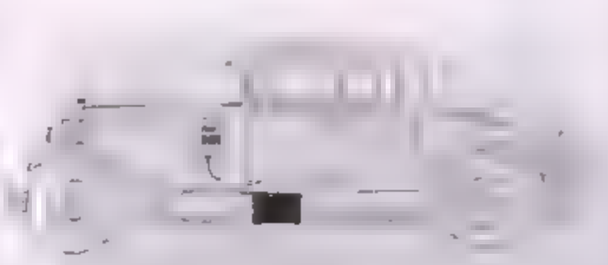
DEPT. 20 ROCHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA



Fry Sales Corporation, Dept. 20,
Rochester, Pa.
Please send me complete information regarding your new invention the Fry Automatic Battery Filler.
The make of my car is
The make of my battery is
Name
Address
State

AGENTS WANTED

The remarkable Fry Automatic Battery Filler is to be sold entirely through agents. This is one of the big money makers of the year. Every car in your neighborhood is a prospect. We can show you how to go in business for yourself and make quick, easy, big money. Write at once for liberal proposition.

A SCEPTER OF EQUITY

(Continued from Page 7)

himself would be suspected of it, would be arrested for it and brought to trial. As long as the police had him in custody, Eddie reasoned, they would make no great effort to find any accomplice; for this robbery was to appear to be a one-man job.

Eddie was perfectly prepared to stand trial. He meant to hold in reserve his perfected alibi, to use it like a bomb to explode the case against him in the end.

In accordance with this design, Eddie had done the preliminary work, scouting out the ground. Joe himself never appeared in the neighborhood of the Palmer works at all, avoided any chance that when the day came he might be remembered. Eddie himself was a figure easily recognized. Two or three years before, he had been embroiled in an affray, a matter of professional jealousy, in the course of which a bullet splintered the bones of his right leg, and he walked since then with a stiff limp not easily forgotten. During his preliminary investigations, while he searched out the ground for Joe, Eddie accented his limp a little in order that it should be sure to attract remark; and in a certain spirit of effrontery he went so far one day as to speak to old Rogers, the messenger who carried the pay roll, so that Rogers would be sure to remember him. He ate luncheon at the same table with Rogers in a cheap restaurant around the corner from the works three days before Dammet was to pull the job.

He thought of cultivating the acquaintance of Daly, the guard who protected Rogers. The insolence of such a course attracted him. But Daly was a surly young man, apt to resent the casual approach of strangers, and in the end Eddie yielded to the counsels of caution and avoided any direct contact with the guard. It was not necessary; he discovered, with a little care, all he needed to know.

Thursday night before the projected holdup, Eddie went back to Springfield, and he stayed there thereafter. That incident which had given him a stiff leg had also resulted in a brief incarceration. He emerged from prison with protestations of his intent to reform, to follow thereafter the more ordered ways of life; and taking care that his movements should be known, he went to Springfield and found employment. Eddie could make an automobile behave in ways unknown even to its manufacturers, and it was natural that he should turn to this field as a legitimate outlet for his energies. He became a salesman in one of the Springfield agencies, and in line with his arrangements with Joe he took care to be giving a demonstration of the car at exactly twelve o'clock on Saturday, the day Joe was to operate.

The holdup, even in Joe's clumsy hands, had followed schedule. Joe lacked initiative—was merely a tool which Eddie wielded, but he could do as he was told.

Eddie had warned him in advance not to take any chances with Daly. "He'll get out of the car first," he said, "and he'll be watching. You drop him. That'll scare Rogers and it'll stop anybody around from interfering with you. Then all you've got to do is take the satchel out of Rogers' hands and walk away. Mind you don't forget to limp now. You limp the way I showed you." And he got up and limped across the room, and made Joe imitate him until he was satisfied that Joe was perfect in the part.

"You walk around the corner," Eddie continued, hammering the lesson home. "Go into the arcade. Drop the satchel into your bag there and stuff your overcoat in the wastepaper can. Both the stores at that end of the arcade are empty. The can is right inside the entrance to the cellar stairs. Stick the handkerchief in your pocket and push your hat in the can and put on your cap and go right on through and across to the station. They'll be looking for a limp and an overcoat and a hat and a little black bag. Nobody's going to pay any attention to you."

He had been rather proud of this stage management. In such matters, he sometimes thought, appeared the difference between an expert and an amateur. An amateur would have had three or four men to do the job, and a fast car conspicuously at hand, and a flight and perhaps a running fight, with pursuing policemen, before the get-away. Such an enterprise was cumbersome, littered with detail, inviting disaster in a dozen different fashions. It was, Eddie felt, a cleaner job to use the means at hand, to utilize the advantages inherent in the scene.

The entrance to the Palmer works faced a blank wall. There was no traffic through this street, which ended in an alley; and the arcade was around the corner, opening on another street, toward which the attention of everyone would be attracted by the shots and the swift and blazing excitement of the moment.

With Daly down, there would be no quick pursuit, and thirty seconds in the hallway would be sufficient to transform Dammet from a limping masked man into an inconspicuous figure not to be differentiated from those about him.

Eddie himself had bought Joe's ticket to Springfield, on the train which Joe would catch within ten minutes after the robbery was done. Sitting in the court room now, while he waited for the coming of the judge and the jury, he remembered the ticket with faint regret. They had found out about that, and brought witnesses to prove it, despite his denial. The circumstance remained as a discordant note in the evidence, contradictory and unexplained. Eddie felt it was his only mistake.

He had this feeling in spite of the fact that the other evidence against him was weighty. Old Rogers remembered his limp, recognized Eddie as the man who had accosted him in the restaurant, recognized the suit he wore. Others had seen him, too, and swore to it. While the state's evidence was going in it looked black enough. But the whole laborious structure of the state's case, Eddie felt, collapsed when old Joshua Beard and his son and Bowlin took the stand.

Madden spoke to Eddie from his position at the edge of the cage. "They're waiting for the judge, Eddie," he explained in an undertone. "They had to send for him over to the club."

Eddie made a careless gesture with his hand. "That's all right," he assured Madden. "I'm not in any hurry. I had a good sleep. All the time in the world."

His thoughts returned, going over and over again the holdup and that which followed. Joe had obeyed orders with the blind and implicit faith which was his greatest strength. One shot was enough for Daly. Eddie had not particularly cared whether Daly was killed or not; but he had insisted that Joe put the guard out of business, and Joe had done so in a final and conclusive fashion. The swift tragedy momentarily paralyzed pursuit, Joe backed away around the corner without being followed, and three minutes later he emerged from the other entrance of the arcade. A figure transformed and secure against recognition, he boarded the train as Eddie had planned for him.

What followed in Springfield some two hours later was an accident, but an accident for which Eddie had since then been grateful. His plan had been to accept arrest and to stand trial while Joe got clear away. But what happened was just as good, in spite of the fact that Joe did not get away. In fact, Eddie sometimes thought it was a little safer. They might by some chance have caught Joe; and Joe, Eddie knew, was conceivably susceptible to the devices which

(Continued on Page 46)

THE INTIMATE APPEAL
OF HOME ITSELF

YOU have just left your charmingly appointed home, bound on a shopping expedition, or a round of calls. Your closed car is waiting. How pleasing to step into its inviting interior! How restful to relax on the yielding upholstery!

This is your gratifying daily experience provided your closed car is upholstered in CA-VEL, the velvets of enduring beauty. There is never an untidy, shabby interior awaiting you, no matter how long you have driven the car, but always the same fresh charm, the same intimate atmosphere of home itself.

A majority of the smartest closed cars are upholstered in CA-VEL—the same lovely fabrics used so freely for the finest chair coverings and for drapes and hangings by discriminating interior decorators. The reason for this preference is the fact that they never lose their lustrous, glowing beauty. The yielding surface never becomes ruffled, resuming its shape instantly pressure is removed.

These sovereign fabrics are so satisfying—they offer so many exclusive advantages that are practical as well as artistic—that car buyers are now asking: "Is it upholstered in CA-VEL?" Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

"ALL in FLAVOR of HOME-MADE candy say AYE"

Unanimous! Everybody loves home-made candy. That's why they all prefer Oh Henry!—made like this:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter 1 ¼ cups corn syrup 3 cups rich, full cream milk ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

That's the way we made Oh Henry! in the beginning in our own little home kitchen. And that's the good old rough-hewn, wholesome home-made way we *still* make it. For thousands upon thousands of folks prefer home-made candy, and they know that the best way to satisfy that home-made candy craving is to march up to any candy counter and say, Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

(Continued from Page 44)

might be applied to loosen his tongue. It was fortunate that matters had turned out as they had.

The plan had been that Joe should step into his car, parked two or three blocks from the station in Springfield, and drive out of town to meet Eddie at five that afternoon at a spot appointed. Eddie, considering the matter afterward, guessed that Joe's nerves must have been shaky, disturbed perhaps by the reaction from what he had done, or weakened by too long abstention from the stimulant to which they were accustomed.

Waiting for Joe's appearance at the appointed spot, he had seen the other coming, driving at sickening speed, the car lurching to and fro across the road. Even before the catastrophe, Eddie recognized its possibility. He was waiting for Joe at an abandoned farmhouse ten miles out of Springfield, his own car drawn out of sight of the road behind the barn; and when Joe, taking a curve at reckless speed, splintered a wheel so that the car turned over in the air, it required only a few seconds for Eddie to come to his side.

Joe, he saw, was gone; but Joe's Gladstone bag was there, and a glance showed Eddie the little black satchel inside. He took it and ran back to his own car and was on the road and away before the first passing automobile discovered the wreck and Joe.

A good thing, too, he thought now—a good thing that Joe had not come into the hands of the police, had not been compelled to submit to questionings with no Eddie to prompt him or to stimulate his invention.

The police had never found the money. Eddie rid himself of that within an hour after Joe's death. It was secure now; he could come at it tomorrow, after he was free; or, if it seemed wiser, a little later on. Another man, Eddie thought, might have been thrown into a panic by Joe's death; but he had kept his head, recognized that the accident was really a lucky one; and two hours afterward he was in his accustomed haunts, and did continue there, waiting for the arrest which he expected and which presently occurred.

Since then he had cheerfully endured the waiting and the trial, while the state piled up its case against him. The state proved that he had been seen near the Palmer works at intervals for a month before the robbery; proved that the robber wore a suit he had worn, and walked with his limp, and rode to Springfield on a ticket he had bought. They suspected that Joe Dammet had had a part in the affair; but the state theory was that Joe had stayed in the background while Eddie played the more active rôle. And Eddie grinned confidently while he listened; and when his time came he took the stand and told his straightforward story, meeting the glances of the jury with an ingenuous eye.

When his demeanor on the stand had shaken the state's case, the testimony of old Joshua Beard and of Roy Beard, his son, and of Bowlin, the chauffeur, completed its destruction. It was in arranging this alibi of his, Eddie thought, that he had shown something approaching genius; for Joshua Beard was a solid business man, and his son Roy was a prepossessing youngster, and even Bowlin was an old family servant whose word was not for an instant to be doubted.

They testified that from twelve o'clock on that particular day until some time after two, Eddie was demonstrating for their benefit the car he wished to sell them.

Under cross-examination, old Mr. Beard confessed that he did not buy the car; that Eddie's demeanor had made him vaguely uncomfortable; that he was largely influenced in his decision not to purchase by the fact that he disliked Eddie. Before that day, he admitted, he had seen Eddie only once, and since then not at all. Yes, Mr. Beard conceded, his vision was imperfect, especially without his glasses; and yes, it was possible that he was mistaken in his identification. But this admission did not disturb Eddie. It was, he knew, simply the honesty of an honest man confessing his own fallibility; and the jury, he felt sure, would receive it so.

Besides, Bowlin and young Beard were unshaken, and their evidence had circumstantial backing. The manager of the agency testified that Eddie was there till nearly ten; that he returned a little after two.

And there were others; cumulatively, they presented an unshakable story. Behind which bulwark Eddie was secure.

Jenkinson told him this was so. "If it weren't for them," he reminded Eddie, "you wouldn't have a chance. But with them, the state hasn't got a prayer. An alibi is a perfect defense when you can prove it, and there never was a jury in the world that wouldn't believe yours."

"Sure!" Eddie agreed. "Why wouldn't they? It's true."

"Of course it is," Jenkinson assented. "If it weren't, I wouldn't be handling your case, my friend."

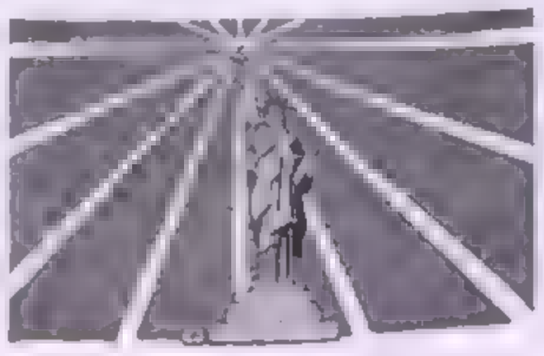
Eddie, in the cage, smiled as he remembered. The old judge, he thought, was a long time coming from the club, and he looked at his watch. He was a little surprised to find that only a few minutes had in fact elapsed since Madden and Dineen brought him upstairs, and he settled himself, sighing a little, to wait. All this was a bore, wearisome but necessary, a part of the formal process to which he had known he must submit. In a little while now it would be done.

He remembered old Madden's remarks about juries and grinned at the thought. Madden was a good fellow, a good old soul, but too old and too stupid for his job. It needed younger men in a business like this. Dineen, for example. Dineen might have made him trouble; but Eddie was not in the least afraid of Madden, or of this jury in which Madden had such confidence.

The bailiff rapped with his gavel and everyone stood up while the judge emerged from his chambers and took his place upon the bench. Eddie stood up with the others, but inattentively. He was thinking of what Madden had said about juries and their way of being right. He thought it would be amusing to argue the matter with Madden some time, using this case as an example. It was true that he had not actually shot Daly, but for all practical purposes he had done so. Joe Dammet was merely a weapon, as completely under his control as the pistol in Joe's hand was obedient to Joe. When you got right down to it, he was guilty; but this befooled jury, for all Madden's confidence, could not know that.

Eddie had no compunctions, nor in this moment any surviving fears.

A door opened at one side of the room and two court officers with staves appeared, preceding the twelve jurymen who came filing in. Save for the shuffle of their feet, the court room, filled with the naked light of unshaded electric bulbs, was utterly still. The judge on the bench, almost asleep in his dark robes, sat ponderous and immovable; the clerk bent over some business of his own at his desk beneath the judge's seat; the lawyers at their tables watched imperturbably. Only among the scattering spectators was there any stir and movement, as they shifted the better to see; and the newspaper men forgot for the moment to make notes while they waited for that which was to come. Eddie wished he had a cigarette.



The jury filed to their places and sat down; they stirred in their chairs and then were still, and Eddie scrutinized them. But their countenances were merely blank and drawn from their long ordeal of deliberation, from the labor out of which their verdict had been born. The old codger with the snappy shirts, Eddie remarked, looked a little rumpled now, and Eddie grinned at him sympathetically, but the old man did not see.

For a little, nothing happened; but someone was breathing with little gasps, in a seat behind the prisoner's cage, and Eddie vaguely resented the noise. The lights were bright, too, and he blinked at them.

Then the old clerk got to his feet. He had a pencil in his hand, Eddie noticed; tapped with it upon his palm. He spoke to the judge in an undertone and then turned to the jury and, in a level tone, addressed them:

"Gentlemen of the jury, please answer to your names."

Eddie was bored. Why not get on with it? But with a grave and unhurrying formality the business was done. The clerk spoke again, looking at Eddie; and Jenkinson leaned back to whisper to him, prompt him.

Eddie got to his feet. He stood at ease, his weight on his left leg, smiling in a faintly scornful way. The men of the jury were rising, too, shuffling a little, setting their hands upon the rail before the jury box or on the backs of the chairs in front of them.

The clerk asked, in formal phrase: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

Eddie watched the foreman. The foreman was a stout, middle-aged man whose name, Eddie remembered, was Michelson. His hair was fair and his mustache had a tawny hue and his cheek bones were wide. A Swede, Eddie decided. And he felt an inward surge of derisive amusement at the other's embarrassment in this moment; for the foreman, conscious of the attentive eyes upon him, stammered uncertainly. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Scared, Eddie thought—scared by all this hocus-pocus of the law—and grinned again.

Then the foreman coughed and cleared his throat and tried once more to speak. "We have," he said at last, hoarsely.

The clerk looked at Eddie. "Edward Roof," he said gravely, "hold up your right hand." And when Eddie did so, he addressed Michelson. "Mr. Foreman, look at the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the foreman." And he paused a moment. Even to Eddie, that moment was a long one. "What say you, Mr. Foreman?" the clerk asked at last. "Is Edward Roof, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"

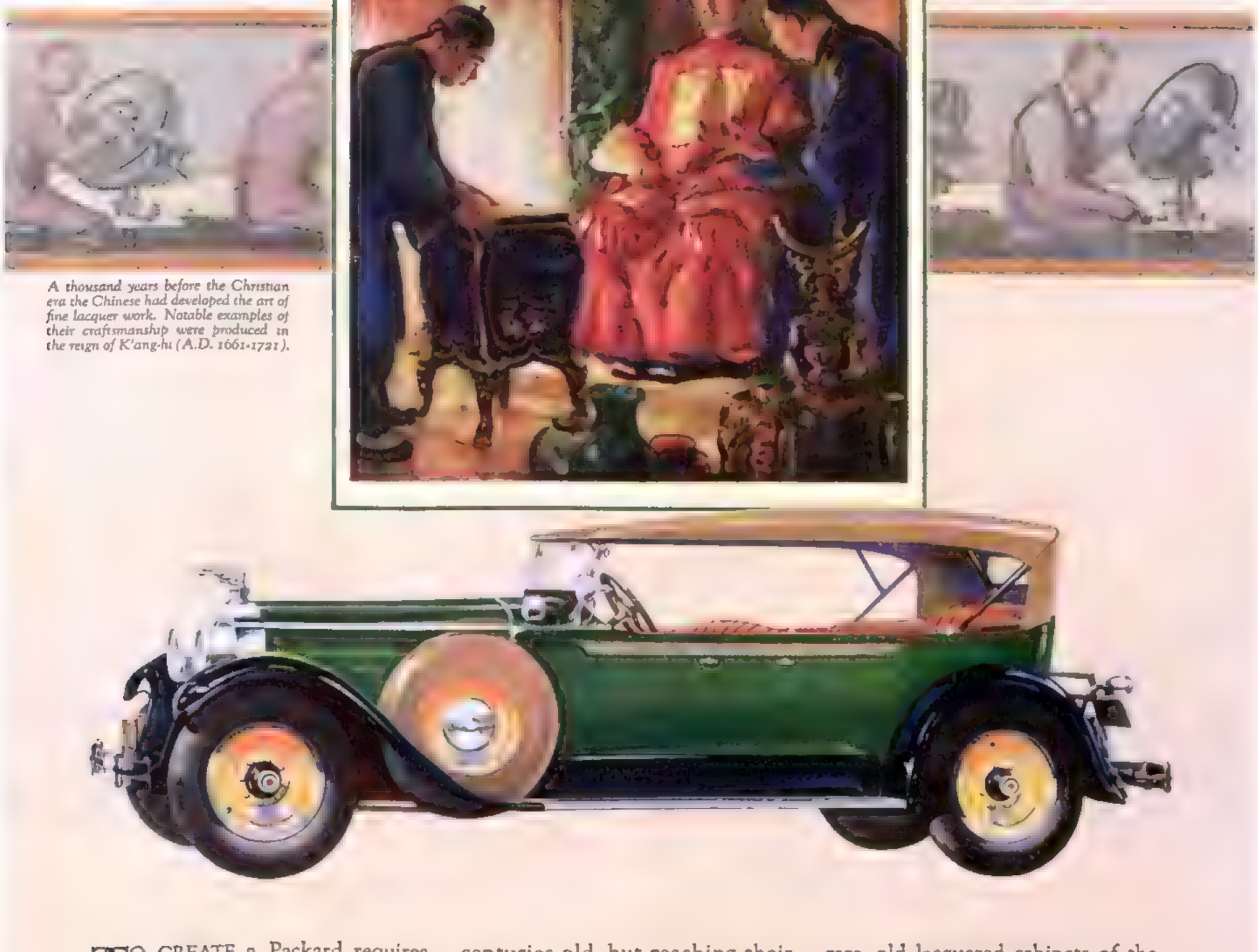
Michelson did not clear his throat again. He said simply, "Guilty!"

They say that a man gripped by a great torrent of electricity shudders in a rigid convulsion. Such a shudder shook Eddie now; a wave began at his feet and passed through him and he shivered in it, and his mouth opened without uttering any sound. He was paralyzed, unable to move or speak. But he could see and hear. . . . The clerk momentarily busy with his pencil. . . . The clerk with a paper in his hand. . . . The clerk speaking. . . . "Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict, as the court hath recorded it. You upon your oath do say that the defendant is guilty. So you say, Mr. Foreman. . . . So you all say."

There was a stir about Eddie, and supinely he submitted to their hands. Eyes were boring at him, gleaming in the naked light.

Those who watched Eddie in that moment thought he seemed dazed; and not only then but thereafter, through the weeks which followed, to the end, this was more than once remarked of Edward Roof.

It was said of him that he seemed from that hour dull and uncomprehending and bewildered, like a man who has encountered that which he cannot understand.



A thousand years before the Christian era the Chinese had developed the art of fine lacquer work. Notable examples of their craftsmanship were produced in the reign of K'ang-hi (A.D. 1661-1721).

TO CREATE a Packard requires more than money, more than factory facilities, more even than engineering genius and marvelous precision in manufacture. It requires artistic talent of a high order in many fields.

The Packard you see gleaming at your door today is a high achievement in hundreds of different arts and crafts each centuries old, but reaching their supreme development in the modern Packard factory.

The very finish and color of today's Packard reflect the results of ages of technical experiment as well as the care and expert judgment of Packard artists and craftsmen. The rare, old lacquered cabinets of the Orient were no more perfect specimens of the finisher's art.

The beauty of Packard design is now enhanced by the charm and brilliancy of the color combinations available—all in perfect taste and all long preserved by the unusual processes which protect the artistry of Packard finish through the years.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE CHANGING ROAD

(Continued from Page 25)

"Yes, I am back, François. Where is Ling Foo?"

"In a moment, ma'm'selle." The baker rushed to the rear of the bakery and soon returned with a beautiful little seal-brown Pekingese. "Here he is, fat and healthy." Sonia clasped the dog in her arms, and the dog whimpered in ecstasy. "Ma'm'selle requires anything?"

"You might carry up my suitcases."

"Yes, ma'm'selle."

Sonia went up the two flights slowly, opened the door of her apartment and entered. She set the dog on the floor and flung herself upon the lounge.

Four days after these events a man knocked upon the door of the little flat occupied by the mother of Gregor Sergine, placed a bag into the hands of the astonished widow and took to his heels. The bag contained a letter and five thousand Austrian schillings.

IX

IN PARIS, the Rue Washington strikes off from the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. It is within the figurative stone's throw of the Arc de Triomphe. At four o'clock, this particular May-day afternoon, a cherry-colored taxicab wheeled into the Rue Washington furiously. To the casual eye this speed would not have been noticeable—not in Paris. The Parisian cabby is, as doubtless you know, the luckiest and most reckless driver on earth. His very demoniac lust to arrive somewhere succeeds in making him quite harmless. Fifty miles an hour, this way and that way, across the Place de la Concorde, if the way is open, excites nobody.

Halfway down the street the cab stopped so abruptly, with shrieking brakes, that the rear tires fairly smoked. A woman got out, a beautiful seal-brown Pekingese in her arms. She flung the door to, and without offering her fare, hurriedly entered a doorway. Thereupon the cab leaped forward and presently swooped around into the Rue Chateaubriand. The Rue Washington became empty again—for a moment.

Around the corner from the avenue came a man on foot at top speed. He was dressed in the uniform of a private chauffeur. Seeing that he had arrived too late—that no cherry-colored taxicab was visible—he halted, his glance roving from doorway to doorway. As his searching glances were unrewarded, he took off his cap and wiped his forehead against his sleeve.

What angered him particularly was the fact that, in his recent astonishment, he had forgotten to memorize the cab's license number. Indeed, it was in hope of acquiring this that he had given chase. Well, he had seen the woman and the woman had jolly well seen him. She remembered him; her flight was testimony to that. And Charlie Mason would remember her till the crack of doom. In her natural bob this time, and she didn't look a day more than twenty—Sonia Karlov.

He turned back into the avenue, his recollections vivid with this woman, the tragedy of the Simplon Pass, and twenty emeralds the like of which he would never see again.

To run into her like this, after all these months, when he had just about put her away in the back of his head with a lot of other rubbish! That was Paris. Your twin brother might rent the house next to you, unannounced, live and die there, and you never any the wiser. Like as not, when he returned to the car, he would pass that guy Lubovin. These things always happened in bunches. But Lubovin, without a beard, would have it a hundred to one against Charlie Mason, who looked today the same as he had that night on the Simplon.

Her flight, however, disquieted him; it carried portents. She hadn't forgiven the boss for lifting the Boronov emeralds and returning them to the Baroness Sauer. But would she forget that Davidson, in restoring the emeralds, had at the same time dropped a smoke screen between her and the police? Chivalry stuff. It would be the old story: You could give the cat cream three times a day, but she would go for the canary just the same.

He was sorry now that he had seen the woman. But he couldn't help jumping at the sight of her, and this jump had brought her glance in his direction. Then she, too, had jumped—and there you were. The odds would be in her favor. To find her again it would be necessary to pick Paris apart. All she would have to do would be to watch all the banking houses, and sooner or later the boss would walk by. That scar on his cheek would identify him half a block away. After that it wouldn't be any trouble to find the Davidson apartment.

Should he warn the boss? Just tell him Sonia Karlov was in town and let it go at that? Or should he keep mum? After all these years the boss had finally settled down. He hadn't gone thirty miles out of town since last October. Why boil him up again? Truth to tell, Charlie Mason did not want any more adventure; four years of war had taken the kick out of it. Chantilly, Fontainebleau, Versailles, St.-Cloud, Auteuil and Longchamp—he wanted no more adventure than these short runs afforded. He was a town guy now, and wanted to remain so.

Of course he couldn't tell what was going on in the boss' mind. The Karlov woman might be there yet, or she might be utterly forgotten. Anyhow, the police had muffed her. Gee, what a peach she was!

One thing had puzzled him. The boss hadn't come through with the whole story, neither to his sister nor to his father. Why? There was nothing in the adventure to his discredit; in fact, it was the other way around. Why keep it in the dark? Or was he afraid they'd laugh at him for letting a crook go free because she was pretty?

Well, here she was, probably as full of malice as a tiger cub. Thief and double-crosser. To paraphrase an old line, the prettier they are, the harder they get. Some of those Montmartre queens were good to the eye, but they always had a knife in their stocking.

There were a thousand cherry-colored taxicabs and ten thousand streets—maybe in Paris. To hunt for the woman would be as easy as finding one of Joe Miller's jokes on the Obelisk.

The boss was changed. Oh, he still played the old game of toting around clippings of murders and robberies. He was changed in this respect—he'd go to a dance these days and dance his soles off. He wasn't woman shy any more; always on the go; though he laid off the Montmartre night stuff. Didn't like toy balloons and confetti.

All right, he'd tell the boss. If he boiled over, so be it. Whether the Karlov woman intended to strike or not, the boss mustn't be left in the dark. It wouldn't be fair.

Why hadn't he followed in the car? Why had he tried to chase on foot? Something the matter with his complex. And ten to one, Rue Washington wasn't significant. The cherry-colored taxicab had simply ducked through and vanished.

He climbed into the car and drove slowly toward the Arc. At five he was to pick up the boss and Miss Molly in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Leave it to the French to pile 'em up that way.

Twenty minutes after Mason's departure a cherry-colored taxicab rolled into the Rue Washington from the north end, stopped before the door into which Sonia Karlov had vanished and sounded the horn five times. Almost at once Sonia came forth, the Peke still in her arms. "He has gone?"

"He has been gone twenty minutes, ma'm'selle. I watched from the corner of the Rue Chateaubriand."

"Very well, then, Antoine, drive me home. And call again at twelve o'clock."

"Midnight, ma'm'selle?"

"You remember my orders never to question me?"

"Yes, ma'm'selle"—sadly.

"Then continue to remember these orders"—smiling away the sternness of the command. "You are very dear to me, Antoine, so bear with me."

The cherry-colored taxicab eventually wheeled into the Boulevard Raspail over the river—and drew up before the baker's shop. Sonia dismissed the cab and climbed two flights of stairs to her apartment, which she rented furnished. Threadbare but clean, and always without sunshine. There was but one piece of furniture of commercial value—a grand piano. There was only one picture worthy a second glance—the photograph of a handsome young man in uniform. The frame was Viennese, incrusted with imitation gems.

She dropped the Peke on the lounge and paced the room, musing, developing. When she could see the four sides of her plan she ran down to the baker's to use the telephone. The conversation which ensued would have interested Capt. Ronald Davidson.

"Are you there, Boris? . . . Then take these orders. You will haunt the Montmartre district—the night cabarets. You will watch for a handsome American with a scar on his cheek. . . . Yes, diagonally across the cheek. Either a bayonet or a sword cut. When you discover him, follow him to his place of residence and report. . . . What? His name? I have forgotten it. I am furious, but, nevertheless, I can't remember anything except that he is a captain. I saw his chauffeur today. . . . Oh, sooner or later he will be seen by you, because he will be searching the cabarets for me. . . . No, he hasn't insulted me. You remember what I tried to bring back from Vienna? He's the man. . . . Good-by."

She ran up to her apartment. On the mantel over the dead grate stood a hand-high Buddha in bronze—the Tibetan Buddha. She took this down and gently pried out the base plate, and lovely pearls streamed into her palm. There were twenty-two of them, lustrous and beautifully matched. She returned twenty-one to the little bronze cavern, reset the base plate and stood the Buddha in its accustomed place. Once upon a time he had held Tibetan prayer scrolls. Prayers! Sonia shrugged. There had been enough prayers sent up, these ten years, to have blotted out the stars. She hid the pearl in her purse. At midnight she would steal forth to dispose of the pearl, as she had already disposed of seventeen others off this string.

All this while she had worn a mask, grim and resolute. She now knelt before the dog on the lounge and her face became tender with love. She rolled the happy dog to and fro, pulled his ears, kissed his velvet throat and talked to him.

"Ling Foo, do you realize what you are to me—the only living thing I can talk to without fear? How lucky you are to be just a dog! I am a human being, a queer kind of *potage* into which they throw all the week's scraps. Sometimes it is very good and sometimes it is very bad. Which am I? I don't know. Ling Foo, I have seen things. I cannot sleep for them. That is why, sometimes, you and I roam about the city in the middle of the night. Six years—six centuries! And here it is spring again—and I cannot die!"

X

A MAY DAY afternoon in Paris. The magic of that time has been sung before; but each year, each spring, it is sung again. All those humans who had poetry, articulate or inarticulate, in their souls, now free of winter's rust, were out in the Bois or in the Luxembourg Gardens or in the forest of Vincennes, where the tree leaves had unfolded their emerald brightness and the birds were building and the May flowers were entendering the vistas.

Young men marched along, dreaming of splendid futures, and maidens watched them covertly; and babies banged their rattles; and dogs barked joyously—and where is the Frenchman without his dog?—and middle-aged persons fooled themselves for a little while into the belief that youth was again in their veins, when, alas, it was only the wine in the air.

Captain Davidson and his sister sat on a bench on the south side of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. He was watching faces and ticketing them in his own peculiar way. That was the bent of his curiosity. He found unending amusement in this game. This person was fat and conceited; that one, thin and quarrelsome; here was one grown mediocre through contentment; so forth and so on. The fly in the amber was that he had no way of proving these deductions.

He dropped this pastime and recalled his school days in Paris, the balloon sleeves, the hourglass waist, the long skirts and the flaring hats of his mother's day. Queer how the human eye accustomed itself to change! Let a woman of the 1900 period appear on the promenade and a riot would ensue. At first the eye grew enraged, then callous, in the end to observe with interest. Just as the ear which once had grown infuriated over Debussy now adored the man. Take all those yellow legs; why, ten years ago ——— He laughed aloud.

Molly, who had been enjoying the babies and the dogs, turned: "What's the joke?"

"Yellow legs—millions of 'em!"

"Why, Ron!"

"Come now, do you believe I can help seeing 'em? You've got 'em on yourself, haven't you?"

"I've told you a thousand times not to call them yellow."

"Well, they look yellow to me."

She laughed. "You're a funny duffer. You are always seeing and doing queer things. I thought you were studying faces."

"The barometer dropped. Some of them are pretty good-looking legs too."

There was a pause. "Ronny, you've changed," said Molly. "You're more like you were before the war. Why?"

"Molly, I was yellow and didn't know it."

"Yellow?"—indignantly.

"Running away from my phiz; got the wrong angle of the thing. I thought women ——— Well, I didn't like to be stared at. Ass, I suppose. But that's the way it goes."

"The change began the day you and Charlie arrived at the villa, banged up a bit. You stayed right on. You weren't for hiking off after the third meal."

"Well ———"

"Something else happened?"

He poked at the path with his cane. "Molly, I dropped in on you suddenly because, for the first time in my life, I was homesick for you and the old boy. The rumpus happened, as I told you, on the pass—tough birds who wanted to do in Charlie and me, and found us a little too tough."

"Ronny, you have always left things around," said Molly. "I was cleaning your study table and came across a stack of newspaper clippings. Were you careless of things when you were on active service? Who is Sonia Karlov? Had she anything to do with the Boronov emeralds? The clippings related either to her or to the emeralds. I wouldn't have looked but for the fact they were loose and once public property."

"I don't know who she is, but she was implicated in the theft. The Baroness Sauer kept the return of the emeralds out of the papers. I was interested. You know that's one of my hobbies. I don't know why, but I let her go and turned the emeralds over to the police."

"You? Those ruffians were after her and you helped her to escape?" Molly bubbled with excitement.

(Continued on Page 53)

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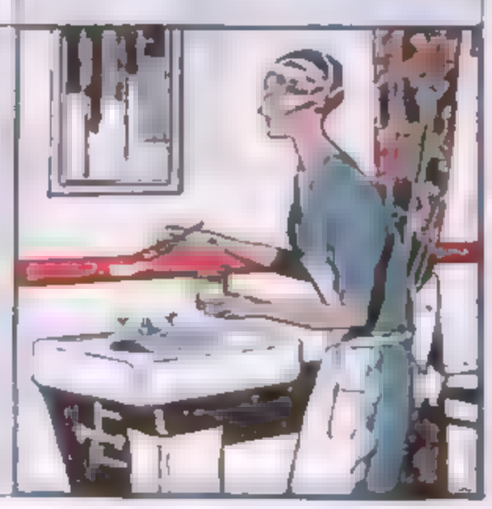

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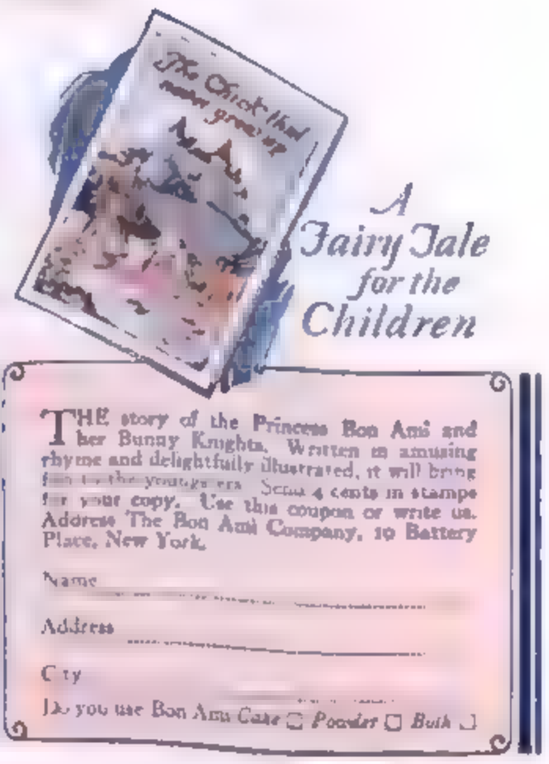
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(Continued from Page 48)

"You see, they were all in it. She double-crossed them, and to save her I had to double-cross her. Having secretly transferred the emeralds to my side of the fence, I had to give her another chance. I'll wager she continues to think me what the underworld calls a swell mob, or something like that."

"And ever since the war you've been doing these things?"

"Lord, no! That was the first and only."

"And you wouldn't have told me if I hadn't discovered those clippings?"

"Probably not."

"Was she pretty?"

"It was at night, and none of the lights were good. But even then, to make a clean breast of it, she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw"

"But a thief!"

"Out at Auteuil and Longchamp, on race days, you see hundreds of her ilk, male and female, handsomer and better dressed than their honest sisters and brothers. . . . Funny old world, isn't it?"

"What about the two men?"

"The police are still after them. But none of them has any previous record—not outside of Russia. I could spot each one of them instantly, yet I cannot describe any one of them so as to give you a memorable picture. I can't give you an ensemble."

Silence fell upon them again. She broke it, but with a different subject: "Don't you sometimes feel a bit uneasy over the enemies you made as a spy for the Intelligence?" Which was an indirect way of saying that it made her uneasy.

"Enemies? Lord, no! War isn't personal; it's national. Two years ago I ran into a chap named Scharfenstein, of the German secret service. I had hunted that fellow for months here in Paris; then we came to grips. How we scrapped in a room two-by-four! He'd have killed me but for the landlady's scream. I had blown up a coup of his that would have meant the death of ten thousand men. Well, we met in Geneva, laughed and drank beer together."

"He didn't want your blood?"

"No; and I didn't want his. But I'll always have a sneaking notion that he hoped to get me drunk." Davidson laughed.

"Did he?" asked Molly.

"Nearly—nearly. We got to gab-festing and the Swiss beer came fast." Davidson looked at his watch. "About time for Charlie to be rolling along."

"Ronny, I'd like a Peke."

"Well, we've run all over Paris and can't find a good one for sale. All right, we'll scoot over to England this summer and get a real bencher. All the good ones we see in Paris are imported."

"Look! There's one now. What a beauty! Why, he's lost! He'll be in the road in a minute"

Molly jumped to her feet and ran for the dog, scooping it up into her arms just as it was in the act of taking affrightedly to the road. She disappeared. Davidson chuckled knowingly. She would be hunting the owner and asking the owner where the dog had been purchased, which she was invariably doing.

Five minutes later Molly returned, breathless.

"Loveliest seal brown I ever saw. England, of course. But its mistress! Ronny, I've just laid eyes on the most beautiful woman in the world."

"She wouldn't sell the dog?"

"Of course not"—indignantly. "And it would have been an insult to ask her."

"And so she drove off in her magnificent car, with purple lackeys in front."

"She did not. She got into a cherry-colored taxicab and drove back to town."

"It's a great old burg," mused Davidson. "They ride in costly limousines or cherry-colored taxicabs. You never can tell."

"She wasn't that kind, Ronny."

"All right, if you say so."

The Davidsons occupied the entresol and the first floor over a milliner's shop in the Rue St.-Honoré. In Paris you are astonished by the number of beautiful apartments behind mean externals. The Davidsons lived modestly but exquisitely. They knew how to live, which is the secret of true pleasure. Their linguistic abilities, their forthright Americanism, their thoughtfulness, their honest love of Paris, taught the French to admire and respect them. Their doors were opened reluctantly to the expatriate, but were always swung wide to talent. Molly liked artists and musicians and her brother and father added the novelist, the soldier and the sportsman.

There was a court in the rear, and a private garage. Mason had his quarters over the latter. There was a cook, a butler and a housemaid mother, father and daughter.

As Mason rolled the car to the entrance, which was in the covered alley, he spoke to his employer: "Captain, I want to see you about the car for a minute."

"Very well, Charlie. Be with you in two shakes, Molly." Alone with Mason, he asked, "What's the matter with the car?"

"Nothing, boss. Just wanted a private word. I saw that Karlov woman today, and what's more, she saw me."

"Was she on foot?"

"No; in a cherry-colored taxicab, and she had a brown Peke with her. I thought you'd better know."

Mason stared at Davidson curiously, and Davidson stared at the handle of the car door. "Thanks, Charlie," he said, closing the door. "But not a word of this upstairs."

"That goes with me," replied Mason.

Davidson went upstairs slowly and thoughtfully. The most beautiful woman in the world, with a seal-brown Peke! Molly and Sonia Karlov, within a dozen feet from where he had sat!

XI

MOLLY and Sonia Karlov, looking into each other's eyes and calmly discussing Pekingese! To Davidson it was as if the ends of a pair of pincers had suddenly drawn together. Two worlds, the upper and the under, the exquisite type of each, meeting on common ground—dog talk. Frankness and honesty on one side and the alert supercunning of the predatory on the other. And yet—queerly enough—he recalled what Molly had said: "She wasn't that kind." Well, Sonia would have fooled him without his knowledge about the emeralds. There were some human beings who eluded labeling; and but for that clipping he had had in his pocket, he would always have remembered Sonia as a beautiful Russian martyr.

He had seen Sonia Karlov in a dim, imperfect light, in a white wig; yet such was the beauty of her face that it still flitted across his vision, perhaps oftener than he would have liked to confess. There had been an urge to see her in the full light of day, to study her, to find the imperfection. This might be in evidence in the shape of her head, in the set of her eyes, the mouth. There might be, in the background, some mad love that had pulled her down. He rather liked this notion; it excused his deeply set interest in the woman. Some man with a crooked streak, and she had become a thief for love. That was an old tale in Paris; more, all great cities could tell that story. Some women were like that—birth, environment, they were as nothing in the path of the whirlwind. At any rate Sonia would be a great thief; there would not be any petty affairs. The Boronov emeralds and gems of such quality would be her style.

Early in November Davidson had gone to the *préfecture de police*, where, due to his war record, he had entrée. Sometimes, of an afternoon, he would drop in there, as another man might drop into his club, to chat with the *préfet*. He had been puzzled to learn that Sonia Karlov had no *dossier*. She was wanted, but not seriously, for her connection with the Simplon affair. When it occurred to the Vienna police to question Gregor Sergine's mother, she had vanished, closing up that source of information.

Often, now, Davidson regretted that he had not examined Sonia's other passport. The whole story might have been written there. Of course he had no personal interest; simply, it was natural to see an affair to its end, as in the old days.

Lubovin was still being hunted for murder. But he, too, having no previous *dossier*, there being no photograph of him anywhere, left the police in the air. It was conceded that his criminal activities had been confined within the borders of Russia, where everything and anything might happen. And because all the participants were Russian, France nor Switzerland nor Austria had been overzealous in clearing up the affair. Russia herself was an outlaw.

"No, Monsieur Davidson, here we have never heard of her before. What would you? There are many we never hear of. Besides, we are often hampered. Take the affair of the *gigolos*. They rob your American women, who will not report to us so that we can move officially. Women are fools over handsome faces, and men are fools too. Your description of this Karlov woman lacks definiteness. Beauty alone is no guide, no matter how extraordinary. There must be some special mark."

"The light was dim," replied Davidson, "and my hand was broken."

"If you were a portrait painter you could draw a likeness. You can't remember anything definite aside from her beauty?"

"No."

"And this Paris is filled with the most beautiful women in the world. You say she is probably Russian. Why not look into the Russian tea rooms and restaurants? Why not wander about in the Montmartre district? This woman is beautiful and criminally adroit. She will be vain then, and somewhere she will show herself."

"She excites my curiosity, that's all."

"A crime is committed, by men or women; they are caught. We then have their photographs, distinguishing marks. It is easy then to pick them up again. But a verbal description!" The *préfet* shrugged. "And yet you would instantly recognize all three should you see them again."

"That is true."

"Well, when you see one of them notify me. The next time you will note the eye, the ear, the nose—something distinguishing"

So Davidson had relegated the affair to the back of his head, to the strange archives of his adventures. And today Mason had discovered Sonia Karlov, and his sister Molly had chatted with her. The inconceivable jests of Fate!

Just when the canvas was beginning to flap warningly, with the old doldrums in the offing, just when he had in mind to pack up and take to the road again—presto, here was Sonia Karlov in Paris! To be honest with himself, he had to admit that she was unforgettable, and he never recalled that kiss without a return of the thrill. What had taken the romance out of the affair had been her return to that dead boy to rifle his pockets. He had gathered one fact for the *préfecture:* The original owner of the Karlov passport had been dead for eight months prior to the initial false use of it.

"She wasn't that kind," Molly had said. But what the deuce did dear old Molly know about the other side of the shield? Molly simply guessed, while he had sinister facts upon which to base his own theories.

Reprisals? Perhaps. He had accidentally spoiled a great coup. And benefits forgot would be her type.

To get in touch with her, to convince her that he had done what any honest and sentimental man would have done, and that he had let her go to give her a fresh chance in life if she wanted it; to prove conclusively to her that the emeralds had been returned to their known and lawful owner, the Baroness Sauer—perhaps she would understand and accept her defeat philosophically. She had intelligence. He did not deny that he would have liked to know what agency of fate had driven her into the crooked road.

He still prowled; he would always be a prowler. Nights when Molly had no need of him he walked the streets of Paris, aimlessly observing the flowing human tides. He was rarely mistaken for an American; but when questioned, he always emphasized the fact. Half his life had been spent on the continent, but he was by no means an expatriate. He was, and always would be, a red-blooded American; but he did not flaunt any banners.

Like the police, Sonia would have her spies. If he frequented the night resorts—which bored him—one of these spies would recognize him by the scar and report to his mistress. In that event, if she were minded for reprisal, he would hear from her soon enough.

It would be fun, prowling Montmartre. Dark alleys fascinated him—houses to rent, garret lights. Cabarets bored him, but even in these he found characters worth studying. But putting on paper caps and batting toy balloons made him feel like an ass. Besides, he knew just how false this phase of night life was—American nights in Paris; Americans to whom the old Musée Cluny was only a name; the Ritz-bar crowd; the cocktailers in the land of the grape. But a lighted garret window now—some artist, some poet, some dressmaker, little homely tragedies—the true Paris!

Very good. Sonia Karlov—since he knew her by no other name—was in Paris. He would find her, because, much as he loved Molly and his father, he was becoming rusty and bored.

In Paris there live a number of jewelers who have no shops. They transact their business in their homes. They ask no questions. There was one who was honest according to his lights; that is, he did not prey upon the unfortunate in their necessitous hour but purchased approximately at the market price. He was known to deal in Russian loot. Other loot he might have dealt in, but no one asked him questions about that. His shop was in a garret, and between ten o'clock in the evening and two in the morning footsteps were heard on the stairs—laborious, quick, stealthy. On the morrow he might appear in the Place Vendôme or elsewhere to barter a beautiful pearl, a ruby, an emerald.

At midnight, the day Mason discovered Sonia Karlov's presence in Paris, a cherry-colored taxicab stopped in a mean street before a mean three-storied house with a mansard roof. In the garret window there was a light. A woman hurriedly alighted from the cab, entered the house and climbed quickly to the garret.

An elderly man with a scrubby gray beard admitted this woman. "Ah, it is you, madame!" He dry-washed his stringy hands.

The woman laid a pearl on his table. He nodded. "Thirty thousand francs," she said.

"What a pity, madame—what a pity to sell these pearls singly! Why didn't you bring me the complete string? That would have been a fortune. This is the last one I dare buy of you. They have begun to question me. They look too much like the Gleyre pearls which were stolen last winter."

Sonia Karlov signified that she understood his difficulties. "There will be no more pearls. Your profits so far have been eighty-five thousand francs."

The jeweler counted out thirty notes of a thousand francs each and laid them on the table. Sonia stuffed them into her hand bag. "Adieu," she said, with an abrupt gesture.

"Adieu, madame. I have to guard my own interests."

"And I have to guard mine." And with another gesture, she made her exit.

The jeweler crossed the room and stared out of the window. So young and so beautiful! Ah, this Paris of his!

The cherry-colored taxicab carried Sonia back to her apartment in the Boulevard Raspail. First she caught the Peke to her heart to still his whimpers. Then she hid the bank notes in the secret compartment

(Continued on Page 55)

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Yankee Beans with Pork	Sliced Peaches	Loganberries	Seedless Grapes	Sweet Crosby Corn
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(Continued from Page 53)

of the writing desk she had bought in a secondhand shop. She began next to pace the room, not with measured tread, the ruminating pace, but with quick turns, sudden pauses—suppressed fury.

With that suddenness peculiar to the coming and going of little street whirlwinds, the fury left her. She sat down at the piano and began the Second Nocturne—Chopin. She spoke as she played—to the soldier in the photograph.

The dreamy melody went on. The miracle of the human mind which can command at once two separate thoughts! Chopin in the subconscious thought; in the conscious, terrible pictures of fire and death and human frenzy.

VII

"MOLLY," said Davidson after dinner that night, "anywhere you want to go?"

"No, Ronny. I've letters to write."

"You, dad?"

"Clear out!" said Davidson senior with a laugh. "You're so confoundedly sedentary these days that I'm beginning to worry about you. So long as you won't come into the bank, you're underfoot. If I ask you to go to the club with me for a game of billiards, what'll be your excuse?"

His son laughed. "You know I can't play billiards worth a hoot."

"Well, poker then?"

"Or poker."

"What the devil do you like?"

"Streets, roads, alleys."

"Son, I'd give ten thousand to see you chasing some young woman, even if she belonged to the Folies!"

"Father!" cried Molly.

"Well," said her father, "you've been telling me that he's cured. I'd like to know what of. He's aching to start off with Mason somewhere, and lacks the nerve to say so." Davidson senior threw his arm affectionately across his son's shoulders. "But hang around till I get back from London. I mean it, son. You need a girl. You aren't girl shy any more, but all you meet might be wooden manikins for all the real interest you take in them. The only way to settle down is to marry. Molly's been shooting pretty girls at you for months, and I'll wager you haven't kissed one yet. You used to kiss 'em."

"That's the point, dad—the next time I kiss a girl it will be for good."

"Well, hurry up. At forty, kisses lose some of their pep."

Her brother's nocturnal activities did not alarm Molly. She was curious without being inquisitive. She had a profound understanding of the male. Perhaps this accounted for her own leisurely meandering toward the nuptial knot. The man she married must be on a par with either her father or her brother, and she hadn't come across this man yet.

There were always in her mind her brother's war adventures, epics in dark places, his life in danger constantly, a medley of thrills. He was like a man who had lived among sinister noises and who suddenly felt the oppression of silence. She knew that it was nonsense to expect a man to readjust himself to a life which no longer existed—the life previous to the war. No man or woman could ever return to that; it had no existence; it had only a memory. Humanity had been reborn, not for any better, not for any worse. Humanity was once more in the toy period—terrible toys, some of them—and would have to grow up all over again. Perhaps he did not comprehend it, but her brother was hunting enemy spies again, playing detective in Montmartre. The right kind of man would always be something of a boy; for Molly knew that humans carried along the transition periods as one brick was added to another to build a house.

Davidson possessed the genius of observation and deduction. The real everyday detective is generally a good carpenter and mathematician; he can put things together physically and mentally. Some of us have what is called the sixth sense. It is easy to name and impossible to describe it. This sense warns us of the approach of danger; it tells us that someone is staring at the back of our heads; that we are being followed when we can't see the follower.

He began his search for Sonia. His first move was to visit the studios of his artist friends. But none of them recognized his description of Sonia Karlov; none of them had ever heard of the name. His second move was to visit all the Russian restaurants and tea rooms. He met here the same disappointment he had met in the studios. She never came to Montmartre. She was unknown in all the popular and fashionable restaurants and tea rooms. She was not a guest at any of the hotels. Nevertheless, she was here in Paris. The more impossible the game became, the deeper the hold it got upon him.

Ten days passed, during which he learned absolutely nothing. This failure rather bewildered him, for the science of investigation was his to a remarkable degree. Her encounter with Mason had informed her of Ronald Davidson's presence in Paris. Why then didn't she strike? He knew that reprisal was second nature to the criminal instinct. The criminal possessed a very tender self-love—*amour propre*—and to wound it was invariably an invitation to reprisal. She would not be the type to permit the adventure of the Simplon Pass to issue into limbo. She was courageous and resourceful. No weakling could have survived the game she had played eventually to reach Paris. Hadn't he seen the iron in her that night? She might have forgotten his name, but his scarred cheek would have declared him to any spy.

Sooner or later she would strike; his sixth sense, reviving, warned him. Moreover, she would strike fantastically. Whatever she did, Sonia Karlov would not indulge in ordinary tactics. This supposition added zest to the chase. The old boy wanted him to chase a woman; well, he was chasing one—a will-o'-the-wisp on the salt marsh.

Out of all these blind alleys he had plucked this single fact: That there were two hundred free-lance cherry-colored taxicabs in Paris.

He had already reconstructed the Viennese end of the story. Sonia had located the gems and plotted the coup; Lubovin and his companion had executed the job, and she had double-crossed them. From what little he had seen of Lubovin, the man hadn't struck Davidson as one of high intelligence; too much of the gorilla for that. There wouldn't be any delicacy in a reprisal from that quarter. It was evident, too, that Lubovin had never seen the woman again, or Mason would not have seen her that day on the avenue.

Through these surmises he thought he saw light. Lubovin might be in Paris and Sonia in hiding, which might easily account for the failure of her appearance in accustomed haunts, if she had any.

He had muffed it by not examining Sonia's real passport. Sentimental delicacy. The cold calculation of wartime was, it would seem, no longer his. Muffed it and ten to one the whole story lay in that original passport. Well, that was spilled milk that had dried up long ago.

Molly had gone to her dressmaker's, which was on the Champs-Élysées. At one o'clock she was to lunch with Davidson, and then to a concert. Davidson met her in the lobby of the Carlton and saw that she was bubbling with excitement.

"Ronny, the most astonishing thing happened this morning over at Karjere's!"

"Find something twice as cheap as the last was twice as expensive?" he asked as he followed the head waiter to the reserved table.

"That sounds like Hottentot. No. Whom do you suppose I saw over at the dressmaker's?"

"Give it up. . . . A pint of Lanson, 1915. Hors d'œuvres."

"Bring me caviar and plenty of lemon."

"Cold salmon. Coffee. Anything else, Molly?"

"No."

"Well, whom did you see?"

"That glorious creature who had the seal-brown Peke!"

Davidson exploded inwardly, but he said quietly, "A woman with a brown Peke?" He wanted to laugh. All his ranging over Paris, and twice Molly had to come upon Sonia!

"Don't you remember? The one I ran into a few days ago—rescued her Peke."

"I didn't see her."

"Well, she was in Karjere's, looking over some blouses. We chatted a moment about the dog and then she left."

"What's her name?"

"How should I know? You don't ask strangers. But when she was gone I asked the girls. She had never been in there before. They didn't know who she was."

"She was there when you arrived?"

"Yes."

A fluke. But Sonia was stepping out. Molly was right; Sonia was a young and beautiful woman. "You didn't mention that you were having luncheon with your handsome brother?"

"Don't be silly!"

"What kind of flapper is she?"

"She's fine. But I don't believe she has more money than she can use. Her dress was just a bit out of style—rusty black."

"Young and beautiful and not smartly dressed! What's Paris coming to?"

"It isn't like you to make fun of people in trouble."

"I apologize. Is she French?"

"I can't say. But she spoke English with a British accent. She might be Russian. You ought to see her, Ronny!"

"I know it. Maybe she's the one dad wants me to chase. After all, I don't know. It's fun having your own way, going when and where you like, and nobody to threaten to go home to mother about it. Molly, an unknown road is a wonderful thing. What are they playing this afternoon?"

"The Fifth Symphony."

"That sounds good. Let's go."

He decided to keep quiet. Otherwise she might worry. And then he hated to disillusion her. She thought Sonia fine. Let be then. Fate must be grinning at him however. Two chances to come upon Sonia, and to miss out because he wasn't in the habit of retrieving stray Pekes or lounging in dressmakers' shops!

The concert was over at four. Molly wanted to go to Rumpelmeyer's, where her friends were usually to be found, and Davidson wanted the Café de la Paix. So they separated, Mason driving Molly to the Rue de Rivoli and Davidson purposing to go his way on foot. He saw Molly off and was waiting for the concert crowd to thin out, when he saw Sonia Karlov in the act of stepping into a cherry-colored taxicab.

For a moment sudden lack of coördination. Davidson's brain could not convey any orders to his legs. There was no lack of coördination on her part however. The unexpected appearance of Davidson accelerated her actions considerably. She was inside the cab and swinging the door to as he broke the invisible bonds. Then those nearest suspected him to be an escaped maniac. Pushing men and women aside rudely, he rushed to the curb; but his recovery had not come quickly enough. The cab, wheeling in a half circle, darted away; and before Davidson could pick out the figures of the license, a fat glossy limousine lumbered in between.

He tried to bribe the waiting taxicab men, but they were loyal to their original calls. Sonia—and he couldn't pursue her! One look into each other's eyes, widened in astonishment, and the gulf had been reëstablished. Here was a new lead however. She liked good music and attended concerts. He would look into that.

Then he became aware that he was being surrounded by Frenchmen, Americans and Britishers who in varied tones were calling on him to account for his inexplicable rudeness. He apologized, he knew not how

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many times, and tried to explain in two languages at once that he had been trying to reach an old friend. Grumblingly the outraged husbands permitted him to go his way. And where the devil had he been going? It took him a minute or so to get his magnetically deranged compass in order, and briskly he started off for the Café de la Paix.

Sonia, with the clear afternoon sunshine in her face, not only beautiful but lovely. "Fine," said Molly. "She wasn't that kind," said Molly. Hang it all! She had taken the Boronov emeralds and had led Gregor Sergine to his death, and there was no more hope of getting away from this fact than there was hope for the sea and the shore to part. Not in the dim light of a lantern, but in the brilliant May sunshine. He had been a clever man once; but as a postwar detective he belonged to the order of blimps.

At the Café de la Paix he usually preferred a table on one of the doorsills. This gave him enough elevation to overlook the sitting crowds and to get a clearer view of those passing. He found one of these tables free and appropriated it, ordering beer because it was necessary to order something.

Hidden thoughts began to come to the fore. She had never been wholly out of his thoughts; he had only pretended she had. The tragedy and the glamour of that night were indelible. She had kissed him, and they would always have that thought between them. How she must have scrubbed her lips upon finding that vacuum bottle empty! Or was it lightly come and go—that sort of kiss? Come, come! he thought. Better look at the crowd. His father wouldn't object to a girl out of the Folies-Bergère, but a girl implicated directly in a robbery and indirectly in a murder! Why was he hunting her? Merely to acquaint her with his actual part in the affair? Twaddle! He knew himself to be struggling in a queer sort of net. To see her again, to talk to her, to find out what had caused her to fling herself into this sort of life which always failed in the end—to help her if he could. There it was, all out in the clear; no camouflage. He wanted to see her again because the mystery of her had tantalized him from the moment she had kissed him. It occurred to him that he was on the way to make a colossal ass of himself. He could not remember having ever been a colossal ass. Why not try it once?

There was evidently a charmed circle around Sonia Karlov. The police hadn't caught her. Mason hadn't caught her. Ronald Davidson hadn't caught her. Which brought the thought around to the man Lubovin; neither had he caught her, for she was still alive. She went to concerts; she strolled the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; she visited dressmaking establishments; she went anywhither she pleased. Yet any day some policeman might put his hand on her shoulder. The *préfecture* never forgot. An infernal pity sometimes.

At the table next to his sat an American mother and her boy. The lad was about fifteen and was in possession of a fine camera. He leveled it here and there, squinting into the focusing hood.

"You must not take everything you see, Georgie," admonished the mother. "Wait for a worthwhile picture."

"I'm just fooling," replied the boy.

Davidson's glance began to rove idly, touching this face and that. He never forgot a face. He stamped the eyes and the nose prominently. Once upon a time beards and mustaches had fooled him. Suddenly this glance became a stare. Obliquely in front, at a small table next to the promenade, sat a man smoking a cigarette. He was thick and broad, and he was staring toward the Opéra dome, so that the face was nearly at full. Davidson's heart shook queerly for a moment. He flashed his glance to right and left, but the only policemen visible were on traffic duty. If he moved down to the promenade hurriedly the man would observe him. If he entered the café and came out on the Opéra side, on his return the man might be gone. Davidson had an inspiration.

"Would you like to take a worthwhile picture, young man?" he asked.

The mother eyed the speaker doubtfully. The boy looked at his mother. Davidson was pressed for time. "Madame, there is a ruthless criminal near by. I dare not point him out. His photograph is wanted at the *préfecture de police*. Will you be so good as to let me take it with this camera?"

"Certainly," said the mother promptly.

"While I am taking the picture," said Davidson, seizing the camera and adjusting it, "write down your name and address, and I will return the film in the morning."

The photograph was taken, the film extracted and the camera returned to the dumfounded boy. Davidson wrapped his handkerchief around the film, gave the lady his card and started to find a policeman. In his hurry he knocked over his beer glass. The sound caused Lubovin to turn—and he saw Davidson.

XIII

DAVIDSON saw puzzlement, then recognition, in Lubovin's face. It is instinctive for criminals to recognize the faces of those who have been their antagonists. To convince Lubovin that he himself had not been recognized, Davidson calmly picked up the beer glass, restored it to the table and apologized to the American lady, upon whom some of the beer had splashed. The trick was a good one; it may have deceived Lubovin, but he was not trusting to luck. It was enough for him to have recognized the man who had nearly broken his jaw on the Simplon Pass. Murder boiled up in his heart, but here was no place for it. So when Davidson casually turned he saw Lubovin weaving in and out of the scurrying automobiles. Davidson did not commit the folly of pursuing the man—too many moving cars, too many people. He had the next best thing—Lubovin's photograph, and he was confident that it would be a good one.

He addressed the American lady again: "That was the man. The noise of my glass turned him in my direction. Is there any favor I can do for you?"

"No. If I have helped you, I am pleased. I wasn't sure that it wasn't some new confidence game. But the way that man looked at you, before he started off!"

"I'm afraid I did startle you. Can I do anything for the boy?"

The boy spoke for himself: "Send me one o' that man's pictures."

"First thing in the morning. Again, thanks." And Davidson hurried to the cab stand which is in the center of the Boulevard des Capucines. Jumping into a cab, he ordered the cabby to drive quickly to the *préfecture*.

He knew the methods at the *préfecture*. Between now and midnight every exit from Paris would be watched and every policeman on night duty would carry Lubovin's photograph in his little notebook. A vast net would be thrown about the city, and all the while Lubovin would not have the least suspicion of the implacable hand reaching out toward his shoulder. Tomorrow would come the routine inquiries. Did anybody know this man—where he resided? Little by little the net would draw in.

As he fled to security Lubovin damned the American pig. Whether he had or had not been recognized, his material comfort had been disturbed; and henceforth the Café de la Paix would know him no more. He had almost forgotten the pig!

The point was this with Davidson: Lubovin must not be permitted to roam at large. So long as the brute was free, Sonia stood in danger. It was now apparent that all three of them had been in Paris since October. Suddenly all converged upon a point. By the merest accident he had run into Sonia this afternoon. Tomorrow she might be seen by Lubovin. The criminal mind was made up of many queer bricks. It was quite possible that, having killed Sonia Karlov, Lubovin would quietly surrender himself to the police.

He had recognized Lubovin's eyes and nose instantly. He had registered them

(Continued on Page 58)

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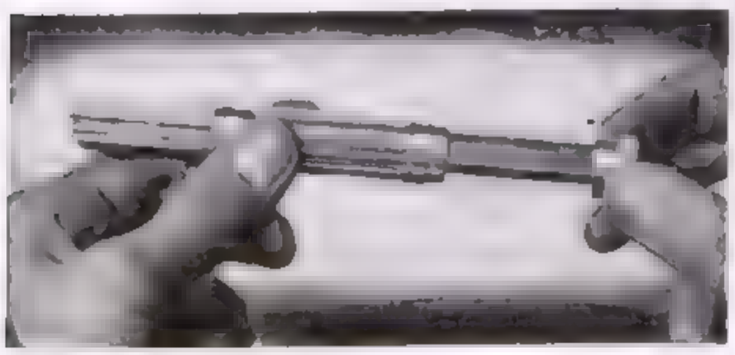

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PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

(Continued from Page 56)

indelibly that night when, perhaps for a space of ten seconds, his eyes and Lubovin's had met across Lubovin's pistol. In supreme moments the littlest things are recorded with the great, never to be forgotten.

It appeared upon the board that once again he must save Sonia from death or worse. Nevertheless, if he did not forestall her she would play him some trick to offset the trick he had been forced to play her. Odd, though, that she had remained inactive all these months, when doubtless she possessed ingenuity and resources equal to his own. Very well. Lubovin, in his cell, would explain Sonia Karlov.

The sunshine on her face! Davidson sighed.

"Is he following us, Antoine?" Sonia asked.

"No, ma'm'selle."

"You saw him distinctly?"

"Yes, ma'm'selle. The scar was quite plain."

"I want him."

Antoine did not reply, but swooped around a corner.

"Rest at this curb for a little," was the order. "I must be sure."

The cherry-colored taxi halted abruptly. Ten minutes passed.

"We are not followed, ma'm'selle," declared Antoine. "He could not find a cab quickly enough."

"Home, then."

Face to face for a fleeting moment! He would be in very comfortable circumstances now, she thought ironically. He would be living in some luxurious apartment with that clever chauffeur of his. 'A man of his mental adroitness and agreeable presence would have far less difficulty than a woman in disposing of the Boronov emeralds. So he was fond of good music? She laughed; the laughter had a sardonic lilt.

How quickly fate drew in its claws when one no longer cared what fate did! Lubovin might be in Paris. She no longer feared him, and for this reason she now gave rein to the fantastic belief that their paths would never cross again—because she did not care.

What a glorious sensation it was, after these years of hiding, of darting hither and yon fearfully, to go now where she pleased, to act as she pleased, indifferent to whatever might befall her! How she had enjoyed the immortal Fifth Symphony—Beethoven! Moscow, years ago; the gay uniforms, a grand duchess in the royal box, and the Fifth Symphony, the first time she had heard it. She closed her eyes and a shudder ran over her.

Moscow—and the Buterka prison. She knew herself to be less afraid of actualities than of phantoms. One could face actualities foursquare; but phantoms, no matter how quickly one turned, always maintained their oblique angle, unapproachable, indestructible.

He wished to see her then? He was hunting for her, as she had predicted he would? Very well; shortly he should find her.

As the car turned into the Boulevard Raspail she ordered Antoine to stop. "I shall go on foot from here."

"Very well, ma'm'selle. Both master and man have seen this car. Had I not better change it, temporarily, for an ocher?"

"Good thought. Bring the ocher tonight and we'll use it till our affair is finished."

Antoine touched his cap. "Tonight, ma'm'selle. The Perroquet?"

"Yes."

These times she did not at once proceed to her apartment. She turned to chat for a moment with the baker. No idle chat; it was purposeful. Had anybody inquired about her? Had anyone acted suspiciously? The answers to these questions had always been no. Today, however, the baker touched his lips with a finger.

"What has happened, François?"—calmly.

"There is someone in the apartment."

"And you let this person in?"—alertly.

"Yes. Ma'm'selle, it is someone you have no cause to fear—someone you love."

Sonia knew that there remained on earth only one human being she loved. Her body trembled. Ekaterina had come to Paris and was in the apartment.

"You did well, François."

She opened the side door to the hall and began the ascent, her body growing heavier with each step. It was exhaustion of mind rather than of body that caused her to lean against the wall. She stared at the panels of her door. Ekaterina was behind that door. But what kind of an Ekaterina? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth? She had paid some trifle on the debt; now she would pay it in full. She pushed in the door.

Upon the lounge, Ling Foo dozing on her knees, sat a woman who looked seventy, but who was in reality forty-six. Her hair was white and sparse. The face was broad and wrinkled. The eyes were blue and mild. She had neither the comic nor the tragic mask; it was bovine, the face of one who accepted the will of God patiently, who praised Him in prosperity and did not curse Him in adversity. She rose slowly, the dog sliding off her knees.

Sonia ran across the room and flung herself on her knees before this woman. "Forgive, forgive!"

"God wills all things, Barina. Perhaps He is through with us now. My poor child!" She reached down and drew Sonia into her arms. "Always remember, you were in my arms five years before he was. You need me. Where is the kitchen? You will be hungry," said the mother of Gregor Sergine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SMART AT THE HEAD

(Continued from Page 17)

afraid anyway. And Aaron with only one hunert acres left of all that he had oncet——"

"One hunert acres added to plus ten acres added to plus four hunert acres." The strong old fingers slowly closed. "I will got to be looking around fur another farm hand yet."

"But you ain't—you wouldn't be foreclosing poor Aaron out of the last of his land?" cried Lizzie distractedly. "And this boy with his little ten——"

"We will be seeing who will be laughing now," observed Schichenmaier enigmatically. "Yes, and we will be hearing this young whipsnapper laugh, too, whiles he goes trying to break that there contract. Hah! Break it! Two full pages of writing it has in—he will be squirming till a while yet. A contract with a squirm at! Hah! Fruit trees he plants—and in June yet! And that"—he suddenly cracked his crutch toward the girl's foot—"is what you were settling your cape fur—a dumb Hetteseimer!"

"Och, now, Herman!" protested Lizzie. "Marriage with nobody ain't ever come into her head."

"And it would better not till I give her my dare," warned the patriarch; and added after a moment, with wry amusement, "and I will be giving my dare when I find somebody where is smarter at the head than what I am myself."

She was never to marry, then. Well, that could be too. It was no blow to hear her uncle so decree her future state. Marriage was a queer arrangement into which some people entered and some did not.

Her Uncle Herman and her Aunt Lizzie had never married; if she had ever shaped her formless thoughts she would have believed, perhaps, that she would be living with them always, just so. And yet, long, long ago her mother had married and here was she!

Here she was and she was thinking these thoughts as she milked the two cows early the next morning. But more she was thinking of the dreadful agreement the young man Kreiss had entered into. If he had only told her, so that she might have warned him! She wondered when he would come to borrow the tools.

She wondered, and there he was, laughing like the sun, in the doorway. She sat back with a little cry. Last night she had been wondering about him and he had suddenly stood before her. There was something almost unreal, not quite human, about this young man named Kreiss!

He had come for the rake, he said; yes, and the hoe; and, well, would she show him all of the tools? He would want them all, one at a time or two at a time. But first she must finish her milking; there was no hurry; he liked to watch her milk.

But she was just through—she stripped the second cow hurriedly—and she was glad she was, for her fingers had suddenly begun to tremble. He carried the foaming pails to the door of the tool shed. But he would never be wanting all of the tools, would he, just to plant fruit trees? The corn planter? The grain sower? Yes, he told her gravely, he would want them all, the corn planter, the sower—all of them—to help him plant his trees. Then the dimple in his cheek set deeply, and they both laughed. Today he would take the rake and the hoe, and he would return them—what time did she milk at night? A quarter behind six? He would return them then. Once more the dimple set and once more she laughed. It was as though that pressure of the dimple in his cheek set loose some hidden spring of laughter within herself. She laughed in the fitful uncertain way of those who have not known laughter, but she found herself still aglow with it when he was gone.

But she had intended to warn him against the land and against the treacherous creek! Why was it that she had not done so, she reproached herself severely, as she strained the milk and set the crocks in the tiny stream which ran through the milk house? There they had stood and laughed—at what? Why, really, at nothing, as though that were the most important thing in the world that they could do. Why was it that when she was with him life seemed not the serious care-full thing it really was? She must tell him not to buy the fruit trees.

She told him that night—told him with a high breathless note of tragedy in her voice and her gold-brown eyes wide and serious upon him. He had entered into a terrible contract; long ago her uncle had proved that the land was no good; he had tried even to dike it, but the creek had risen and washed away the expensive labor he had put upon it; and the fruit trees—near one hundred dollars he had paid for his trees—one hundred dollars washed away that same year by the uncontrollable water. She ground her palms and gazed at him pityingly.

And what said the young man Kreiss? "Fruit trees cost more expensive towards what they was in the old times. Now I got to pay out one hunert and fifty, and fur the same acreage." She stood looking at him. He brought his eyes to hers, and his face wreathed in his bright smile. "You don't conceit I'm the kind to follow them old notions? What fur good is it fur new folks to be born into this here world if they ain't improving some on the old notions?"

"But it's nobody so smart as what my uncle is," she murmured numbly.

"So he's got you buffaloed too! Well, he looks like an old buffalo—that big head, them funny ears—but, listen!" he amended hastily as she shrank before him, "I ain't saying he ain't a good-looker—he's got to be; he's relationed with you, ain't he? I heard, anyway. Aha! There I see it, that

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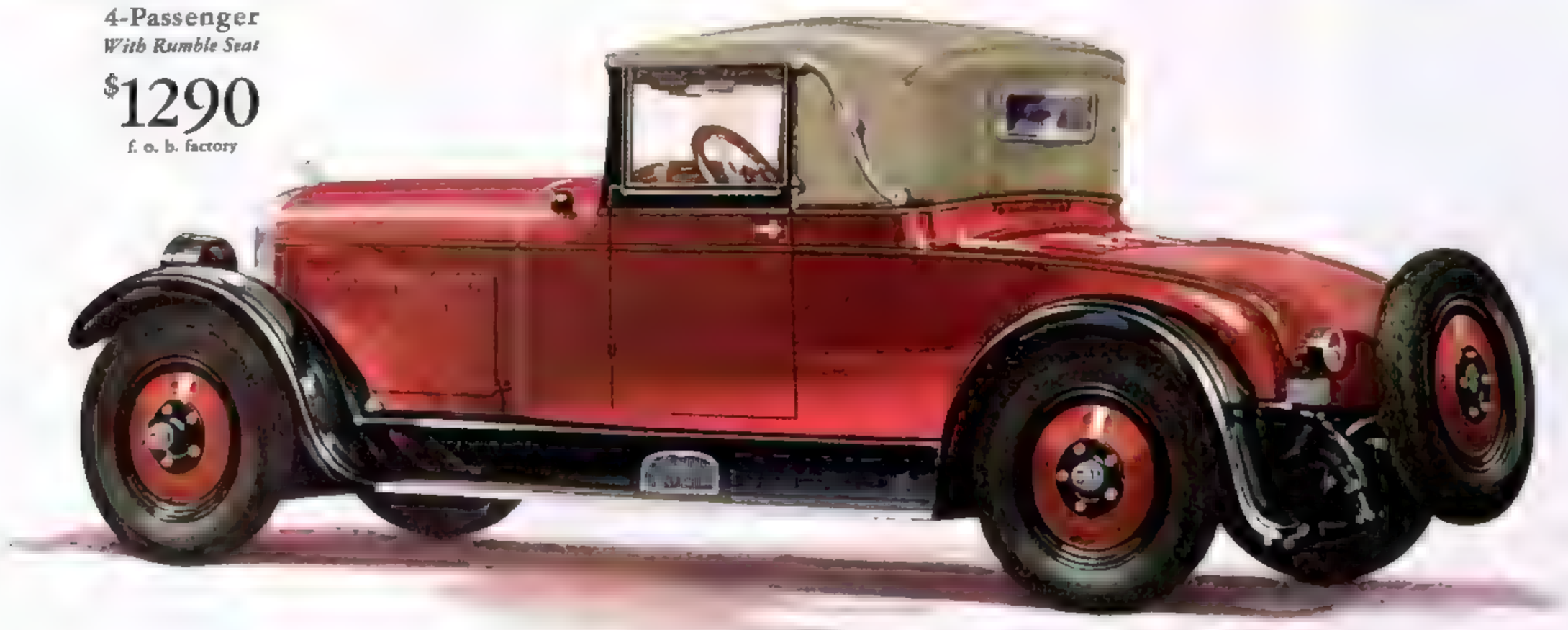

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little smile! At this corner of your mouth—no, at that!"

"No, I tell you how it is," he said, sobering. "The old folks faulted God too plenty. It was God's will, they used to claim, if the creek backed up onto them. It wasn't God histing the water onto them; if they'd of took notice to the snowfall back in behind, they could of told pretty clost to when the high water would ketch them."

"But if the snow does come, then it's bound to fetch the water along with," she reminded earnestly.

"If the snow does come, then it ain't the year to plant the trees in the bottoms. Wait oncet till the time is right. And here's somepin else ag'in: Grampop says your uncle planted in the one-year trees. Me, now, I put in the two-year trees; the roots of them are longer and they ketch more strong into the soil. So if the water would git a chancet at them the year after—the water from this little creek anyway—it couldn't do them nothing. I could even wish fur the high water oncet in so often; it kills away all the slugs and the worms and whatever; and the fruit is never so fine as after."

"But my uncle—everybody would tell you ——" began the girl and fell into a dazed silence.

He left her then with a curious saying. He looked down at her with half-closed, laughing eyes and he said: "Do you know what I would do if I wanted folks to conceit I was the smartest feller around anywheres?"

She shook her head.

"I would begin to tell them so from the time I was born a'ready. You know most folks ain't ever making any thoughts fur theirselves, ain't you? Well, then, they're bound to believe what other folks tell them, ain't not?"

She pondered this as she went toward the house and she pondered it as she sat at the supper table. There seemed a disloyalty about it, and yet—she started slightly as her uncle asked suddenly, "And what did that young snapper git today?"

"A rake and a hoe yet."

"A rake and a hoe! Hah! A rake and a hoe—fur to plant in the fruit trees!" And after his merriment had subsided somewhat: "Was he returning them back a'ready? Well, he would better, fur if he ain't living up to the letters of that contract ——"

Thus every night the questions and the answers. And then came the night when she did not raise her eyes as she answered slowly, "He borrowed the lend of the corn-planter."

There was an instant's silence. "The corn planter oncet? The corn planter? What does this mean to say? The corn planter anyhow? What fur good is a corn planter at the fruit trees?"

"He ain't saying."

"Hah!" and his tone racked both the women to the edge of their chairs. "I kin see him through! The slinker! He thinks to borrow away my tools to make with Aaron Hetteseimer's land! My tools—Aaron Hetteseimer!" He sputtered and guttered like a candle strangled for air. "You fetch him to me till he comes tomorrow morning. He thinks he kin get ahead of me—weasel pup! You fetch him to me, do you hear me? My tools—Aaron Hetteseimer!"

She told him the next morning, and pointed fearfully to where her uncle twitched about like a misshapen old crow upon the outskirts of his beehives. Even as they looked he struck his crutch in panic at one of the little creatures which had alighted upon a flower at his feet.

"Is that the way he makes with the bees?" exclaimed the boy indignantly. "What does he keep them fur anyhow, if he ain't understanding them better than that?"

Celia's troubled eyes turned slowly toward the garden again. "The thought has come to me still that he keeps them by him fur the reason that he likes them so worse. I mean—och, what do I mean? I mean he wouldn't give himself dare to leave them go, fur it might seem like they was getting ahead of him some which way. So you see"—she ground her palms anxiously—"what fur queer a man my uncle is. Always he thinks of queer punishments"—she shuddered as at some remembrance—"and, och, my, I have afraid that he will do you something queer now that he has so cross over the corn planter."

And what said the young man Kreiss? "Wait oncet till a couple minutes, ain't, you will? I will be packing agin the corn planter today."

Indeed the conference in the garden was short. After the shouting of threat and denunciation had passed, the young man said, "But it's nothing in the contract what fur tools I should take. Nor neither it ain't in the contract that I should use them just only at the fruit trees." He took his copy of the document from the pocket of his shirt. "It reads in here: 'In consideration whereof I agree to borrow him the use of my tools, same to be kept sharpened and repaired and fetched backward in the same and perfect condition as at the time of borrowing away'—and so forthed and so forthed. A many words at," commented the young man brightly, "but, fur all, it ain't naming off the tools any which way. And so I borrow agin today the lend of the corn planter."

"And that you ain't," thundered Schichenmaier. "You ain't to borrow my corn planter fur to put in old Hetteseimer's corn, all. You ain't to ——"

"Not anyhow all of his corn," explained young Kreiss, "fur, to be sure, he has got his own tools."

"He has got his tools?" strangled Schichenmaier.

"Yes, I got here in time fur to save them fur him. But it makes more quick fur to use the two planters, and he is some late with his corn. But with this here good weather"—he turned on his heel—"well, I give you good-by then."

"Give me—nothing!" shouted Schichenmaier. "You come back here!" And as the young man halted: "You go aways! You go off! I ain't ever wanting to see you ag'in."

But he did. He wanted to see him that very night after the fearful hours of the day, those fearful hours during which a fearful question mark had risen from the stubborn texture of his brain and had remained there, prodding sorely. He demanded once more the presence before him of the young man Kreiss.

And when he stood before him, windblown, hatless, his careless hands ramming in and out of his pockets, old Herman brought forth slowly from depths of dread apprehension:

"When, anyhow, was you aiming to plant in them fruit trees?"

"Till next March or either April. Purwiding the snow ain't making too much water."

In spite of his resolve to hold himself, the old man's mouth shifted out of shape and his eyes went wild. "You think, then, to take the lend of my tools fur seven months yet?"

"It ain't nothing in your contract but what I could go on lending them forever," laughed young Kreiss. "It reads in here"—again he drew the document from his shirt pocket—"'I give him dare to borrow away my tools up to and including and till the trees are in the ground and not anyways after or for any purposes after'—and so forthed and so forthed. So, you see ——"

But old Herman saw nothing at all; his breath had biffed from him and all his strength had focused upon getting it back.

"But, och, no, I ain't that stripe. I will go lending them off you till such time as I get my grampop's crops into good shape for him; then as soon as I otherwise can, I will buy me my own tools. I purfur always my own tools," said the young man casually, and turned on his heel. "Was that all, then?"

"All?" cracked the old man. "It ain't the beginnings! Do you conceit I am ——"

"Och, look oncet!" Lizzie, all angles of terror, sprang forward. "He could git an apoplexy so red like what he is underneath of his skin!"

"Git aways from me!" He winnowed her back with his powerful arm. There was something magnificent in his posture as he slowly stiffened into control, as he slowly brought forth the consummation of the matter in words which brought the bitter of gall to his lips. Oh, if he had been ruthless with others, he had, nevertheless, the strength to be ruthless with himself!

"So! You pay me one hunert dollars and you git the use of seven hunert dollars of tools. You buy the land, then, fur to git the tools. Fur to save Aaron Hetteseimer's crops!" His voice sank. "Aaron Hetteseimer's crops. That was it, heh?"

The boy laughed and twisted embarrassed fists deeply in his pockets. "That's part of it, anyway; but, no, it ain't the main thing." He threw back his head and his merry glance circled the three faces. But therein he erred, for his glance lingered, as it was bound to do, upon the last of the three; and it changed as it did so—it changed.

The next morning, as he tiptoed prankishly to the barn door, a long straw in his fingers, he himself was startled more than the slender figure which jerked about upon the milk stool, scratching under her sunbonnet. For the naked, frightened eyes which confronted him were not the eyes he had expected to see. Indeed he himself was the more startled of the two; for Lizzie, despite the fact that she had never before been tickled by a young man in any manner whatsoever, recovered fairly gallantly from the shock. While he sagged backward against the door jamb, the straw still ludicrously extended, she began breathlessly to explain that from that time forward she herself was to attend to the milking and the tool shed; her niece was to have her duties within the house.

"For," added poor Lizzie with a painful flush, "my brother is one of this here kinds: He can be awful strict, mebbe, but he is honest, too, that it is something wonderful. Yes, that contract, now, might mebbe be suiting him wery bad, but he will be living up to the letters of it just the same."

"It's got a many letters to live up to, that I give you." The youth felt toward his pocket. "But now I got to see it agin; to see what it reads all."

"My brother has a name fur his contracts," said Lizzie complacently. "But, tell me, now, what fur sickness did your mom anyhow have that she fell off fur you? And what fur kind of a country is this here Kansas where you were born at?"

Fifteen minutes later she went stepping almost youthfully toward the house. In that quarter of an hour Lizzie Schichenmaier's eager eyes had seen another country and her ears had dined with nourishment for her lean soul to batten upon for days to come. But her preoccupied smile vanished abruptly as she heard her brother's crutch tapping in fitful wrath toward the porch and as she saw her niece crumpled in a chair, a damp wedge of apron crowded quietly against her eyes.

"Och, my!" cried Lizzie. "What has he been saying you now? How us poor women has got to take it off the men anyhow! Don't cry nothing now. I could near fault my brother fur making so strict with you, fur I can easy see"—here poor Lizzie flushed again—"how a woman can't help fur it if the young males make a little, now, playful oncet in a while."

That night as she swung the milk pails from their hooks she mused aloud, "It wonders me if all the males crossen up as they git older? It don't seem like some of them—but, och, yes, I guess they do anyhow, fur it reads somewheres where all the men are created free and equaled to each other, but the females it wasn't mentioning even. No, it wasn't even saying if we was created at all."

Celia, setting the supper table, made no reply. But as she went to and fro, her

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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(Continued from Page 60)

eyes strayed wistfully through the window which looked toward the barn. Her lips puckered a little; life which had been so tasteless had become suddenly so terribly bitter, so terribly sweet; she could almost taste it so, she could see it so, she could feel it so.

She had never cried much, she had never laughed much; and now, suddenly, she wanted to cry, and to cry much, and she wanted to laugh—oh, she wanted to laugh! Anything could make her cry, anything could make her laugh. Why was that now? What was the matter with her?

She clenched her small hands against the sink and stood looking and stood thinking. And because at that moment her uncle's crutch struck sharply against the porch, her foot recoiled and the tears sprang to her eyes. And because at that same moment a figure broke toward her from the door of the barn, the tears stopped suddenly and balanced there upon her lids, and through the flood of them she saw the young figure as though he were swimming toward her with mighty strokes—with mighty strokes!

She moved her hand across her eyes, and there he was, flattening his arms along the window ledge and gazing at her through the screen.

"You see," he said, "I'm a fly. And I'm on the outsides so you can't otherwise spat me aways."

Again she had been thinking of him, and again there he was! She tightened her hold upon the sink.

"But I can't see you just so good; so I come insides."

Could she speak? At first it seemed that she could not. She merely turned about and listened fearfully as he clattered, with some implement in his hand, up the steps and stood there balancing upon the threshold.

"But I'm all worried up," he announced; "for tomorrow is Sunday a'ready. And I can't be borrowing no tools. So what can I do, then? I will tell you what I can do: I can go riding on a buggy!"

It was all so unreal, this forbidden young man leaning upon a spade in the kitchen—she forbidden to see him—the forbidden words he was saying. Something squeezed her heart and stopped her breath—the crutch! The tap, tap, tap—the doomlike taps of the crutch, coming nearer, nearer.

She fluttered like a broken-winged thing to the young man named Kreiss, pushed him, actually pushed him, with her puny strength. "Go away!" she said faintly. "Oh, go!"

He clutched her arm and swung her about toward the light. "What's that?" he cried sharply. "Has he been making you cry somepin? Look here! You answer me up! Has he been making you cry somepin ower me?"

A growl of menace, of astonishment, rumbled from the opposite door. The young man, still with his hand upon her arm, swung about. His slate-blue eyes had gone black; his hair whipped in a fury of damp amber upon his forehead. "What was you doing to her? This little helpless thing? If it's ower me ——"

"What was you doing here—in my house—with the spade at?"

"It ain't nothing in your contract where I should leave the tools at. I can leave them anywheres I feel fur."

The old man rocked backward, clutched for the back of a chair and caught it; his lips clutched after words and for a moment did not find them. When he did, they were well nigh incoherent with rage: "You stop slobbering your dumb talk about that contract! I kin see you through—sleazing around after this female here. And you mind to this now: You ain't to come fetching them tools every day and you ain't to come packing them backward every night neither!"

"It ain't nothing in your contract when I should git them and when I should pack them back," retorted the youth.

"Och, he could git somepin!" trembled the girl. "Look at his face once!"

Kreiss released her arm then. "Set down, Mr. Schichenmaier," he said, and turned the chair about.

"I won't set down," frothed old Herman; "I won't set," and sat.

Suddenly the youth laughed—not a laugh of insolence, but of sheer amusement. He rammed his fists in his pockets and pivoted on his heel toward the girl. "It's for such a little while," he explained; and to the old man he said, "You see, you learned me the borrowing habit. So tomorrow I borrow the lend of something else. Tomorrow I come for to borrow—her."

Old Herman half rose upon the powerful hands clamped upon the arms of the chair. "What do you mean—her? What do you mean anyhow, marauding into my house? You git aways and you stop aways. White-livered shad!"

"And tomorrow night I come packing her back, like everything else I got the lend of."

The crutch pounded. "And I tell you you ain't to come around here no more. A dumb Hetteseimer—with my girl ——"

"A dumb Hetteseimer—with your girl," the young man repeated more soberly and wheeled toward her, "or my girl. It's her right to decide about that till a while yet. But I ain't for rushing her into nothing. So tomorrow I take her riding on a buggy."

"And that you ain't! Do you think you kin git ahead of me?" Schichenmaier crackled his ancient formula. "Smart Aleck!"

The young man smiled again and his fingers strayed toward his shirt pocket. Old Herman watched those fingers and for the first time his gaze fumbled downward. "I leave you to be the judge of that," said young Kreiss quietly and did not bring forth the paper. "But—smart? No, not so much. Just smart enough to know that I ain't smart, and that's smarter than some, mebbe. Well, I go now."

"You go aways and you stop aways! Mind to that! You ain't to come sneaking around here behind my back!"

"Behind your back!" the young man tensed so quickly that his muscles seemed to snap. He strode across the floor and pointed. "Do you see that gate there? Do you see that front porch? Into that gate I come, onto that porch I come tomorrow after. And it's her right to say if she goes with or if she ain't, but I give her her chancet anyway. I give her her chancet. And to your face, mind that! For I ain't the stripe to do it no other way." Without other word or glance, he wheeled and was gone.

In a soundless hush Celia brought her eyes to the chair and stood motionless before what she saw there: A huddled figure with eyes doom-ridden; a huddled figure with fingers slack. But even as she looked, the lips began to move: "He ain't—gitting ahead—of me." And with the sound of the words the old body stirred as at the clang of an ancient challenge.

What should she do? What should she do? The seconds, the minutes, the hours beat on through that dim evening, through that dark night and on into the bright flood of another day. And she knew what she would do. Young blood throbbed to young blood in the rhythm of swinging suns, in the pulsing glory of the early morning; and she laid her best gingham upon the bed before she went down to the rattle of pan and kettle.

But her aunt met her and tragedy cased the fingers plucking in her apron. "Och, eland, what could he be meaning now? I knew a'ready he was making one of his queer thoughts whiles he was setting so quiet that way last night. But what could it be anyhow?"

Had Celia not heard that scutching sound last night? On the boards of the front walk? Well, it was a beehive, yes, if it wasn't. A beehive in the middle of the walk from the front gate. The farm hands had packed it there for him whiles the bees had fell off to their sleep after dark. And now that they had fell awake again, what a talking they were making!

(Continued on Page 65)

THE BEST OF ALL DEFENSES

MASTERS of strategy have often observed that an army attacked is only half as formidable as an army attacking. And in the competition that goes on interminably in every warehouse, department store and retail establishment, the old, familiar products are often hard-pressed to hold their favored positions on the shelves.

They have the advantage of possession, the forces of habit, the reserves of quality. They have multitudes of buyers. Yet if their manufacturers withdraw support, if they let the public interest lapse, if they allow the news and advantages of these products to become stale . . . dealers will begin to say—"Let's see, these haven't done so well lately. They're not moving. . . . Half a gross this time." . . . While the competitor, trumpeting his advantages —"New!" "Better Made," "More Convenient," "Handsome"—spreads his gaily colored packages, the tents of the conquerors, along the best shelves within easy reach.

In penetrating new markets and holding old markets, in meeting competition with alertness, advertising can be used to advantage. And if this seems to be a mild and guarded statement of the case for advertising, be sure that we make it deliberately. Long experience has taught us that while advertising is a powerful factor in moving merchandise, it must fit neatly and accurately into the business life of thousands of dealers.

From manufacturers to jobbers, to retailers, to consumers—merchandise can and does take these steps without the aid of advertising. But advertising can shorten these steps, and reduce the time required for the product to reach the consumer. It can help to fix the name of a product in the public mind and place it on the nation's shopping list. And there is another thing that *only* advertising can do. And that is to wheel instantly, at a word, into an unsteady market with reinforcements of facts, pictures, reasons why, and logical arguments . . . for the best of all defenses is—*attack*.

N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

—charm of youth

"that schoolgirl complexion"

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost*, it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

Urged by leading skin specialists, that rule is based on keeping the skin and pores clean of age-inviting accumulations. Its whole secret is the KIND of soap one uses. *A true complexion soap is meant*, a soap like Palmolive, *made for one purpose only*—to safeguard the complexion. Others may prove too harsh.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

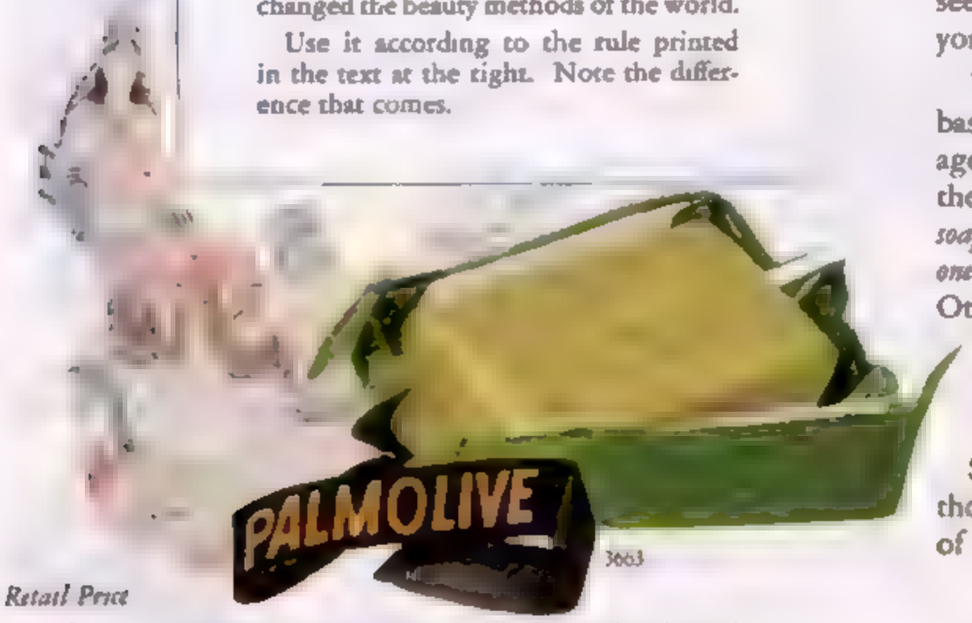
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember, before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 62)

"It is now awful the talking they make, them little animals," said Lizzie; "and it's this to be said about them: they ain't ever making sounds where don't mean nothing. What could they be meaning, then, and what could he be meaning?"

"I should guess," said Celia slowly, "that he is thinking a beehive would be scareful to anybody where would be wanting to come onto the front porch." Her eyes paused upon a potted geranium upon the window sill and her face suddenly flew as brave a color as the flower itself. "But, och, no. It's some where would even laugh on just only a beehive."

"Here he comes a'ready!" gasped Lizzie. "Dish quick the scrapple up. His crutch sounds cross, ain't?"

His crutch indeed sounded cross as it tapped unevenly upon the old boards of the hall.

But he said no word as he lowered himself heavily into his chair. Nor did he speak during the meal, but at its close he gave them their orders. They were neither of them to go to church. They were to sit at home and read their Bibles. They were to get the dinner. Afterward he would give them a tract and a hymn book to read. They were neither of them to leave the house that day.

Hopelessness descended. What was the use anyway? His laws were as immutable as though graven in metal. He himself looked like an image of iron as he sat, broadly settled, at the head of the table. It was impossible that he should ever change, so his laws would never change—so they would go on living thus. And this young man named Kreiss, this dauntless stripling who had so buoyantly flung his defiance, what would happen to him now that the day of dreadful clash had come? Why, he would dash himself against the man of iron in vain, of course.

These thoughts, half formed, edged in and about Celia's consciousness as she sat playing with her food and raising her eyes now and again to the grim figure at the head of the table. And yet ——

And yet early in the afternoon, after she had taken her hymn book and her tract, she went up the stairs to her own room. She sat down, opened the tract and began to read. But she found after a moment that she was not reading: she was listening. For what? She read again. She found her eyes upon the gingham. She was slipping in her morals, then! She turned another page of the tract and discovered to her utter undoing that she had been reading the hymn book all the time. The result was curious; her mouth contracted; she did not know whether she were smiling or not. Her feet carried her to the bed, she put on the new gingham, she looked in the mirror and saw that the little white collar was a blur around her neck. Why, she wasn't smiling at all; she was crying!

She brushed her eyes and lifted her hat from the shelf. With the simple act came great calm. It was as though she were doing something which had been long ordained. The room seemed still now: she looked at the hymn book and the tract; they looked still and peaceful, too, one laid neatly upon the other. She knew that she would never sit in this room, reading them so, again.

Her aunt called sharply, terrifiedly; and she ran, but still with great calmness, to the head of the stairs. She seemed to be on some still height from which she viewed herself -her aunt.

"The bees!" her aunt was gasping. "Och, come quick oncet!" And as Celia ran down the stairs: "He will be stung to his death! Och, look oncet!"

Celia sped to the window. Her uncle, then—but, no, there he was in his chair crowded back against the wall behind the vines. But the bees! From the front of the hive in the middle of the walk swarmed a flaming holocaust of bees, and through their luminous quiver, there—there at the gate, opening the gate—the young man Kreiss!

She got to the door, flung it open. "Go back!" she cried with all her strength. "Oh, make quick! Run!"

"Make quiet, doppie!" The old man cracked with terror and jerked toward her. And as he jerked—the deadly cord in his fingers jerked again—the hive jerked, and again the ululating song of agitation turned the very air into a menace. His crutch clattered to the floor; with groping, trembling hands he sought to recover it.

"Come quick insides!" screamed Lizzie. "Och, my brother!" and sprang to the door. But it closed in her face, for the girl had rushed through it upon the porch. The old man fell back in his chair, staring and gibbering at the fearful thing he had done.

And the bees? Straight for that young figure before them they winged their poison flight—the young figure which stood motionless now within the gate. Above him they poised in glittering panoply; upon him they rested, along his arms, upon his legs, upon his hands, upon his head even—oh, death of reason! The girl covered her eyes, and when she looked—it may have been seconds, it may have been minutes ——

A mirage! The figure of a man veiled in living bronze moving almost imperceptibly, but moving toward her—toward her. Now stopping, or was he moving? Stopping again, or was she seeing—again she closed her eyes, again she opened them—a miracle! Halfway up the path the figure, stooping slowly, slowly gathering a brush of flowers, slowly brushing, lightly brushing with the rainbow are the spray of death.

The spray of death? Of life! In the middle of the path—the path outward-reaching to life itself—stood the young man Kreiss, the sun bright upon his bright head, laughing—laughing; and about him lifting in ceaseless chant of ecstasy the singing wings of the little creatures of the sun.

"You had afraid for me, then?" and his glance swept the three upon the porch. "But, no. The bees have always made so with me." And as they still stared, motionless and soundless: "You think it was something funny, then? No. They make that way with more people than you might mebbe believe. But folks won't trust them, so naturally they have cross over it. I think, anyway." His eyes rested upon the old man now and the dimple set deeply. "Yes, they are like folks; full much so. They want oncet to be trusted. All they ask is for people to go yet a little slow with them, a little patient. Ain't so?"

But old Herman crouched in his chair—oh, not like a man of iron now, but like something crumbling, crumbling before their eyes into the physical semblance of what he really was. And behind his smitten lids his soul cringed before the young valor dancing there in the sunlight and about him and around him, in league with him, those ancient enemies, the bees! In league together—in singing, winging, triumphant league, the son of the despoiled house and the descendants of the swarm raped in bitterness so many years before.

"You got your hat a'ready!" cried the young man. "Then we go. But no"—he looked at the air still palpitant with wings, and paused to brush at his clothing—"we go the house through. For you might have a little afraid of them, not? You wasn't fetched up along with them like I was. And they know the smell of fear, the little things."

He came up the steps and stopped, slanting a mischievous eye toward old Herman's chair. "Anyways I got to keep my word. I passed my promise a'ready I was coming onto the front porch for to git her, ain't?"

But the old man writhed in panic as a bee flew from the boy's arm and lit upon his knee. "Take them aways!" he croaked deep in his throat. "Take them aways! Take them aways!"

Young Kreiss playfully pushed the girl beside him through the door, then turned about upon the threshold. "But fur all," he said kindly, "we spoke truth, the both of us. For I come for her before your face, but I take her away behind your back."

"Och, yes," cried Lizzie, flushing and springing to her brother's side, "he means to say he ain't aiming to git ahead of you any which way!"

But the old man uttered a sound which was not human—a cry, a moan, a rending sound which no one of the three ever forgot. It was as though the very fibers of him were being rent.

The Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa

Drink it through
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BECAUSE it is Nature's ideal food for building healthy minds and bodies. Milk is served to school children at most progressive schools in the original, sterilized bottle with Stone's Straws.

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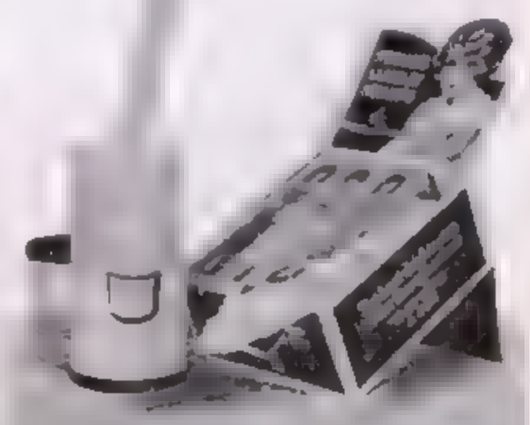

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"That's a birdie!"
"Who got it?"
"You—that smart bow tie you're wearing"

SPUR TIE and smart style are inseparable because the two are fashioned together in the making. That's why men who never wore bow ties before, look so well in Spur Ties. They make young men look snappier. They make older men more youthful. And the exclusive silks from which Spur Ties are made give the final touch of superiority.

New, gorgeous patterns for sport and for business, also blacks and whites for formal wear, are on display at haberdashery counters everywhere. Adult and junior styles.

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One of the newest and smartest Spur Tie patterns. Correctly styled when you buy it, correctly styled as long as you wear it because of the invisible patented H-Shape Innerform in the wings of the tie that keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling

This red label, tucked under the knot of every Spur Tie, is your guarantee of getting the only tie that "looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie."

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, GARTERS, BELTS AND BUCKLES—LEADERS FOR 38 YEARS

A SPLENDID GYPSY

Continued from Page 13

author—and it had taken me ages to read that—some new books he had stocked up on, always the New York newspapers, all the magazines, especially the American Mercury, and everything he could lay his hands on—all this besides his regular activities. And five years ago his sight had been despaired of!

Washington filled our houses with many older folks, some of whom the manager said he hadn't seen in his theater in ten years. And as for Boston, her famous grayheads were out in full force. Mr. Lackaye must have done famously with his concessions there.

But Mrs. Whiffen—no one ever needed a wheel chair for her. Her first morning in Washington she trotted down from her hotel to see the cherry blossoms around the Tidal Basin as a constitutional and next day drove in an open car out to Mount Vernon. There she said an elderly gentleman addressed her as she was leaving with her daughter, Peggy Whiffen, and remarked, "I saw you make your debut as Buttercup in December, 1879."

"Fancy remembering back all those years!" she laughed that night at the theater.

The Rock of Gibraltar, our stage manager called her. Never did she miss a cue or fumble a line, never vary in the amount of energy she gave to each scene. She was never too tired to run—yes, run—across the stage in the first act to throw open a window and look out on an imaginary Imogen Parrot standing on the doorstep below, while Imogen in the flesh stood in the wings, a little moist about the eyes always at the sight of that tiny figure, in its hoop skirts and old-fashioned bonnet, trotting across the stage so gayly and yet so indomitably, indestructible by time.

Her exit in Act III, swinging her skirts in haughty disdain, never failed to get a hearty hand and a gentle "Oh!" from the audience—which was eloquent of the quick tears and laughter in the eyes and hearts of all who saw her.

A wave of tenderness welled over the footlights toward that little soul, so dear, so true, so brave, playing every night, at eighty-two, with a youth that is unquenchable.

"You know," John Kellerd said one night as he watched her make that exit, "it makes you feel there is something, after all, in right living and doing your job well. There's Mrs. Whiffen; she never was a star in her life; she's always played old ladies—played them well, too—but with not much acknowledgment; yet here she is at the end of her life receiving more acclaim than ever and loved as never before."

"Whiffy," was Mr. Drew's name for her, and at the end of the third act he always called her out for her bows with him with a "C'mon, Whiffy!"

And those two, hand in hand, received the roars of applause.

A Slant at the Public Mind

Our next stand, Philadelphia, was just the plain hanging-'em-on-hooks you read about. We felt like Sunny, George White's Scandals, and Lulu Belle all rolled into one, so far as business went. Four matinées that week—two of them regular and two extra. Our manager had asked Mr. Drew if he could stand it.

"Why not? I'm a young man! I can if Whiffy can." Whiffy could and did.

Here Mr. Drew was in his home town, playing again in the city where he had begun his career, fifty-four years before, in Cool as a Cucumber, at his mother's theater on Arch Street. In his curtain speech that night he made a graceful gesture to that memory: "Here where first I tried my 'prenticed hand," we heard him say as we hung over the balcony rails outside our dressing rooms to listen to the thunders of applause for him.

It crashed through the auditorium of the old Garrick, and rumbled backstage. "'Kruger! Kruger!' Can't you hear them yelling for me?" said Otto. "'We -want - Kruger!'"

"Fool!" we laughed. He and all of us knew well enough just for whom it was, there and everywhere.

An amusing slant on the public reaction to the all-star aggregation "officially called Trelawney of the 'Wells', but affectionately known as the Old Folks' Concert Company," as Wilton Lackaye said, was brought to us one night by Frieda Inescort, heard by her while descending in the elevator of the Bellevue-Stratford.

J. M. Kerrigan, Peggy Wood and Otto Kruger

Two elderly ladies were talking about the play and how much they had enjoyed it. "But isn't it terrible?" one said. "None of those wonderful actors can get jobs, and they had to get up this company for them, to give them work!"

But here we were three weeks out on the road, and where were the all-star rows? The French say "A fish smells by the head"; could that account for it? Mr. Drew was not soft by any means. His eagle eye missed little, although, as one of us, he never intruded, he spoke his mind when he felt like it, but he didn't row! Then an incident I overheard one night cast a new light on the phenomenon.

John Kellerd and Otto Kruger had made an exit together, and, as soon as they were off, Kellerd said, "Don't you think you ought to be on a line with me when you hand me that letter? You were way downstage"

Kruger looked at him a moment and then burst out laughing. "Listen, old dear," he said, "I would be on a line with you if you didn't walk upstage on me. Don't pull that old gag. I'm too old a hand at it myself."

Kellerd expostulated a moment, then laughed—and that was all there was to it.

"What's the trouble?" I whispered.

"Oh, he just forgot and drifted into old tricks. You know where I am supposed to hand him the letter—shove it under his nose? Well, my position is static in the whole scene, but he can move around, and he's been working farther and farther upstage, trying to get me to turn my back to the audience. But I've simply stood still and stuck the letter out where he ought to be, and tonight he had to come downstage to get it, and it spoiled his act. It's just his old training cropping out, but we'll cure him"

And he did; but not until he had resorted to the device of opening the door at center back—for, by this time, Kellerd was against the back wall—and playing upstage of the older man by standing in the open door, ostentatiously closing it as Kellerd moved away.

But there was no clash, no letters to the management—and this might have developed into either—nothing but good-natured kidding.

No Happy Family

I began to wonder if some of this lack of friction wasn't also due to Mr. Kruger's methods. He had been warned by all those who had ever played Colpoys to look out for squalls with the company, for, in spite of Pinero's deliberate instructions to be as dreadful as possible, it was traditional the other parts would object. Yet he went conscientiously on, falling off chairs, bouncing bread off his head, kidding pomposity, never slacking, although we all knew how ill he was, sometimes in too much pain to talk to us backstage and facing a siege at the hospital on his return, until he became to us the legendary comedian of the stage who makes us laugh, no matter how he feels.

Unable to eat a mouthful of the supper served in the first act, he amused himself and us by carving animals out of the bananas—supposed to be potatoes—pigs and police dogs, mice and owls, with eyes and tongues of tiny slices of ham!

Again it was he who solemnly convinced Helen Gahagan, before leaving New York, that we should all have to parade every day before the show with banners, that that was what they always did with all-star troupes.

More and more our idiosyncrasies appeared as we became a really traveling group, but as Mr. Lackaye said to the Drama League, he wouldn't call us "just a happy family, for you all know what families are!"

Whatever or whoever was the reason for this miracle, I don't really know, but we were all still speaking at the end of the tour.

Before leaving Philadelphia I'd like to add that Mr. Drew told me he was staying over on the Sunday to go out and see his grandniece, Miss Ethel Barrymore Colt, perform in a school function, "for," he said, smiling, "they all tell me she's pretty good."

Baltimore, our next stop, gave us a taste of the spring we were to follow to the Pacific Northwest, keeping pace with the tulips and lilacs as they bloomed their way north. I've always wanted to make an epicurean journey, following the strawberry season from the Gulf to Canada. The Grand Tour didn't exactly fulfill that ambition, but I can truthfully say I've had enough asparagus for once.

Mrs. Whiffen's rooms at the hotels were besieged by women who wanted to see her or talk to her on the telephone. Peggy

There's no excuse for thin, lack-lustre hair and dandruff coated scalps!

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HERE is a specialist's treatment. Thousands tell us how it has restored real hair health where all else has failed. It does far more than just dissolve loose dandruff. It kills the infection which breeds the dandruff scales. It stimulates dormant glands to action—clears and cleans clogged hair cells—*and brings vitality back to hair and scalp in the normal, scientific way.*

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Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment is not a tonic. It consists of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap. Great hair and scalp experts, here and abroad, endorse it without reservation. Leading barber shops and hairdressing parlors recommend it wherever they see thinning hair. And it is equally efficient when used at home.

Try it now, but not just once. Glover's is for serious people who seriously want healthy, luxuriant hair—and are willing to follow this famous approved prescription through to that end.

A free booklet describing common scalp troubles and their treatment will be mailed if you write to H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Whiffen was sometimes exasperated to the point of justifiable homicide.

"Can't I just see her for a moment? Of course I've never met her, but I just want to shake her by the hand. Is she really as old as the papers say? I'd love to have her to dinner. We'll get her to the theater on time, but so many of my friends want to meet her."

And so on, until Peggy said the only word she knew in the English language was "No!" It is only her eternal vigilance which keeps her mother from being torn to shreds by curious women.

One thing, though, could not be escaped—autographs. Droves of schoolgirls with memory books, old-timers with programs of the first Trelawney cast, stage doormen with autographs of Fanny Davenport, Booth and Bernhardt, theater enthusiasts with elaborate scrapbooks, bound copies of the play—all open for us please to sign our names if it wouldn't be too much trouble. One woman proudly told us she had 450 autographs, including seven Presidents, and had shaken hands with them all. Our hands had to be shaken too.

Once, during the supper scene, a piece of bread bounced off the stage into the lap of a man sitting directly in front of the footlights—for the orchestra had been removed to make room for extra chairs—and Mr. Lackaye said aloud wearily, "Tell him to send it round and we'll autograph it!"

A Glimpse Into the Past

Why they wanted our scrawls, I don't know. What can you say when somebody shows you someone else's signature anyway? "Yes, very nice"—and then what? Surely they had no idea we would ever bring four cents in an auction room. There were no Gwinnetts, God knows, among us.

But I suppose they collected those for the same reason they came to see us at all. For I have no illusions that the great majority came to see the play; they came to get a bargain and were surprised to get a performance. I really think that was why they exclaimed so much about us; they were amazed to find the play and the players interesting. And all for the price of a good musical show.

It is pleasant, though, to think of the young movie-educated things who discovered John Drew. Talk about your peak in Darien!

Pittsburgh was our next stand before Chicago, but nothing of importance occurred there except a record-breaking matinée—$6000 I think it was.

It was Easter morning when our compartment car, which took us from there on across the country, pulled into Chicago, and as Mr. Drew came through the corridor, up bright and early as usual, he asked me if I knew the Russian greeting for Easter.

Before I could answer he kissed me on both cheeks and said with his inimitable smile, "Christ is risen!"

At my hotel later I found, as did all the women of the company, a great box of flowers containing his card with that same joyous message: "Christ is risen!"

Chicago met us with a thrilling first-night audience. All our friends turned up in regiments, there was a Drama League luncheon for all of us, clubs fêted Mr. Drew, there were extra matinées and crowds of standees. It was truly a gala week.

The town itself is an exhilarating place, anyway, for all its smoke and dirt. Somehow it is the one city in America truly thrilling, deliberately making itself beautiful, a woman decking herself in buildings, in parks, in boulevards, stretching voluptuously to watch her trailing train of golden sequins along the lake.

Mrs. Whiffen said, "Oh, how different it all is from the first time I saw this city! My dear, I arrived in this town three weeks after the fire!"

I gasped. Not the Chicago fire, I thought. Frantically I cast about in my mind for dates—a hopeless task for me—1860? No! That was the Civil War. Then 1850? Couldn't be! Mrs. Whiffen came to this country in '68.

She was still speaking—"And I said to the cabman, I said, 'How on earth can you find your way?' There was nothing but chaos in every direction, no streets—nothing."

Was it 1871? That was it! Mrs. O'Leary's cow. I felt a strange, arresting thing happen to me, as if Time had said, "Wait a minute," and laid a hand on my shoulder. This woman, this living, quick-speaking, bright-eyed person before me, had stepped through the still warm cinders of the Chicago fire as a grown woman and was here telling me about it.

Once before, I had felt that curious sensation when I asked Emma Calvé what was, in her estimation, the greatest voice she had ever heard. Without hesitation, that great artist answered, "Adelina Patti's." Then, unconscious of her self-flattery, she added, "They used to tell me I had four or five notes in my middle voice like hers." She sang them. "Something like that," she said. And it was as if a door into the past, now irrevocably shut, had swung open for a second, giving a glimpse of something far off and beautiful.

On leaving Chicago we turned our car toward the flood district to go as far south as St. Louis and then zigzag our way back and forth in the Middle West for two weeks of one-night stands. That was the uninteresting part of the trip—dull, hot and, in spots, not too good as to business.

But Springfield, Illinois, stands out mostly in our minds as the place where two girls appeared in the private car, looking for Mrs. Whiffen, who had been spirited out by Peggy, as usual. They were from one of the newspapers and had accosted Mr. Drew at the gate, but he had mumbled something about an important engagement at the hotel and fled. Finally they buttonholed Wilton Lackaye. And, after some frightened starts, they propounded this poser:

"To what," said they, "do you attribute the extraordinary success of this company?"

Somewhat floored, Mr. Lackaye replied that it was hardly his place to speak for the company on so broad a subject. They should have asked Mr. Drew.

"We did," they piped, "but he seemed to be in a hurry. Do tell us!"

They teased until, at last, most reluctantly, he said, "Well, I'll tell you. It's Mrs. Whiffen's sex appeal!"

A Car With Wandering Ways

The next in our collection came in Louisville, where they were having a convention of the Southern Baptists. One white-tied reverend accosted Mr. Drew in the hotel lobby, introducing himself and saying he'd read about him for years, seen his pictures, and so forth, and just wanted to shake his hand. "I'm here with the Southern Baptists, you know."

"Indeed," said Drew. "Is Elmer Gantry here?" He had just been reading Lewis' latest.

"I don't know, Mr. Drew, but I'll try to find him for you," eagerly responded the man.

Before we left the Southern portion of our tour we ran into a spell of heat which, with our heavy hoop skirts, overcoats, tippets and muffs, was no fun. But Mr. Drew gloated over us and told us how he and Whiffy, in the 1925 Players Club revival of Trelawney, that dreadful June week, had fooled them all. Everybody stood around waiting for them to collapse, and they had never turned a hair. The rest of the cast caved in, but not they!

Westward from Detroit we turned our faces, making a terrific jump to Madison, Wisconsin, where we routed the stock company out of its home for some obscure reason known only to the booking office, dressed in a heap in the cellar and then doubled back to Milwaukee.

In this journey we traveled as usual in our own car, but since the C. M. & St. P. does not use the Pullman Company cars, but "rolls its own," so to speak, we found, after we had left all our things in the car, expecting to return to it after the play, that the railroad had sent it packing back to Chicago!

Frantic wiring caught it somewhere along the line, and our manager, with the C. M. & St. P. man, came to each of us for an inventory of each compartment. By the time we got back to the station that night, everything had been transferred to one of their cars without a toothbrush mislaid. Miss Crosman even got back a bag of popcorn she had left.

From Milwaukee we again doubled on our tracks, but this time it was really westward ho!—our next stops being St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Almost none of the younger crowd, so recent in theater experience, had been that far West, for the road in the past few years has been pretty slim pickin' and Minnesota is a long way from Broadway; but the older members of the cast were well acquainted in all the big and little cities, where, for years, they had "stood 'em up." Effie Shannon and Henrietta Crosman were greeted by the welcoming applause of people who had been seeing them for years. John Kellerd and Wilton Lackaye were vociferously hailed as old friends, no matter where we went. And as for Mr. Drew, everywhere people all turned out to see him.

No Imitation Needed

It was at that first performance in Minneapolis I heard Mr. Drew say to Mrs. Whiffen as he came round backstage for his cue, "Whiffy, I did an old-man trick today—I motored over from St. Paul and wrenched my knee as I stepped out of the car. It hurts like the devil, and I creak when I sit down. Makes me furious to limp like this."

Mrs. Whiffen was all birdlike concern and full of remedies, which he promised to apply. Next day he complained a little more, and as he came across stage I noticed he was shaking in a chill.

The theater was damp and cold, and he was dressing in the property room—for there was no other place but the cellar—and I feared he had caught cold, but he assured us later he was quite all right.

Next day we set off on our longest jump West, to Spokane. The bridge players we found by this time numbered exactly seven in the company, and there was considerable dating up beforehand for any of the long train jumps; those who didn't get their fourth, playing three-handed until the fourth from the other group would say, "Sorry, but I promised to play with Rollo and Joe Kerrigan at three today." We hoped Louise Drew, who joined us in Milwaukee to be with her father, would solve the dilemma, but she assured us she had no more card sense than he had, which, she vowed, was none at all.

At stops such as Billings, Montana, and other transcontinental "watering places" we got out to stretch our legs—cast, crew and D'Orsay bird. At one place Joe Kerrigan more than stretched his, for our carpenter, whose name was Wyahllyeth—like trying to say something through a yawn—told him there were two real Indians at the other end of the platform, whereupon that stocky little Irishman ran as fast as his legs would go, to get a look at them. He had seen a cowboy that morning, and this made his day complete. The mountains, the sagebrush, the great yellow Yellowstone River—all were an adventure to that delightful Celt, who, with his bunkie, O. P. Heggie, spent most of the day with his nose pressed against the car window.

Mr. Drew visited up and down the car, calling on Mrs. Whiffen, as was his custom on every jump, and stopping for a word with each of us. Once he got out to stretch the knee, which was still bothering him, and held his wrist up to the healing sunlight, for he said it also pained him now.

"But this is nonsense," he added. "I never had rheumatism in my life!"

Next day in Spokane we were disturbed to hear it had taken three people to assist him from his cab. On questioning him that night, he admitted he felt pretty achy. Then, characteristically, he grinned and added, "I shan't have to assume my old-man walk for Sir William tonight." For he always bent his knees a little to simulate the walk of a very old gentleman.

Here, at Spokane, I must add, was the one bright spot of the tour in the life of the D'Orsay bird. At the Davenport Hotel there—an enchanting spot if ever there was one—the lobby is filled with rare and exotic song birds in gorgeous cages among palms and greenery. They were not noisy canaries or parrakeets, nor these big banana-billed toucans that squawk so raucously, but beautiful things with soft, divine notes. Mrs. D'Orsay hung Peter Pan down there with them. A day's respite from trains that bumped and jammed enough to throw a poor bird off his perch and break his leg! Transcontinental traveling for birds is pretty tough going.

At Seattle, Bee Drew, as she is affectionately called by all, overrode her father's opposition and called a doctor. And that night Uncle John told Whiffy, as he waited for his entrance in the third act, "The doctor says it's acute arthritis, and that time I thought I wrenched my knee was really a twinge. That's what Ethel had, you know." By Ethel he meant Miss Barrymore.

We were all concerned and relieved to hear a nurse had been engaged to give him treatment.

Gallant gentleman that he was, he was much perturbed to find Mrs. Whiffen had to walk up a flight of stairs to her dressing room—the theater wouldn't run the elevator except for trunks, of course—and insisted he must change with her in spite of his bad knee!

It was here we decided to have a company party on our free Sunday evening in Victoria, British Columbia, and put up a message on the call board to that effect. Mrs. Whiffen was the first to say she'd come, but Mr. Drew, after advice, decided he'd better rest for the Monday performance. The rest of the cast all accepted—it was to be Dutch treat, of course—and we planned a simple party. We knew the tour would be so soon over now, that San Francisco and Los Angeles would be full of friends claiming the time and attention of us all, that we'd never have another good chance really to get together. And, as I have remarked, we were all friends and we were even all speaking to one another!

The Shadow of Tragedy

But here the first shadow of approaching tragedy reached us, and it was my fate to be the unwilling witness of its onslaught. Coming downstairs for a scene in the third act, my maid maneuvering the great red taffeta hoops around the sharp corners, I arrived at the stage floor and glanced in at the open door of Mr. Drew's dressing room, where he was always to be seen reading, for he had a long wait offstage. But this time my heart stood still, for as I looked I saw that his paper was sliding from his lap and he himself was slipping unconscious to the floor.

Emmett, his colored valet, rushed to the tap for water, then back again, trying to keep Mr. Drew from falling. Quickly I turned and sent my maid for aromatic spirits of ammonia, but Estelle Winwood's maid, who was just back of us, ran like lightning to her room, a flight nearer, and was back quickly with ammonia and camphor, which she applied as smelling salts, while Emmett got the aromatic ammonia down.

I ran backstage and sent for Mr. Király, our manager, for I knew Mr. Drew had an entrance in ten minutes, and if he couldn't make it, somebody would have to tell the audience why. Then I found the stage manager, and we got Emmett off for Bee, the doctor and Peter Heggie, who was to play Sir William in case of Mr. Drew's illness.

(Continued on Page 73)

Good old P. A.!

THEY say that "no other tobacco is like it." I want to go a step further and say "no other *experience* is like it!" And I'm ready to prove *that*. Just get yourself a tidy red tin of long-burning Prince Albert. Throw back the lid and release that tantalizing aroma.

No more appetizing fragrance ever floated out of a package, you'll agree. Then tamp a load into your old jimmy-pipe and light up. Here is the supreme test—that *taste*—that Let-me-at-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Never have you experienced anything like this, Men.

Cool as a drink from an artesian well. Sweet as a pear, ready to drop from the tree. Mild and mellow as October sunshine, yet with that full, rich tobacco body that bangs your smoke-spot in dead center on every fire-up. A thrill you can repeat from morning to midnight.

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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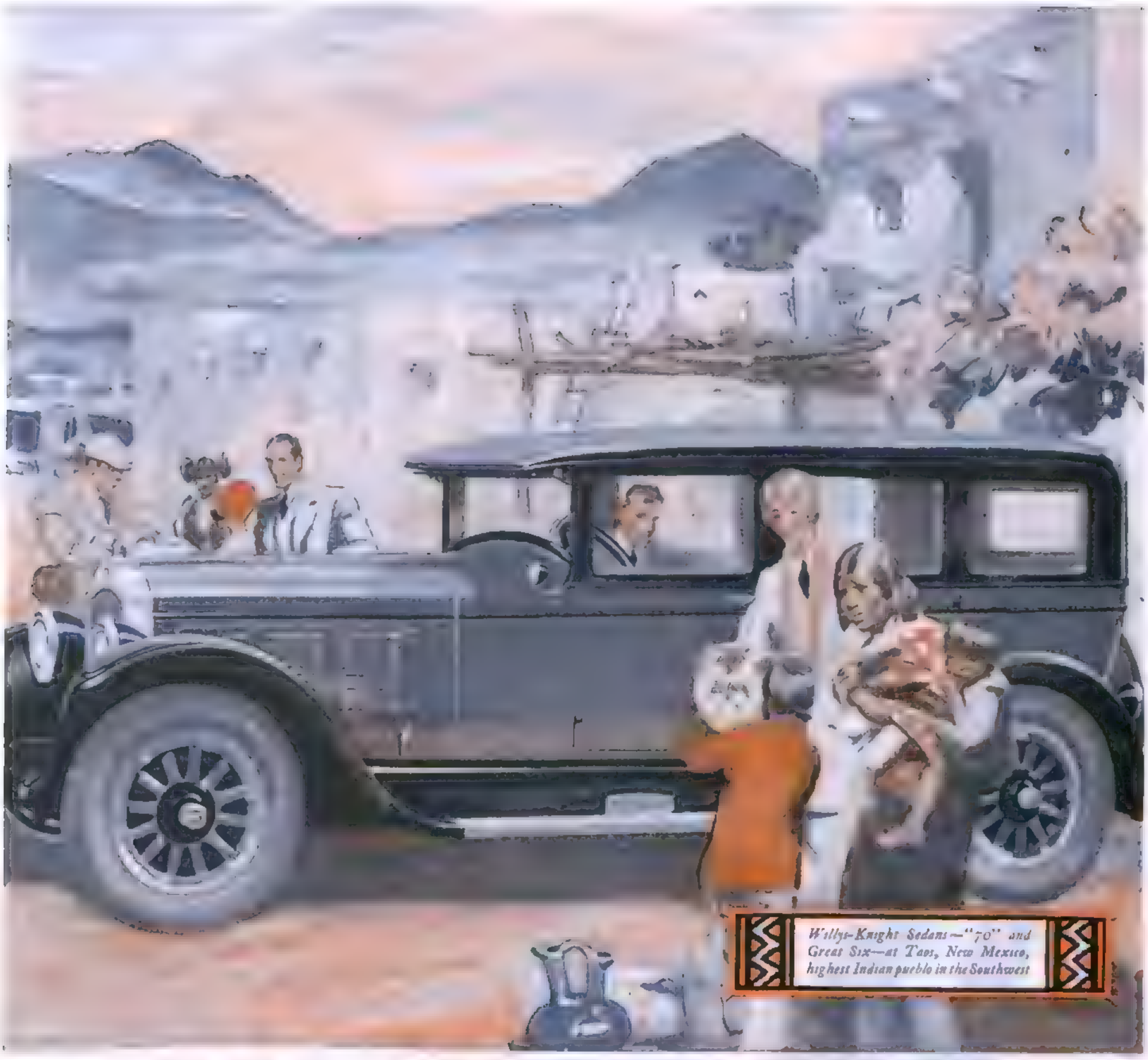
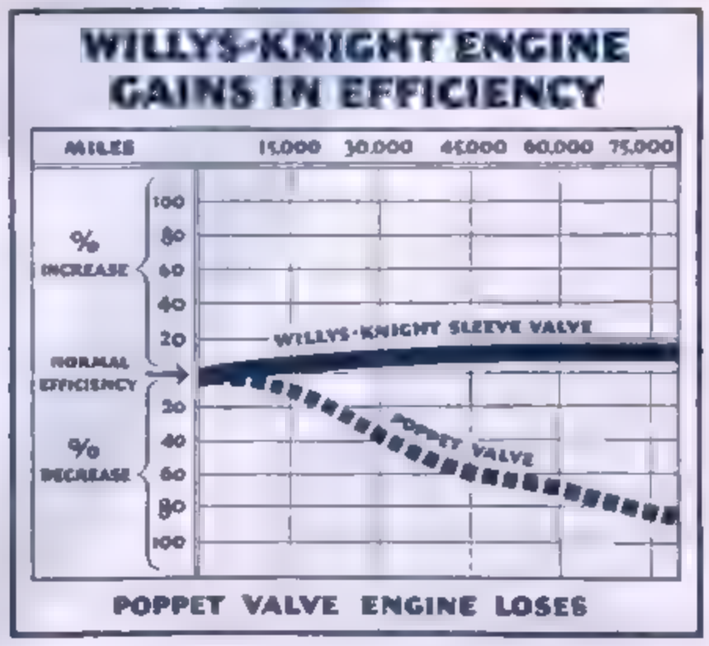


Willys-Knight Sedans—"70" and Great Six—at Taos, New Mexico, highest Indian pueblo in the Southwest

WILLYS-KNIGHT

THE ENGINE IMPROVES WITH USE — IN SMOOTHNESS, QUIETNESS AND ECONOMY

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



"70" Willys-Knight Six, $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, reduced prices $1750 to $1950. Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice

Right in this display cabinet you will find Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes in three sizes and textures. Prices in United States and Canada: Adult 50c, Small 40c, Baby 25c. White handles or transparent colored: red, green, or orange. Pro-phy-lac-tic De Luxe with four rows of bristles is 60c. Always sold in the yellow box.

Easy to remember– Easy to buy

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1. It reminds you to buy the new tooth brush you've been needing so long.
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You will see this new display cabinet on the counters of most good drug stores. Make your fingers follow your eyes. Buy a new brush about every three months. Though your Pro-phy-lac-tic may not show wear, even the finest bristles in time lose the elasticity and springiness so necessary to effective cleansing.

Better still, buy two brushes and use them night and morning—alternately. They will last longer and they will do an even finer cleaning job. Let the display cabinet guide you to Pro-phy-lac-tic—the brush with the better bristles, the big end tuft, and the curved handle—the three features that make it easy for you to reach every tooth and clean it thoroughly. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

This brush
is designed to
reach and clean
every part of
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Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name .....

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(Continued from Page 68

By this time he had regained consciousness and asked the maid what she was doing there, and where was Emmett. Quickly she answered he had sent Emmett out for news of the fight—didn't he remember? It was the night of the Sharkey-Maloney fight.

"Oh, yes—oh, yes," he said. "Who won?"

My own entrance curtailed any further activities on my part, and I went on, weak in the knees, thinking of everything but my lines: Would Mr. Király be in the wings in time to go on and announce the news to the audience, or would they ring down the curtain? Had they found O. P. Heggie, who was through after the first act? Rollo Peters, unmindful of what was happening backstage, must have thought he had a madwoman playing with him.

At last my exit came and I stumbled off. Where was Király? I ran toward the dressing rooms. They had found Bee, who was getting the doctor, Mr. Király was in the doorway—and Mr. Drew was dressed and on his way to play his scene!

Dumfounded at his recovery, his indomitable will power to go on, we listened to his lines come, almost as strong as usual. We dared a look from the tormentor—he was sustaining himself against the table, with a shaking hand, but that voice did not shake, nor did he lose a line. Silently we looked at one another, long looks, and turned our eyes away, not daring to speak. He finished the performance as usual.

The Gypsies' Holiday

Next day he was much, much better and scoffed at his sickness, so we made our boat trip to Victoria light-heartedly. That voyage was like a week-end excursion, and we were as excited as if we were setting off for Japan. The Olympic range on the United States side shone silver-topped, while, on the Canadian shore, the rocks and headlands were golden in Scotch broom.

But our landing and first sight of Victoria itself I shall never forget—the sunshine pouring down on the fresh, green, gorgeous flowers—never have I seen such flowers—the ivy-covered hotel with its charming gardens of May trees, as they call the hawthorn there, and holly; so quaint, so British, that Frieda Inescort broke down and cried with homesickness!

After arranging for the company party, several of us got cars and went out to Butchard's Gardens, as we were warned on the call board not to miss them. Peter Heggie and Otto Kruger found their golf course as usual, and we all scattered, only to assemble that night in the lobby, each gasping, "If you'd only been with us, to see what we saw!" For the glories of gardens the like of which we'd none of us seen in America or Europe; the beauties of a golf course like Mid-Ocean in Bermuda, only with rich, springy turf and masses of flowers along the fairways and bunkers; the sea, and across the blue water the white-capped Olympics—were beyond description, and we could only explain them in gasps.

By the time we had run out of adjectives our private room and dinner were ready, and we corralled the rest of the gypsies. Bee Drew left us, saying she would love to come, but that she was going to dine upstairs with her father.

About ten minutes later she called me on the phone and said, "Papa wants to know if you can have two extra places laid without any trouble. He wants to come to the party."

Could we? Well, rather! And rousing cheers greeted his appearance. We knew how he loved a party, and Bee whispered to us, "He just couldn't bear to miss this one!"

So, with John Drew at the head of our table and Mrs. Whiffen at the foot, twenty of us sat down to dinner, for the manager and even the boy who sold programs were there. Kruger brought his portable phonograph and we danced—Mrs. Whiffen too! We laughed, we told stories, we talked shop, we were show folks among our own—gypsies, Pinero calls us. It is a very happy memory.

Next day found us exploring the shops, and how individualities came out in our tastes in shops! J. M. Kerrigan always studied the newspapers in every new town for secondhand bookstores, but here he made his greatest haul—two copies of first edition Conrad for thirty cents apiece! The last quotation was in the hundreds of dollars, I believe. And he also found a book on David Garrick by Tom Robertson, the original of Tom Wrench in Trelawney, and signed by Robertson himself, which he gave to Rollo Peters as a memento of the town.

Rollo's shopping usually took him in a bee line for the antique stores on a hunt for things for his very old house in Rockland County. Here in Victoria he, too, made a find—a mahogany fire screen with a beadwork dog that he couldn't pack any place. Nobly he carried this the rest of the trip, never trusting a porter, until it became his banner, his device, and we howled whenever it came in sight.

Somehow the Victoria part of the Grand Tour was more like a holiday than any place else. Perhaps it was because of Victoria's birthday and the Empire Day parade; perhaps it was the very English maids and waiters; perhaps it was the real brown bread and butter—not spongy, crumbly Graham bread—with our tea, but somehow we felt as if we'd hopped off this continent with Lindbergh and played a one-night stand in England.

In Vancouver, Mr. Drew was much improved in spirit, although somewhat feebler in body. Once more he began to kid during the performance, once more he waggled his lower jaw at us onstage in seeming ferocity, warning us under his breath to look out for "old man Wobberjaw." Business was rotten, but we didn't care—our Uncle John was better.

We played but three performances there, and, during the third, word went round that Mr. Drew couldn't play the next three days in Portland, but would go on to San Francisco, have the abscessed teeth, that were poisoning him, out, and open in San Francisco with us. We were so relieved to have him take this rest, and O. P. Heggie was most willing to take the burden of Sir William off his shoulders.

John Drew's Last Exit

Then, a moment later, those playing in scenes with him began to come off, looking serious and saying that Mr. Drew was wretched tonight—worse than ever. He had started the performance in his old spirit, but his wrists were swelling visibly and rapidly, and he seemed suddenly to grow old and thin and gray before our eyes. Each speech was harder, more effort, slower, as if he gathered his forces from far off and it took a long time to marshal them. Should we break in and take the burden of the speech from him? Our hearts said, "Yes! Save him!" Our heads didn't dare. He was king and captain; who were we to intrude? At the end of the third act with Helen Gahagan, Rollo Peters and me on the stage with him, he was so weak I felt as if we were holding him up with our eyes alone, that if we took them away for an instant he would fall.

Anxiously we rang up on the fourth act, playing as quickly as we could to get him home to bed, helping him in all the little ways we knew, loving him. He did not raise his eyes now from the floor and played as if by reflex. Effortless—indeed, there was no strength now for any effort—that voice still cut through bitingly to the last row. His technic carried him through the words and the motions of the part he loved.

Perhaps we showed our concern to the audience—I don't know. I hardly know anything about that performance except the picture of Kerrigan coming off, fighting back the tears, crying, "It's—it's too much!" and one dramatic moment at Mr. Drew's exit in the middle of the act.

"Obleege me with your arm, sir," says Sir William to Wrench. "I'll go to my box." And goes offstage.

There was never applause on this exit that I can remember, but that night, as he moved slowly off into the haloing light of a 1000-watt lamp, my heart said to me, "Be still. You are seeing John Drew make his last exit." The audience must have felt it, too, for an electric something seemed to pass through it, hushing it for a long moment. Then came a thundering round of applause, as if they were saying, "Well done, sir! Hail and farewell!"

That was his last performance on any stage. And though I didn't hear it, he did not leave without a flicker of his old self, sick as he was, for Eric Dressler, much nearer to him than I, told me he heard him add, "I'll go to my box, sir—my wooden box."

But next day, on the train, he was again better and sputtering against his enforced lay-off. "Here am I," he raged, "incapacitated—a—a sick man. And look at her!" He pointed an accusing finger at Mrs. Whiffen, fresh as a cricket.

We left him at the station in Portland, where he changed trains to go on to San Francisco. And that was the last any of us saw of John Drew, for when we arrived in San Francisco we found, contrary to our hopes, that he would not be able to open with us. John Kellerd made the announcement to the audience, adding that we expected to have him back again during the week. But things took a more serious turn. The septic poisons had attacked his heart, he was running a high temperature, and we none of us were allowed to see him.

A Gesture of Farewell

O. P. Heggie carried on as Sir William, for, as Mr. Drew said, "The show must go on." Heggie gave a delightful performance, but was utterly miserable playing the part. For it was he who had insisted to George Tyler, in the beginning, that Uncle John was the only man to play the rôle, and had managed to effect an engagement after Drew had declined Mr. Tyler's proposition. Sadly, indeed, did Peter Heggie array himself in the trappings of his dear friend.

What happened from then on is somehow of little moment; the Grand Tour was over. Mr. Drew did not rejoin us, and it was with heavy hearts we went on to Los Angeles without him. The handwriting was on the wall; we all read it clearly.

There had been talk of additional weeks in Chicago and Cleveland after the stated tour, but these were now canceled. A great many of the cast wanted to take them over coöperatively, but what was the use? The head and mainstay was not there; and we might say we were an all-star cast till we were blue; the fact remained we were Mr. Drew's company.

And proudly I shall bear that title all my days. I shall always remember that it was my privilege to get on that stage with him, as Billy Sampson said, in this, his last tour. This sweep of the country from Boston to Vancouver, flinging in a last gesture, broad as those he used on the stage, a fine farewell in one of the great performances of the American theater.

Anxiously we scanned the papers each day, dreading the inevitable news which has come now, as I write, six weeks later.

I know each one of us of that company has let the tragic words fall slowly to his lap and, with dimmed eyes, looked back over these past weeks. I can hear Matty, the property man, now saying, "I been wit' them all, and I tell you John Drew's got class. There's a real guy." And George, the electrician, who had been with him for years—I suspect he got his passion for shirts from Mr. Drew—I can see him shake his head in sorrow. "John Drew is gone. When shall we see his like again?"

A great actor, a fine friend, a gallant gentleman. And, in the words of Sir William Gower describing Kean, the idol of his youth, those words we heard him say so many times, "He was a splendid gypsy!"

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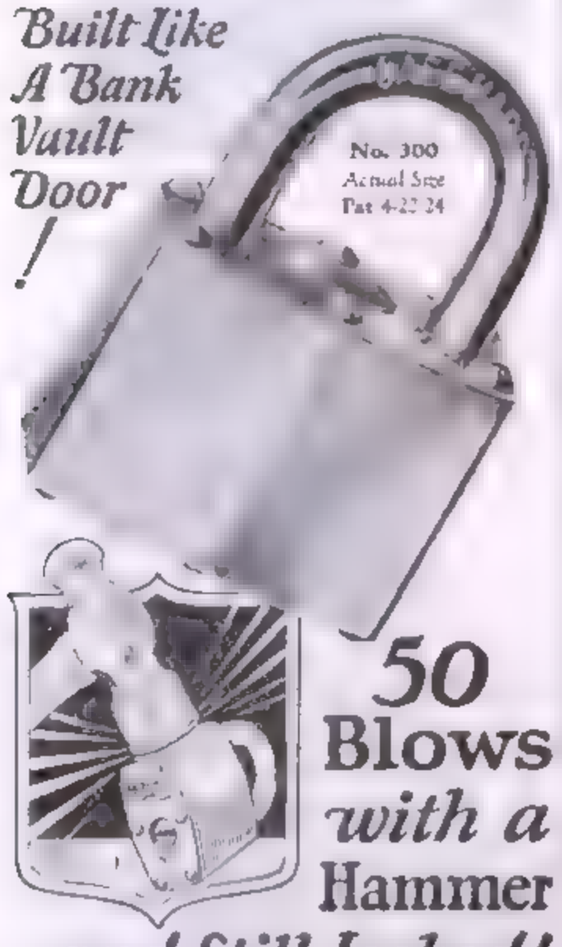

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No. 300—Illustrated above. Case hardened shackle resists file or saw. Only $1.25. Slightly higher in West & Canada

The only LAMINATED PADLOCK

WATCHMAN

(Continued from Page 9)

the judge's folks, took on each day fresh dignity and loveliness of character through the sorrows and delights and the steadfastness of the loves of those who now lived in it.

And not the least note, let me emphasize, in the soft melody that sang through that old dwelling was the stentor snoring of my old friend, Tollgate Sal. That squat, forbidding piece of canine battle strength just radiated love. When I first sat down to break bread with those lovely people, there came a clicking on the broad boards of the dining room. Sally, who had been absent on a tramp with ten fine bulldogs and John Honan, had arrived, and had at once availed herself of the privilege of the house, while the ten, not so favored, trooped along with Honan to the kennels.

She went straight to the judge, her ears laid back ingratiatingly, her monster head cocked over, her black mug wrinkled into a ferocious scowl that tried its best to pass for an inveigling smile, the whole of her a-wagging from the shoulders back. My heart just melted. Here was the charm of bulldogs. Here was utter ferocity, consummate savagery, pitiless battle strength, trying so hard to tell you that you shouldn't go by looks. And when she put her ears back, as she hoped, insinuatingly, she only brought out that much more the snaky contours of her head and neck and made herself more deadly looking than before—unless you loved her kind. If you did that, then you saw the softness in her eye, the warm love glow pleading to be seen, there in the midst of that ferocious mask; and the great tenderness that no dog but a bulldog can inspire welled in you, and you wanted to let the third course go to thunder and get down on the floor and hug that sweet old murderess till her ribs creaked.

"Here, you kids!" That was my host with his very best judicial sternness. "Sit up there on your chairs and eat your dinners and let poor Sal have a couple minutes' peace! Come over here, old lady. Where's your manners? Shake hands with the stranger in our midst."

Sal clicked around to my side of the table, took a sniff, wriggled. It seemed I was all right. Pride filled me, though with small enough excuse. Anyone's all right with a bulldog. I whacked her on the ribs and she snorted her appreciation of a man who knows how to treat a lady.

"Well, then, come on!" I said. "Shake hands." And I found out right away why those two youngsters had been trying to hold back, with small success, their giggles of anticipation. For when I put down my hand to shake, that gargoyle of a pup with ludicrous gravity turned her south end around to me and gave me a back paw to shake.

The two kids shouted; and having paid the price of hospitality by being made the butt of this grand nonsense, the Poplars was my place from that time till I left.

"No, no! No, no!" The judge roared burlesque chagrin at the offending Sal. "The other corner to this gentleman. We like him."

And so, with dignity, Sal got herself turned end for end and, ducking her huge skull, brought up a front paw, which I shook also.

"Not yet! Not yet!" The judge was now correcting my behavior, as I turned to renew my respects to an entrancing mushroom-smothered fillet. "You don't get off that easy, my young man. You shake hands all around with Sal."

So I looked down again to find the lady standing patiently, once more turned end for end, the other back leg up. So I went through the whole performance, much to everyone's delight, including mine and Sarah's, shaking at all four corners, and knew myself, at the end of that performance, to be formally and completely presented to the lady.

Well, half that night we fanned, the judge and I, and all the noble bulldogs of all time went swaggering past us in review. They went swashbuckling, lurching by, a brave array of canine battle tanks, and as they went the anecdotes came flowing—tales of their terrible courage and their gentleness, of their unbelievable tenacity under torture, and of their utterly sweet hearts. We had a fine night of it. And on the next day, which was the Sabbath, we went all over it again, with Honan's help this time; he knew more about bulldogs than Mussolini does about dictating. And later in the day there was the Susquehanna—the Susquehanna and the judge's daughter.

Clad to swim, that lady, even in memory after a space of years, still affects a typewriter so that its type bars tangle up like spaghetti strands. And the bulldogs. How they love it! I have more than once seen the opinion that they are second only to the swimming breeds—Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, spaniels and the like—in water craft. They dive. I know no other breed except pit terriers, which are largely bull, that does. Up tail and under, back legs kicking air a moment. Then down, right to the bottom, six feet maybe.

Beautiful to watch them in clear water, submarining, looking for the water-logged stick you threw, and finding it and bringing it to the top. Sheer determination teaches them the trick perhaps. They'll get that stick. That, unexpectedly, it sank in six-odd feet of water doesn't matter much. The thing to do is to get the stick.

Did you ever tell a bulldog to bring you a fallen tree trunk? You never saw such a job of bark chewing, limb tugging, sapping, mining, plain excavating, shoving, clawing and general hell raising. If the fallen trunk is not too big he'll bring it to you, give him time—no fooling. If it is too big you'll have to carry him away from it. And if your walk brings you back to it three months later, he'll start right in at it where he left off before.

We swam across the Susquehanna and swam back, I and a river goddess and her two mer-children; a floating human island, we, entirely surrounded all the way by bulldogs. It was a perfect day.

It ended perfectly. The healthy and luxurious lassitude that follows a long swim was mine—and a great chair to put it in. A swimming hunger worth ten thousand dollars in any market had been sent into history by a method long approved as faultless. There was tobacco, and a bulldog man, and a slim woman whom love and grief and childward care and joy had made even more beautiful than Nature had intended, and two of the softest-bodied little things that ever looked like angels in their night clothes to bless me with a good-night hug and kiss—and a bulldog on my lap. Fifty-five pounds of bulldog, much of it leaking off and scrambling back on again from time to time, sighing blissful discomfort after each scramble back, her Cerberus muzzle jammed suffocatingly against a chair cushion underneath my elbow.

It ended perfectly, that day, I said. But that's not altogether so. There was one faintest note of uneasy discord.

"I can't help fearing just a little," said the mother of those children, when they had finished calling good nights down to her—"I just can't help it since the papers told that that beast Reave broke prison. His paramour—the one that helped him steal the Stanton baby—she got killed, shot to death by a guard while trying to escape with Reave. I can't help fear. You scathed them so—told them you wished you could have given them both the chair, and sentenced them the limit. He'll blame you, daddy, for his woman's death. Her parents should have named her Sin; she was as vile and beautiful as that. And Reave seemed hers so utterly that I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," the judge said. "Only in books. When they escape in real life they're so glad to get away that they never risk going back by hunting up us old judges for revenge. They keep on going. Nonsense—book nonsense. He'd never try to harm a hair on this bald head."

"It isn't your head, directly, that he'd revenge himself on, dad," said Judge Harrow's daughter.

I never saw human countenance change so quickly. One moment, visioning the chance of jeopardy to his own head, Judge Harrow had sat, smiling indulgence at his daughter's fears. The next his face was grave, and healthy ruddiness on it had given place to muddy gray. That faint chance of jeopardy had shifted to bright precious heads just snuggled in their pillows. I, too, could vision one of those two pillows empty some bright morning, and perhaps the smell of chloroform clinging filthily to the pictured walls of that cheery little chamber. I, too, could see that lovely mother's soft heart twisted and torn by hands a thousand times more hideous even than the bony hands of the grim visitor. And I blessed one judge with the courage to advocate right from his bench a penalty for child stealing as merciless, though not a millionth part as cruel, as the crime.

But quickly as the fear had come to the judge's face, he banished it again, so swiftly that I think his daughter did not see it. Adroitly then he switched our minds to happy channels, so that presently when the lady left us she was smiling.

"Mind you," she admonished her father as she kissed him good night, "no bulldoggery after midnight. You work tomorrow, and the legal mind must be rested."

"There are better things for that than sleep," the judge said. "Dreams come. But take a hobby now ——"

She smiled back at us as she went upstairs. I listened till I heard her door go shut. Then I said to Judge Harrow, "God is good to men."

He made no answer. He, too, had evidently been listening to hear her door go shut, for at once he lifted the extension phone.

"Honan?" he said. "Can you come over, please?"

Presently Honan came.

Yes, said John Honan, he had seen a strange man in the neighborhood within the past few days. Tall, yes, and slim, and stooped a little. The eyes? He could not say. The hat brim had been pulled down low. A scar along the right jaw angle? This also he could not tell. The man had a beard. No, not reddish; very black, as was his hair. Strange for a vagrant, too, if he was that—first one Honan had ever seen not scared to death of bulldogs. Honan had met him on the private road that ran through the little wood at the back of the estate while out one morning exercising the dogs. The man had asked if he might find work on the grounds. A gardener, he had said. A pale man, Honan thought, for that work. But he had evidently been employed some place where there were dogs, for he had stooped and patted all Honan's bully gang, and even roughed up Sal in fun a little bit—entirely unafraid. He must not have worked at his trade for a good while, for his hands were pale and smooth against Sal's brindle coat.

"If I told you, John," the judge said finally, "that Reave, the fellow I sent up for stealing Stanton's baby, had made a prison break, what would you think?"

John Honan scratched his head and thought a while. Brains underneath that bristling crop of hair. For this is what he said:

"I think I'd call up Squire's Agency down in Philadelphia. Ask them for Noonan. He's my brother-in-law. He's the best private cop in the East, if I do say it; and he knows every crook that ever got Bertilloned, red hair dyed black or not. But till he gets here I'd do this: I'd leave

(Continued on Page 77)

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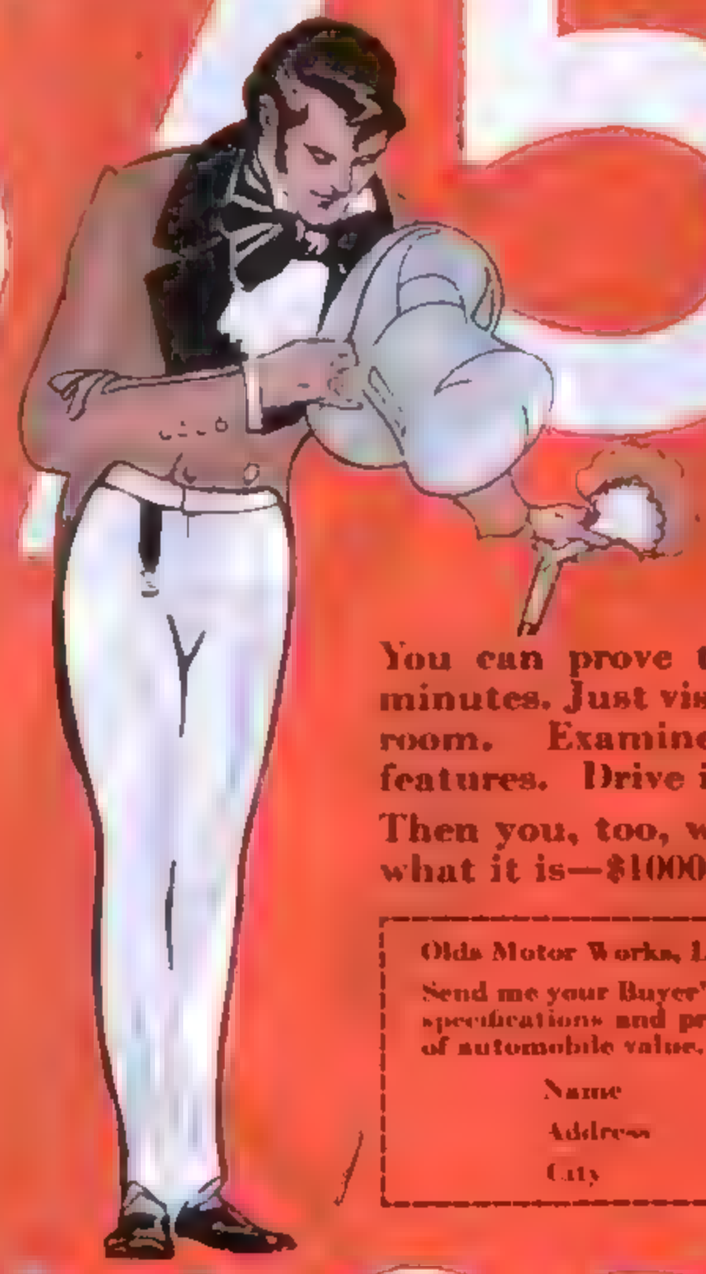

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(Continued from Page 74)

an easy way into the house through the basement, where Sal sleeps—and I'd put her traveling crate at the foot of the outside steps."

Brains underneath that bristling crop of Honan's. I went with him when he placed the dog crate at the foot of the basement steps. Preserve us! How that bull bitch hated that dog crate! It meant dog show to her. She retreated from it to the farthest corner of the cellar, and from the shadow watched Honan's every move, growling as vicious a growl as ever I hope to hear.

A bulldog seldom talks. Weeks may go by without a sound from him. But he is capable of voice. His bark is a hoarse roar that threatens just what he will actually do. It is not high, empty bluffing, and you know that when you hear it. And his growl has terror in it. But the growl that Tollgate Sal was tuning up, deep in her throat, while Honan moved about her dog crate, made small, cold-footed creatures scamper up and down my backbone. I had never seen a bulldog with full rage upon him. I was about to see one. Fighting, with bulldogs, is a sporting proposition—savage past telling, but without hate in it. I had seen bulldog fights aplenty—terrible affairs; but now I was about to see a female at her deadliest—a female bulldog.

"God help the stranger," said John Honan, "who'd try to put her in that crate. Are you reasonably fast on your feet? Well, then watch this!"

And John Honan took two steps away from that dog crate toward the corner where Tollgate Sal stood growling.

They will tell you that a bulldog is slow. It must have been a streak of brindle lightning then that flashed across that basement floor. I've never seen a rush that looked so utterly unstoppable. Nobody tried to stop it. When a bulldog looks at you so direfully, you may not know it, but he's trying to look pleasant. Imagine then the face of Tollgate Sal that night. She was not trying to look pleasant that night. She was trying to look like death, red-mawed and blazing-eyed, and as she charged across that cellar, icily silent, rage so cold in her that she did not even growl, she succeeded.

She succeeded well. I took those outside cellar steps in one jump. Honan, two steps behind me, passed me somehow. We got the cellar doors closed down in time. Then we sat down on them and breathed a while.

"But you're her friend," I said to Honan, after a space.

"Not if I try to put her in that dog crate," Honan said. "Especially now. That means dog show to her. And dog show means fire. And fire—didn't you notice? She'll have puppies soon."

We sat at breakfast early Monday morning, peace upon us. Night had passed restfully. The children still were sleeping. It had been my privilege to look in at them. They were—they were—but why try adjectives? Everyone knows. The good God has let everyone see little children sleeping. It had been my privilege also to see their mother, in an entrancing morning disarray, lean over them—a boon not granted everyone. So I was leaving, well content. Bulldogs, two splendid kids, a woman very lovely, young and slim, and a man all man, had made me one of them for many hours.

"You see," Judge Harrow said, uncovering an omelet beside which gold would have been colorless, "it's all nonsense. Last night went quietly; but today, just to keep my house at ease, I'm having a man from Squire's Detective Agency come in to stay till Reave is caught. But it's all nonsense—all!"

He went on, blustering a little, as he served; but he had not finished when a letter was brought in and put down by his place.

"Strange," said the judge. "No mail this early." He turned it over. "But it isn't stamped. If you'll excuse my curiosity ——" And he opened it.

A most peculiar look came on his face as we watched him reading. A most peculiar silence also spread.

"The kids?" he said very quietly at length. "They were all right?"

She smiled, that mother, fresh from kissing them asleep.

"All right." Her voice was soft and tranquil.

"Read then," her father said.

She read. She paled a little, reading. She passed the sheet to me.

It said: "You killed my woman, Harrow. It was you that did it just as surely as though you had shot the damned steel into her that made her beautiful body carrion. We'd have served a short term out and come off wealthy, for I still have the ransom money. But your beastly sentence made us try the break. So it's you that killed her, understand? By the time you read this then I will have taken one. Some other time the other, maybe. You may well wish now that you could have given us the chair. You'll never know if she I've taken lives or not. At least I know that about my woman. You'll know, though, when your daughter's brain goes dead. You should have mastiffs, judge. On watch, they kill. You pat a bulldog and he rubs against you."

There was no signature.

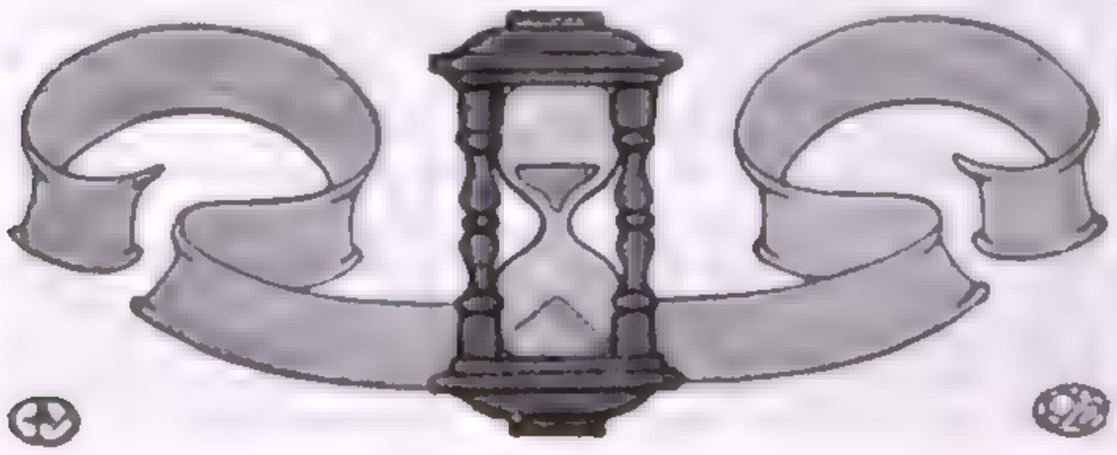
"I found it on the entrance porch," the maid said, awe in her voice at the awe she saw on us.

"Thanks," said the judge. "Everything is quite all right, Marie." And the girl went out.

Then the judge turned to his daughter. "I think you'd better not go with us to the basement, Madge," he said.

The cellar doors, old-fashioned ones, the kind for kids to slide down, we found open. We had not shut the padlock. Old Tollgate Sal was out, nosing about the lawn. When she saw us she came charging over, back humped, tail tucked, in a ridiculous bulldog scamper. She raced around us like a fool, rejoicing in escape from the threatening railway journey and a dog show. Grass showered backward from her gallopings. Have you ever seen a baby hippo try to gambol? But when she followed us to the open cellarway she stopped, and her rapture fell away. She cocked an eye down the steps, and again I heard that murder growl deep rumbling. Down at the bottom of the cellar steps lay the thing at which she growled—that trebly hated crate. And lying still, throat up, not two steps from it ——

To go from the foot of the outside cellarway across the floor to the foot of the steps that led up, indoors, to the pantry, one had to move the crate aside a little, and then walk toward the mat on which the bull bitch slept. He had not feared her growl. He knew bulldogs. You pat a bulldog, he had written, and he rubs against you.



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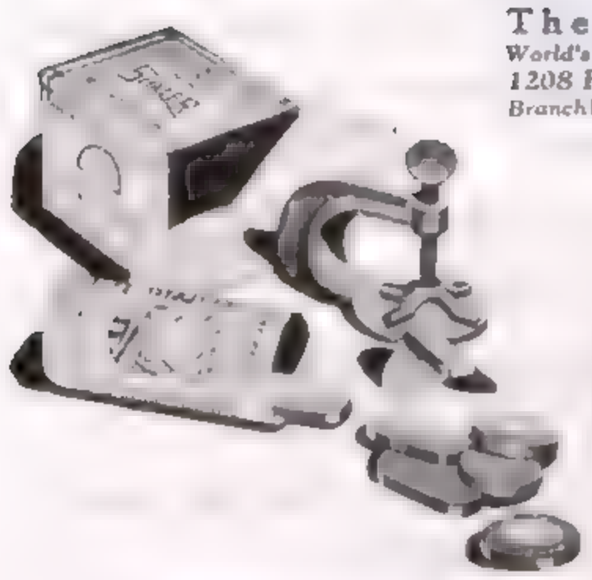

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MAKING A LIVING IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 29)

But meanwhile Mr. Hull finds himself a little pressed for living expenses. It is not so much the cost of eating, for there is a restaurant in Delancey Street where for fifteen cents a man can get two splendidly cooked eggs, rolls, potatoes and coffee. Rent is the heavy item. Mr. Hull usually stops at one of the Mills Hotels, and the cheapest room he can get is forty cents a night. Altogether it takes practically a dollar a day to live; and sometimes when the advertising business is slack, or when stormy weather sweeps the pedestrians off Broadway for an evening, he finds it hard to make ends meet.

Yet there are certain concessions Mr. Hull will not make. People have suggested that he might save on rent by stopping at the Third Street Y. M. C. A., where beds may be had for twenty-five cents; but to this Mr. Hull makes one unvarying answer.

"When a man has been on Broadway as long as I have," he says proudly, "he doesn't want to be bound by a lot of red tape. I suppose the Y. M. C. A. is all right. But you can't make me believe it is really necessary to take a bath every night!"

The Bricklayer

James Dillon learned the bricklaying trade back in the days when a fourteen-story building was the highest in New York City, and four dollars a day was the highest wages. Now the union wage scale is fourteen dollars a day, and you even see want ads in the New York newspapers where contractors offer eighteen dollars a day.

Mr. Dillon does not like to see these eighteen-dollar-a-day advertisements. In the first place, he states, they are usually for rush jobs that last only two or three days. In the second place, it gets the bricklayers in bad with the public. Newspaper jokers and cartoonists make cracks about bricklayers going to work in limousines with silk plug hats on their heads, and everyone believes the bricklayer is a profiteer.

Mr. Dillon would like the public to get this wage proposition right. The union scale of fourteen dollars a day looks like big money. It would be big money if a bricklayer had steady work the year around like a man in a factory. But the records show that in New York the average union bricklayer works only about 180 days a year. For one thing, there is a city ordinance forbidding the laying of bricks at a temperature of less than twenty-eight degrees.

Rain interferes a lot also. You report on a job at eight o'clock in the morning and maybe it is raining. You hang around a while to see if it will clear up. Probably you hang around until luncheon time. If it is clear by then, maybe you work during the afternoon. If not, you lose the whole day.

Another thing—a bricklayer takes quite a few chances. Once when Mr. Dillon was helping to build a big traction chimney he had to work part of the time leaning out over 200 feet of space, with a friend hanging onto his legs to keep him from falling overboard. Of course you get so used to working up in the air that you don't think anything about it, and naturally a man gets careless sometimes. Mr. Dillon himself has had a couple of broken ribs and a smashed leg in his time. Once he was in a hospital fourteen weeks.

So it is easy to see why a New York bricklayer averages only about 180 days a year. At regular union wages, that is about forty-eight dollars a week.

Living isn't cheap nowadays in New York either. Take Mr. Dillon's own case. Back in the old four-dollar-a-day times he had an up-to-date four-room flat right on Manhattan Island at fifteen dollars a month. Now the city has spread out so big that a man has to live way up in the Bronx or on Long Island to find rents he can afford. Mr. Dillon has a wife and five children, and about the cheapest rent he can get is in Brooklyn, where he has a five-room apartment for sixty dollars a month. That takes nearly a third of his wages. The corner grocer and butcher take another third. There is left about seventeen or eighteen dollars a week.

You don't have to be a bookkeeper, Mr. Dillon says, to figure where at least one New York bricklayer doesn't go to work in any limousine with a silk plug hat on his head.

The Actor

New York has always been the drama center of America, both because it has more theaters than any other city and because it is the recruiting place for most of the traveling companies. During recent years a curious change has come about. Few dramatic companies go on the road to play in the smaller cities, but in New York legitimate theaters have steadily multiplied. There are now seventy houses where the spoken drama is offered, and more than 200 new plays are presented each year.

Naturally this has made a difference in the lives of those who depend on the drama for a living. Actors must make a success in New York or not at all. William Hayes, for example, has just completed his twentieth year on the stage. He is known on Broadway as a fairly successful artist, though his name has never been featured in electric lights and he has never been leading man. He specializes in rôles calling for pathos with a touch of comedy. Sometimes he is a worried father of a family, sometimes a visionary old inventor who is swindled by business associates, sometimes the downtrodden secretary of an unscrupulous statesman. For several years Mr. Hayes has commanded a salary of $200 a week in playing such rôles.

This is a far higher salary than he earned in the old days, but his yearly earnings have not much increased, because employment is less steady. When he used to go on tour with stars like William Gillette or Nat Goodwin he drew only sixty dollars a week, but the engagement was usually good for eight or nine months; while now, practically limited to Broadway, he gambles on the success of each play in which he has a part. During the past season he was fortunate enough to be in a production that ran twenty-five weeks and so gained $5000 for his year's work. But the season before that he drew his salary only eight weeks. He had parts in four different plays, all of which were failures and ran only a few nights each. Broadway calls such plays flops.

It is these flops that pull down an actor's average earnings. According to the rules of the profession, a producer has the right to rehearse his play four weeks. The actor gets no money for rehearsing. But to offset this the producer must pay him two weeks' salary even though the play is a flop and runs only a night or two. During Mr. Hayes' poor season two years ago he actually worked twenty-four weeks, counting rehearsals, to earn his $1600.

What Mr. Hayes likes least about his profession is the time he has to lose between engagements. As soon as he finds a play is going to close he leaves his name with an agent, but sometimes it is weeks before a part turns up that suits his particular talent.

Some actors who are out of work "go on the death watch." They visit places where new plays are being rehearsed and inquire if any changes in the cast are contemplated. Sometimes there is an actor who is not rehearsing well, and in such a case the stage director may let him out and give the inquirer a chance at the part. Mr. Hayes has never resorted to the death watch. No artist, he says, can do himself justice when

(Continued on Page 80)

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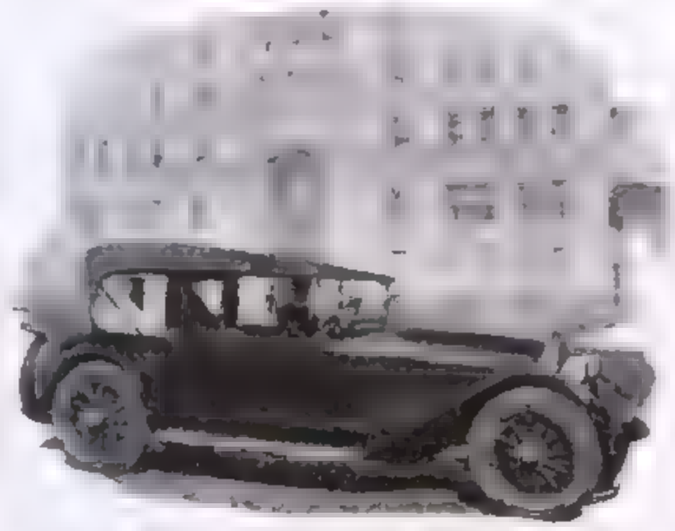

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THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THESE TWO NAMES—REPRESENTING THE LARGEST ACCESSORY MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD—IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF *QUALITY*

ALEMITE

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he knows someone is standing in the wings waiting for him to make a slip.

Figuring up the records of the past eight years, Mr. Hayes finds he has averaged a little better than $2400 a year. He has a brother, a successful New York business man, who has many times offered him a position in his organization, but Mr. Hayes has always declined. He thinks he would not be happy in business even though he made more money. In his own trade there is the splendid exhilaration of playing upon human emotions. He makes a droll gesture and the audience laughs. He speaks a pathetic line and upturned faces register quick sympathy. He defies the villainous statesman and there is a spontaneous clapping of hands that sounds like summer rain upon an attic roof.

Besides all this, there is the chance that some day he may make a Broadway hit. On the occasion of each opening performance he stays up until daybreak to read the reviews in the morning newspapers, and always with the thrilling hope that some influential critic may say: "The acting of Mr. William Hayes revealed a rare artistry that captivated a distinguished first-night audience. His was one of the finest bits of character work seen on Broadway in many a day."

If that time ever comes Mr. Hayes will no longer be worried by long waits between engagements. Producers will bid for his services. Dramatists will contrive plays especially to suit his talents. His name will sparkle in electric lights. It is a dénouement, Mr. Hayes thinks, worth gambling for.

The Fifth Avenue Shopkeeper

Store rents in the choice section of Fifth Avenue are higher than on any other street in the world. The average price is around $2500 a year for each front foot. A merchant can hardly make a showing with less than a twenty-foot front, so it may be said that the man who wishes to do business on Fifth Avenue must face a rental of at least $50,000 a year.

Mr. Blanck has a haberdashery shop on Fifth Avenue and pays the prevailing rental rate for his twenty-foot store. His total expenses, including the rent, are in the neighborhood of $150,000 a year. How does Mr. Blanck manage? If he were selling pearl necklaces or super-expensive art goods, one might understand it. But shirts and neckties do not run into money like pearls and oil paintings. If his were a branch of some great chain organization, it is possible the Fifth Avenue store might be operated at a loss for its publicity value. But Mr. Blanck has no such backing. His shop must pay its own way. He has plenty of competition, for there are a score of other haberdashery shops catering to the Fifth Avenue trade.

It might appear that Mr. Blanck and his neighbor merchants have some secret prescription of success denied to others. Yet two and two make four on Fifth Avenue as elsewhere. Mr. Blanck must pay his bills in United States money. His customers are American citizens, not kings and Eastern potentates.

There is no secret prescription, but a great deal of hard business sense is necessary. If you wish to start business on Fifth Avenue, one of two courses is open. Either you must be rich enough to chance several years of loss or you must prepare yourself a clientele before you assault that highway of high costs. Mr. Blanck chose the latter course. Twenty-five years ago he opened a shop on a side street near Fifth Avenue and began to prepare for his great adventure. It was no easy task. In his present store on the Avenue, for instance, Mr. Blanck's cheapest shirts are $102 a dozen and he has others up to $420 a dozen. His neckties range up to eighteen dollars apiece, and he has handkerchiefs at eight dollars each. It was his problem in his side-street store to acquire a following of customers who were able to purchase such high-priced articles. He could not, of course, afford to carry any popular-priced merchandise, because to do so would nullify the atmosphere of exclusiveness that he had carefully to cultivate.

On a side street you do not get a chance at millionaire customers every day, and for more than five years Mr. Blanck lost money. Sometimes he was tempted to give up his Fifth Avenue ambitions. It was a case of winning a man's favor through some chance purchase and getting his name on a mailing list. It was better still if the client would allow his purchase to be charged, although wealthy people do not always pay their bills each month. As soon as Mr. Blanck could afford it, he began making yearly trips to Europe in search of exclusive fabrics, and on his return would write letters in longhand to his list of clients informing them of his purchases.

Mr. Blanck was in business on the side street eleven years before he felt safe to make his great plunge. One Monday morning he went to his store and on his desk was a letter postmarked Bordeaux and written on the stationery of a celebrated private yacht, the property of one of New York's richest men, who was making a world tour with a party of friends. The letter instructed Mr. Blanck to send at once one dozen dress shirts, a duplicate of a former order, to Cairo, Egypt. Mr. Blanck knew then that he had arrived as a purveyor to the wealthy. That afternoon he commissioned a rental agent to procure for him a location on Fifth Avenue.

One has said there is no secret prescription for Fifth Avenue success, yet in a way Mr. Blanck has a secret. He stands for conservatism. He regrets the modern tendency toward informal dress. Only a short time ago he attended the opera and saw several young men of the audience wearing soft collars. Mr. Blanck believes the management owed it to others to refund these offenders their money. In Mr. Blanck's own establishment there is no lack of formality. No employe may use a phrase of slang. The salespeople bow when they approach a client. Should the client ask for something not in a salesman's particular department, the salesman does not merely tell the client where to go, but escorts him to the proper counter. To valued clients Mr. Blanck still writes letters in longhand.

Does one believe there is waste of time in such formalities? Not when Mr. Blanck's philosophy is fully understood. It is only young people, he contends, who are satisfied with hurried informality. Middle age leans toward meticulous dignity. It is solid middle age that has money to spend for handkerchiefs at eight dollars and shirts at thirty-five dollars each. Few people under forty have Fifth Avenue incomes.

"Look up and down the Avenue," Mr. Blanck says, "and see for yourself. The boys and girls do the window shopping. It is the men and women above forty who do the real spending. Fifth Avenue is what it is because it caters to prosperous, dignified middle age."

The Girl in the Window

For more than a year now Martha Aikman has earned her twenty-two dollars a week and three meals a day making pancakes in the front window of a restaurant in the Wall Street district. To qualify for the job she worked one month in the restaurant kitchen under an experienced hand. But she will never forget the flop she made the first day she took charge of the big griddle in the window. She thought she was all right after the training in the kitchen, but when she got out in front, with all the bustle and racket and a lot of people standing on the sidewalk looking at her, she had a genuine case of stage fright. Her hands shook so she couldn't do anything right. It seemed that every order of cakes she made was either too pale or too brown. Customers complained and some of the waitresses razzed her. Finally the manager came and took the job out of her hands right in front of everyone.

But you get used to anything if you stick at it, and now Miss Aikman doesn't care how many people are rubbering at her. The more the merrier, she says. One day at luncheon time, when the restaurant was crowded with people, a lot of smoke began coming up from the basement and an alarm of fire was turned in. She was kind of scared, but she had her griddle covered with cakes and she kept right on turning them as though everything was O.K. The fire didn't amount to much and the firemen put it out with chemicals, but the chief gave her quite a compliment. He said she helped prevent a panic by doing as she did. Some of the waitresses who razzed her when she was green at the business heard the chief give this compliment, and Miss Aikman wonders how they managed to laugh that off.

It looks like pretty good money, this twenty-two dollars a week and meals. Miss Aikman and another girl in the restaurant have a room in Brooklyn together and pay four dollars a week apiece. That ought to leave eighteen dollars clear. But you get tired of eating at the same place all the time, and Miss Aikman spends two or three dollars every week for outside meals. She wishes it understood she is not knocking the food at her own restaurant. It is just human nature that a person likes a change once in a while.

The Chain-Grocery Manager

As everyone knows, the retail grocery trade is a hard game, and especially so in New York City. Competition is terribly keen. Not only that, but sudden shifts of population often occur in the metropolis that leave a merchant high and dry. It was one of these shifts that forced Charles Cottam to abandon his career as an independent grocer and go to work for a chain-grocery corporation. He is now manager of one of its corner stores on the upper West Side.

Back in 1912 Mr. Cottam started a grocery store in the Bronx. It was a good location, because at that time his was the only grocery for four entire blocks, and he prospered to the point where he worked eight clerks and ran three delivery wagons. Then competition increased until there were twenty-seven stores in the neighborhood, all selling groceries. Of course the population increased also, but not in a way to do Mr. Cottam any good. When he first opened up, most of the people were native Americans, and he knew how to do business with them, because he himself is a New Englander, born in Connecticut. Suddenly these native Americans began moving out and their places were taken by foreign born, mainly Italians. The Italians were industrious people, with plenty of money to spend, but naturally they liked to spend it with merchants who understood their language, and Mr. Cottam could not accommodate them in that. When he finally turned his store over to his creditors he had less than $100 to show for ten years of independent storekeeping.

Almost immediately Mr. Cottam got a job with the chain-grocery organization, but was obliged to work as an ordinary clerk for more than a year before he was promoted to a branch managership. He thought this was pretty hard at the time, but now he sees it was necessary. He admits he learned more about scientific merchandising during that year than he knew from all his previous experience.

One thing especially impressed him. Though the corporation is rich, it is more careful of its capital than Mr. Cottam ever was in his own business. No money is allowed to be idle. Any line that does not sell quickly is thrown on the bargain counter and turned into cash, and the cash invested in other goods.

There is another thing that Mr. Cottam now realizes is tremendously important. When he ran his own business he inventoried once a year and learned then whether he had gained or lost during the preceding twelve months. But the chain-store corporation maintains a system by which it knows at the close of each day's business precisely what its gain or loss has been in each of its fifty stores. Five years ago Mr. Cottam would have said it was a waste of money to keep such a detailed set of records, but now he sees how important it is, because you stop the small leaks before they have time to grow big enough to break you.

How does Mr. Cottam feel about being only a branch manager after having a business of his own for ten years? Well, there are pros and cons. Of course it is pleasanter when you go to open up the store in the morning to see your own name over the door. But you have fewer worries as a branch manager. For one thing, the corporation takes all the burden of financing off your shoulders; and the financing, as everyone knows, is what makes a man lie awake nights. After all, a man works so as to get as much as he can out of life, and just to see your name over the door isn't everything. A steady forty-five-dollar-a-week job is pretty comfortable, especially when the corporation has a profit-sharing plan that insures your future if you make good on your job.

It is your own state of mind that is the hardest thing to conquer, Mr. Cottam believes, when you go to work for someone else after having been your own boss a long time. You expect to obey orders, of course. But sometimes you think an order is foolish and believe you know a better way to accomplish the same results. Right there is the test: Will you put your whole soul into doing it the way you are told to do? Or is there a temptation to do it only half-heartedly, secretly hoping it will not turn out very well, so you will eventually have the satisfaction of showing how it ought to be done? Unless you can train yourself to believe the corporation knows more about its business than you do, Mr. Cottam says, you will never be a successful branch manager.

Many people think the chain stores will eventually crowd out all private retailers, not only in groceries but in other lines, and their argument is based on the fact that the chains buy merchandise in such large quantities that they get it much cheaper than the small merchant. Mr. Cottam, who has been on both sides of the fence, does not share this opinion. He thinks the human element is too strong. Right in the West Side neighborhood where he works are five grocery stores, branches of as many different corporations, and each of these is successful or not according to the branch manager who runs it. Sometimes a store that has not been much of a competitor suddenly comes to life and begins to take trade away from the others. When that happens Mr. Cottam knows without being told that a live wire has been appointed manager.

The way Mr. Cottam figures is this: The chains have had an easy time so far because they buy their goods cheaper and because they are more skillful than the independent storekeepers. But the chains themselves are constantly training men to become skillful merchants. Storekeeping is the most human proposition in the world. Even in New York people would rather trade with an individual than a corporation. If a man is a live wire and knows his business, he can afford to pay a little more for his stock and still make some money.

The Sandwich-Board Man

William Padgett walks between a pair of sandwich boards eight hours each day on Nassau Street just below the old City Hall and advertises a quick-lunch restaurant that serves old-fashioned ham and beans for twenty-five cents. Though Mr. Padgett's hair and beard are gray with age, his heart is young. He loves to read as he walks slowly up and down the block, and his favorite works are paper-bound stories of adventure. The tale that charms him at present is entitled A Wizard for Luck.

Mr. Padgett believes he is lucky himself. Most men in his profession find employment but two or three days a week, while

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SAVAGE . . . . the *One* Washer that does the LAST HARD HALF

Any washer will wash and blue for you—that's the lesser half of the washday job. The wringerless Savage, with its "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" also does for you *the Last Hard Half—* rinsing and drying—*as well as the washing and bluing.*

Yes, this is my "Savage" that ends all wringing and handling of the clothes.

TODAY almost any washer will do a satisfactory washing and bluing—after which you must fish each piece out of the soapy water and guide it repeatedly through a wringer. And *you* must do the rinsing!

The wringerless Savage, with its "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry," is the *one* washer that does not make you put your hands in either wash or rinse water, *at any time.* An entire load is spin-rinsed by a spray of hot water drawn direct from the faucet.

There is no handling of clothes from tub to tub.

Nor does the Savage make you feed clothes through a wringer, and after each washday replace torn-off buttons and smashed fasteners. It *spin-dries* everything without the possibility of injury to yourself or clothes. The Savage does not leave you tedious hours of ironing out wringer-wrinkles, because it spin-dries without matting or creasing the clothes.

It does not force you to fill and empty its tub a pail at a time, or require the installation of costly plumbing connections. It fills direct from the faucet, and empties through its own automatic ejector pump. Savage does not make you labor *with it every minute of the time;* it does *all* the work *for you* while you merely supervise.

You should know all about this wonderful washer, already in use in over 100,000 homes. Send this coupon for the free booklet, "GONE! WASHDAY'S LAST HARD HALF."

The Wringerless SAVAGE *Washer & Dryer*

FASTEST IN THE WORLD

with the exclusive Spin-Rinse Spin-Dry *feature*

Made and Guaranteed by
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
207 Savage Avenue
Utica, N. Y.

Owners and Operators of
J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Largest Manufacturers of Shot Guns in the World

Manufacturers of
Savage Sporting Arms
Savage Wringerless Washer and Dryer
Savage All-Electric Ironer
Savage Mercury Refrigeration System for Preserving Ice Cream

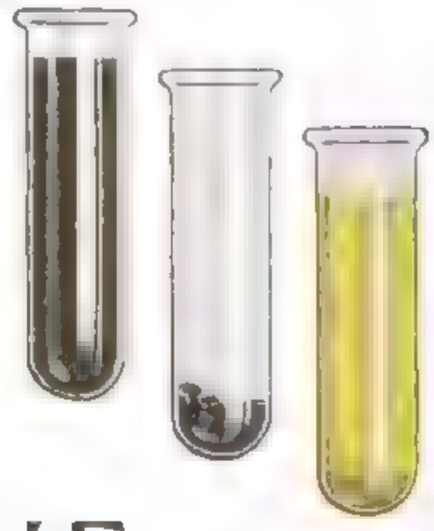
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, 207 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.
Send me free illustrated story of how I can end the Last Hard Half of the washing task.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State ..... S.E.P. 9-3-27

© 1927 Savage Arms Corp.

Buy motor oil by name—TEXACO

Watch the color—GOLDEN



All crude oil is dark in color —very much like the Texaco crude in the tube on the extreme left. Texaco refining removes *all* the dark residues (as in the middle tube) leaving the clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil in the last.

FINE CARS DESERVE FINE OIL

People who know their way about in the world, and whose lives prove it, have very simple solutions for motoring problems. They instinctively trust the leadership built by quality.

The clean, clear, golden Texaco is as natural a motor oil for them as the good lines of the cars they drive or the clothes they wear.

By itself they might not give more than a passing thought to the color, but with a world-known name shining through it—they are content.

To them technical perfection of Texaco lubrication is implied by the vast Texaco growth, which also appeals to them as being somehow more individual and distinctive than the rest.

On the Road, or on the Avenue, they naturally roll up to the Texaco Red Star and Green T for lubrication service.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York City
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO
CLEAN-CLEAR-GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

Sail silently, swiftly, safely In a Reo *Flying Cloud*

Down cool highways that march between the flaming trees of autumn, you can sail swiftly, silently, safely in a Reo Flying Cloud. Or if it be your mood to loiter lazily, you'll find that a "Cloud" is a gay companion. Deep chested power hurls you swiftly, pulls you slowly without laboring, sweeps into action whenever you desire. Safety is yours at any speed because of Velvet Stop brakes. Silently you travel for a Flying Cloud is built for that. Be sure to try one out.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

REO
FLYING CLOUD

SEDAN VICTORIA
BROUGHAM
SPORT COUPE
ROADSTER

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

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he has worked steadily for the quick-lunch counter for more than six months, with only an occasional day's lay-off on account of weather. Not only that but his pay is above the average. Every night he receives $1.75 in cash and he eats three meals a day in the restaurant kitchen.

During the past twelve years Mr. Padgett has walked between the advertising boards of many different business firms. The best job he ever had before this one was with a passport photographer who paid him two dollars a day and a bonus of 10 per cent on all business he brought personally to the gallery. That, however, was during the war, when money was notoriously easy. During the slump of 1921 the best he could do was a dollar a day for a shoe-repair establishment. A beauty parlor once paid him $1.75 a day, but no meals. There is a pants tailor uptown who employs several sandwich men at a reported pay of $2.50 a day, but Mr. Padgett cannot verify this, as he has never been lucky enough to connect with the firm.

How does one set about to become a sandwich man? Well, Mr. Padgett just drifted into it, and rather late in life. He was born in Brooklyn and educated in the public schools there, but was never intrigued into learning a regular trade. Sometimes he worked around the docks and sometimes as a grocery-wagon driver. Then he left the city to seek his fortune and for more than twenty years was employed in a village of the Adirondacks by a company that bottled mineral spring water for the city trade. The company went out of business, and Mr. Padgett decided to try his luck in New York. Before becoming a sandwich man he had several jobs, but the one he liked best was that of dishwasher in the Players Club. They certainly fed the help well. Mr. Padgett has been in the room that is kept as a memorial to Edwin Booth. Along in 1915, when times were so hard, Mr. Padgett was out of a job and one day stood in front of a grocery store in Third Avenue. The grocer came out and asked if he would like to carry a pair of signboards, and Mr. Padgett accepted. That was all there was to it. He has followed the profession ever since.

There is one modern tendency of which Mr. Padgett strongly disapproves. Instead of the regular sandwich boards, many employers now furnish a banner that is carried on the end of a stick. Mr. Padgett contends that the banner, necessarily smaller than the sandwich boards, must be of less advertising value. Also the banner is harder to carry, especially in a strong wind; while a man gets so used to the boards that he almost forgets he has them on. Neither can a man read while carrying a banner.

Still Mr. Padgett has no serious complaints. Many of his confreres depend on the Bowery Mission to procure them engagements, but he has always found it best to go to employers direct. Of course in periods of depression outsiders horn into the profession and wages are forced down; yet taking it year in and year out, Mr. Padgett thinks well of his calling.

"Suppose a man does occasionally have to take a dollar a day," he says philosophically. "The work isn't hard. All you have to do is to walk around—and you'd be doing that anyhow."

The Master Salesman

Of all the learned treatises that have been written on the art of salesmanship, none contains more than this: Learn what your customers want and give it to them.

Though Antonio Giuseppi is not a reading man, he has instinctively grasped this great fundamental of business. Mr. Giuseppi operates a hand organ for the entertainment of residents about Washington Square in lower Manhattan. On the square's western rim there is a dense colony of people of Irish extraction; on the north there is a stately row of houses occupied by families of purest American ancestry; while through the great arch of the Washington Memorial one sees the quaint old hotels that are the center of French life in New York.

Mr. Giuseppi's hand organ has but three tunes, yet because he has studied the desires of his customers, these yield him a splendid income. He plays The Wearing of the Green, The Star-Spangled Banner and The Marseillaise.

Miss Covell

Since Miss Covell first went to work in the big Broadway department store back in 1899, she has seen more than 20,000 people hired and an almost equal number fired, or quit of their own accord. Many of those who quit did so because they believed there was nothing in department-store work, but Miss Covell has found it a profitable profession. She alludes to herself as General Factotum, because, she says, there is no precise title to fit her job. One of her duties is to see that the stocks of merchandise in the sixty departments keep moving. She tells the department managers how much they can buy. She looks out for the bank balances so there will always be cash on hand to pay bills and take the discounts. Few know what salary Miss Covell draws, for she is also acting treasurer and makes out her own salary check. One can only judge of the amount by knowing what the cost of living is at the Park Avenue apartment hotel where Miss Covell makes her home.

Why has Miss Covell so definitely arrived when thousands of others have stayed in lower positions or given up the game altogether? Someone once told Miss Covell she was successful because she has the poise of authority, but she takes little stock in such fancy phrases. Anyone can have authority, she says, who thinks out things in advance and is careful never to show temper. If you tell a person to do something when you are angry or fussed, he suspects right away that you haven't given proper consideration to the order and he loses faith in your judgment. But you have got to show you mean business. You must be willing to go to the mat when occasion arises, no matter how much you dislike a row.

Miss Covell does not think she had any particular aptitude for the department-store business. She was hired at first as salesgirl in the underwear section, but only stayed behind the counter four months, which is all the actual selling experience she has ever had. Then, because she was taller than average, she was made an usher, a job at which girls were often employed in those days instead of men floorwalkers. She wore a ribbon around her neck from which hung a metal badge with her title engraved on it. Then she was changed again, going to work in the restaurant department, where she had charge of the supplies.

Surely there was little in these jobs for Miss Covell to get excited about, and the next was worse. They put her in the delivery department, where she had to check up on all the packages that were sent out to customers not only in New York proper but in Brooklyn and New Jersey.

Stores delivered more parcels then than now, because there was no parcel post; and it was a harder proposition, because deliveries were made with horses and wagons. Miss Covell says she had to use that poise-of-authority talent of hers to the limit on some of the East Side lads who drove the teams.

The store had a big trade in Brooklyn, and it became necessary to put on extra wagons and fix new routings. Anyone who has ever looked at the tangled map of Brooklyn will know what a job this was. Miss Covell had never been called on to do real brain work before. She fussed over the proposition several days and then decided temperishly to tell the management it would have to get someone else to do the job. She said this to an old Irishman named Flynn, who was a watchman around the place. Flynn asked her how old she was, and she said twenty-four.

"I see you're getting ready to join my gang," Flynn remarked.

Miss Covell asked him what he meant by that.

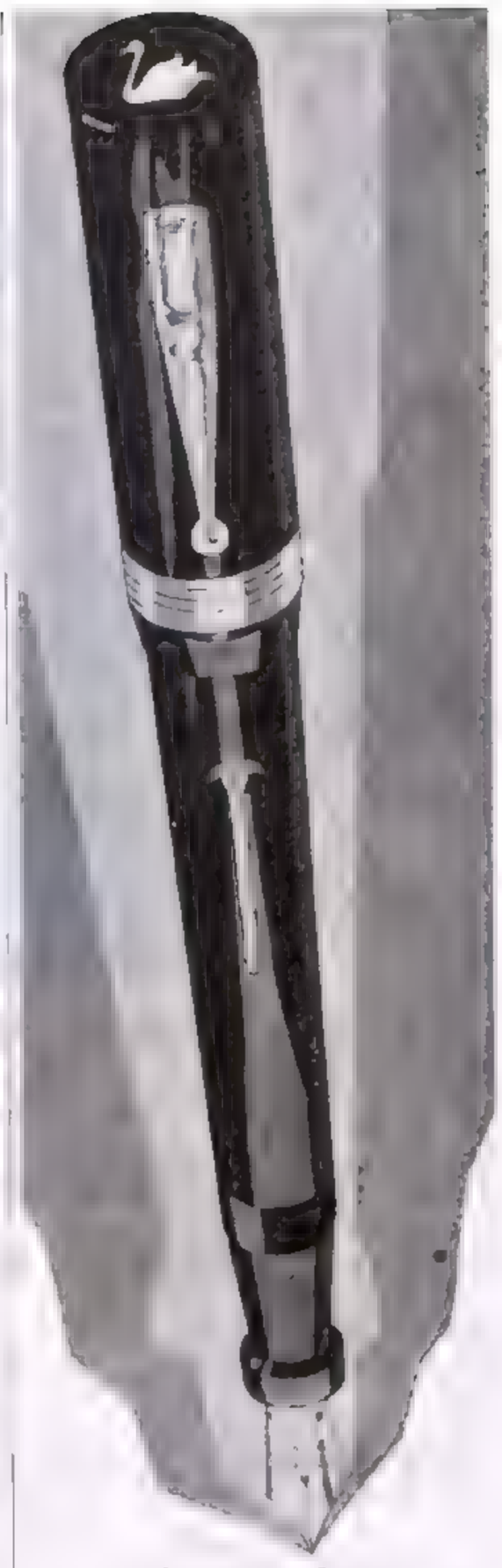
"Just look at the help in this store," Flynn said. "There are hundreds of people who do all right until they get into their forties. Then they begin to peter out. They have to quit or take jobs like mine. If you talk with them, you'll find it is because they have favored their brains too much. They will work five hours with their hands rather than five minutes with their brains. When you favor your brain a good many years it gets ossified, and then you can't use it if you want to."

Old Flynn laughed cynically and pointed at Miss Covell's map of Brooklyn.

"When I was twenty-four, I bet I could have charted out delivery routes; but I guess I was like you—it was easier to let my brain rest and use my arm muscles. Well, there's plenty of room at the bottom."

Miss Covell knew all about Flynn. He was past sixty and earning ten dollars a week. She was scared for herself—enough so that she went at her Brooklyn job and finished it in spite of the wear and tear on her brain. After that, brain jobs lost their terrors. Somehow the management of the big store found it out, and her brain never had a chance to become ossified.

And so, though Miss Covell is Manhattan born and bred, when asked to explain her success in business life, she always replies it was Brooklyn that gave her her great opportunity.



Good for twenty or thirty years to come

THERE is one thing that you demand in a fountain pen. It must write perfectly and *keep on* writing perfectly. Swan will do that because it *has* done it. Yes, there are Swan pens in use today which have served constantly for twenty, thirty, forty years. Yet the prices are only $5, $6 or $7. If your dealer hasn't Swan, write Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York City.

Swan PENS

EXTRA QUALITY
KNOX
NEW YORK

THESE GRACES are granted to every Knox Hat—good taste, spruce style and stubborn resistance to wear and weather! The new "Fifth Avenue" bears the label of Knox and at $8.00 is a prime investment in men's Fall felts. Other fine Knox Hats for $10, for $12 and up to the superb Knox Forty at $40.

KNOX HATS

452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Roosevelt Hotel (*Madison at* 45th)
161 Broadway (*Singer Bldg.*)
Waldorf-Astoria (*Fifth Ave. at* 34th)
The Paramount Bldg. (44th *and* B'way)
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

AND AT ACCREDITED AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

FROM THE INSIDE

(Continued from Page 19)

The alternative is the sort of advertising that lays stress on the institutional, while creating a general interest in the product. This means long-haul advertising—advertising that, once started, must be kept up consistently in season and out of season. You cannot sell an institution by sporadic outbursts.

A word about truth in motion-picture advertising and publicity. In the matter of advertising it did not take long to learn that the truth pays. You won't find the truth actually violated in motion-picture advertising to the dealer or to the public. And at the same time you may not agree with an ad after you have seen the picture. This is because we deal in an intangible product, with an appeal as varied as the number of persons you may find in an audience. The picture advertised as one of the greatest heart dramas ever made may not appeal to your heart at all. But at the same time there will be many in the audience who would go further than the advertising writer, and proclaim it the greatest.

Where is the picture-advertising man to find the lines of demarcation between truth and exaggeration and opinion. He can take only the point of greatest appeal about a picture as it strikes him and do his best to sell all readers he feels will be affected by that type of appeal.

There was a time when our skirts were probably not so clean in the matter of truthful publicity. As an inheritance from the theatrical days, we had the conception of a publicity man as one who stole newspaper space by hook or crook, and the more clever if by crook. Here I want to pay a word of tribute to the work of Mr. Will Hays in this regard. The industry has long since cleaned house; there is no room for the faking type of press agent, creating news out of whole cloth and laughing at editors who fall for his dreams.

A Frame for the Picture

Now, in conclusion, a word about hokum. That's a perfectly good word, admitted to good standing in some of the best dictionaries. Do you know what it is? Well, one dictionary describes it as "a word, act, business or property used by an actor to win an audience." The aim of every advertisement, whether of pictures or anything else, is to win an audience. So it is legitimate to use hokum in advertising, because to win an audience for pictures you've got to reach its heart, and hokum is nothing in the world but heart interest. The fire engine dashing down the street is good hokum for the people who love that sort of thrill. On the other hand, the classics are good hokum for the so-called highbrow. We pick out the feature of a picture which we think will interest the greatest number of people. Then we hammer away at it and keep hammering until it has been driven home to film followers.

Among the many articles which have been published dealing with the manifold advantages to the exhibitors of advertising their pictures fully, in so far as their lobbies are concerned, one great illustration has been overlooked. It is the effect of the simultaneous showing of two motion pictures with leading stars of equal merit.

We can imagine, for example, two houses in competition, each showing a picture which features a player who, in popular favor, ranks on the same level with the other. There is no need to mention any star in particular, so many can be paired off in their relative drawing powers.

One of these exhibitors decides to stand pat. He will let his posters, stills, or maybe a plain banner, announce the name of the star and allow the drawing power of the actor or actress to do the rest. The other exhibitor, believing in the old maxim of striking while the iron is hot, is not content to stand pat. With a strong hand he plays it for all he is worth. He reasons with himself somewhat in this fashion: "My competitor has a star of equal drawing power to mine. How can I get the inside track and keep it?" And then he naturally thinks of an added attraction for his picture. How can this be done? First and last, by good publicity. The public mind is influenced by its first impressions; almost entirely so in the case of a motion picture, because the decision is taken before the leaven of a second impression has any time to begin work.

Two Vandykes are on a wall. One is in a frame of perfect setting, with the light so arranged that the marvelous coloring is displayed to the full at the first sight. The other is neglected. The frame is a makeshift one and the true value of the proper light is ignored. Which one gets the first attention and the first word of praise? The second and longer impression may entirely reverse the critic's decision. The neglected one may really be the finer one. But there is no second impression so far as a motion picture is concerned. First impressions do the trick.

The Original Ideas

The exhibitor who knows his business will have a magnetic lobby display that gets the man on the street before his competitor; that stops him surely and quickly and does not let him pass on to the other house.

The reader may attach very little importance to these comments of mine which describe the functions of our publicity, advertising and exploitation departments as well as the significance of accessories and lobbies to theater proprietors. To be candid, I believe I haven't stressed the importance of these factors too strongly. Each in its own way has spelled success for countless photoplays, and we expended, for example, something like $1,399,416 during 1926 to maintain advertising, publicity and exploitation departments.

Perhaps here and there we have offended good taste; it may be that our methods have not appealed to some discriminating persons; perchance we transgressed the heights of propriety. But our experiences and problems create just such conditions, and in order to prosper, strategy becomes part of the game of motion pictures. If our seraph superior ever hales us before the bar on Judgment Day, my only plea will be: "Be charitable to the erring."

When the romance of the motion-picture business in this country comes to be written, the story and scenario contributions should supply picturesque chapters for the book.

I believe that hardly a soul who has ever attended a motion picture does not nurture a secret desire to see some pet story or theme of his own liking transplanted upon the screen. The correspondence of our own office is sufficient witness to this statement.

Only recently I put up a cash prize of $5000 to the one who could offer an original idea as to how motion pictures might be improved. Ninety-nine per cent of the total replies carried suggestions from the aspirants that the industry could be elevated by filming certain stories the contestants bore in mind. They ranged from biblical themes, mythology, classics, poetry and popular novels, down to original stories. Thus it would appear that an original idea when boiled down is nothing more than one's pet scenario. Even if I desired to consider these suggestions, I could give enough reasons why their themes would not fit into our program or schedule. In the first place, although sent in good faith, they were made without the slightest regard as to whether they fitted the type of stars under contract to us, whether the themes were timely and whether the cost of filming would ever yield a return on our outlay.

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86

How then does the average producer choose his stories? As far as I am concerned, ever since we turned the crank on Hiawatha, our first picture, I have clung to one basic rule which has guided me in the selection of stories, and that is, cleanliness. In order to receive consideration a story must first of all be clean and free from the least suggestiveness. It must, if it seeks a way to the screen, be something that no parent need be ashamed to bring his children to witness. Every scenario editor who has ever worked for me has been instructed expressly to dismiss any theme that offends common decency.

It is eighteen years since I first began pounding away on this mandate, and its wisdom and justification have been amply demonstrated to me. Let others experiment with the manners and foibles of the upper-class Continentals, the drab and dismal philosophy of the Slavs, the so-called sex plays, and all the shocking violations of morality produced in some pictures; as for myself, I shall continue to adhere to that first rule laid down since the making of my initial picture. To make sure that our judgment was correct we even submitted our pictures to the National Board of Review in advance of release.

The High Cost of Stories

In the old days we chose stories in almost every conceivable fashion, without regard to the propensity of the players. Some were written around an idea, title or current topic. A great many of them came to us in answer to advertisements. High prices were not only unknown but were impossible when an entire picture could be made at a cost of $1000.

Consider some of the early market prices that were accepted by well-known fiction writers:

George Ade's Father and the Boys	$1500
Frances Hodgson Burnett's That Lass o' Lowrie's	2500
Clara Louise Burnham's Jewel	500
James Oliver Curwood's The Queen of Jungleland	300
Coningsby Dawson's	
The Poison Word	150
The Sunrise Girl	150
The Forecast of Fate	200
Reginald Wright Kauffman's Ivy and Oak	500
Five Stories from Peter B. Kyne	1250
Three novels from Meredith Nicholson	1500
Augustus Thomas'	
Colorado	1000
Earl of Pawtucket	1000
Two stories from Samuel Hopkins Adams	750
Avery Hopwood's Judy Forgot	1000
Wallace Irwin's Thrown to the Lions	250
Two novels from Frederick S. Isham	1000
Robert H. Davis' Lassoed	75
Harold MacGrath's Half a Rogue	250
Two stories from Chas. E. Van Loan	100
Two stories from Stephen French Whitman	1500
Richard Harding Davis' The Scarlet Car	1000

The following writers also contributed stories at the same rate of payment: Alice Hegan Rice, George Pattullo, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Frank H. Spearman, Holman Day, Edna Ferber, Owen Wister, Henry C. Rowland, John Fleming Wilson, Charles Neville Buck and Booth Tarkington.

Today the screen rights for their efforts can be multiplied by ten and still be considered low-priced by producers. Some ten years ago we paid Miss Edna Ferber $5600 for the film privileges to her novel Fanny Herself, and it was considered a liberal price. She having recently written Show Boat, we presented her with a check for $65,000 for the film rights to this novel. In this present day any reputable producer considers himself fortunate indeed if he can secure stories from popular writers for less than $15,000.

With the disappearance of the short, dramatic, one, two and three reelers the authors came into their own. There is no limit to prices for stories. The record to date reveals several stories and well-known stage plays which have been acquired at a cost that runs well above the hundred-thousand-dollar mark.

The matter of securing scenarios has taken on the highest importance. A story must meet with all the rules already mentioned. We have scenario departments in our home office and the West Coast studios, where a record is kept of every story or scenario which passes through our hands. Every novel and magazine that makes its appearance in the English language is read with a view to finding suitable material for the screen.

Every play that makes its appearance on Broadway finds a member of our scenario department in the audience. Stories and themes come sputtering through to us in every manner. Some are often submitted by literary and play agents.

In Hollywood there has arisen a new craft of photo playwrights, generally recruited from the writing fraternity, such as journalists, novelists and playwrights. This group has made a special study of the camera facilities in relation to story medium. It was back in 1897 that the Biograph Company needed the services of someone to write the fifty-foot subjects for the Biograph mutoscope machines. Up until that time anyone in the organization wrote the subjects, but the demand for these mutoscope pictures—the penny-in-the-slot machine—was strong, and Roy L. McCardell, who was then with the New York Telegraph, was put on the staff as the first photo playwright.

If all the producers, including myself, had followed the early example of the old Biograph Company and never attempted to compete for the film privileges of stories that have been written with no thought of the screen in mind, we would now have a fully developed scenario technic that would stand on its own feet, instead of being obliged to bid frantically for stories that are first served to the public in print or upon the stage. But the fact of the matter is that no producer is bold enough to turn down the popular novels and plays for the efforts of the photo playwrights.

Art and Dividends

Authors like George Ade, Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach and James Oliver Curwood, who have built up an enviable reputation, experience no trouble when they submit original stories for the screen. Not that they have mastered the screen technic any better than the lesser-known scenarists, but they have earned their laurels from a reading public. It has got so that producers must now take into consideration the author's name to share the spotlight with the featured players.

I believe that I am not betraying any breach of confidence when I assert that successful producers never judge a story from the basis of that vague and rather ambiguous thing called art. What governs us in our selection of themes is nothing subtle or elusive, but rather that which can be comprehended by all. No experimenting on our part with impressionism, cubism or any of the incomprehensible things labeled "art" by the small groups of serious thinkers. We must present a picture that will be intelligently understood by audiences everywhere. Astute theatrical managers alter the dialogue in a play sent on tour, but to change a picture once it is made is much more expensive and hardly practical.

The motion-picture magnate is in the film game as a business, not as a furtherance of art. If the public would patronize artistic films the industry would endeavor to make them without end, but a producer cannot be blamed for being unwilling to risk $250,000 to $500,000, forty times a year, just to have an academy ribbon pinned on his coat lapel. The board of directors of a large motion-picture company is not singularly eager to learn of having made a great artistic success which, on the other hand, has caused them to lose money. They want dividends from the film industry just as they do from railroads, banks or any other form of industrial enterprise.

(Continued on Page 91)

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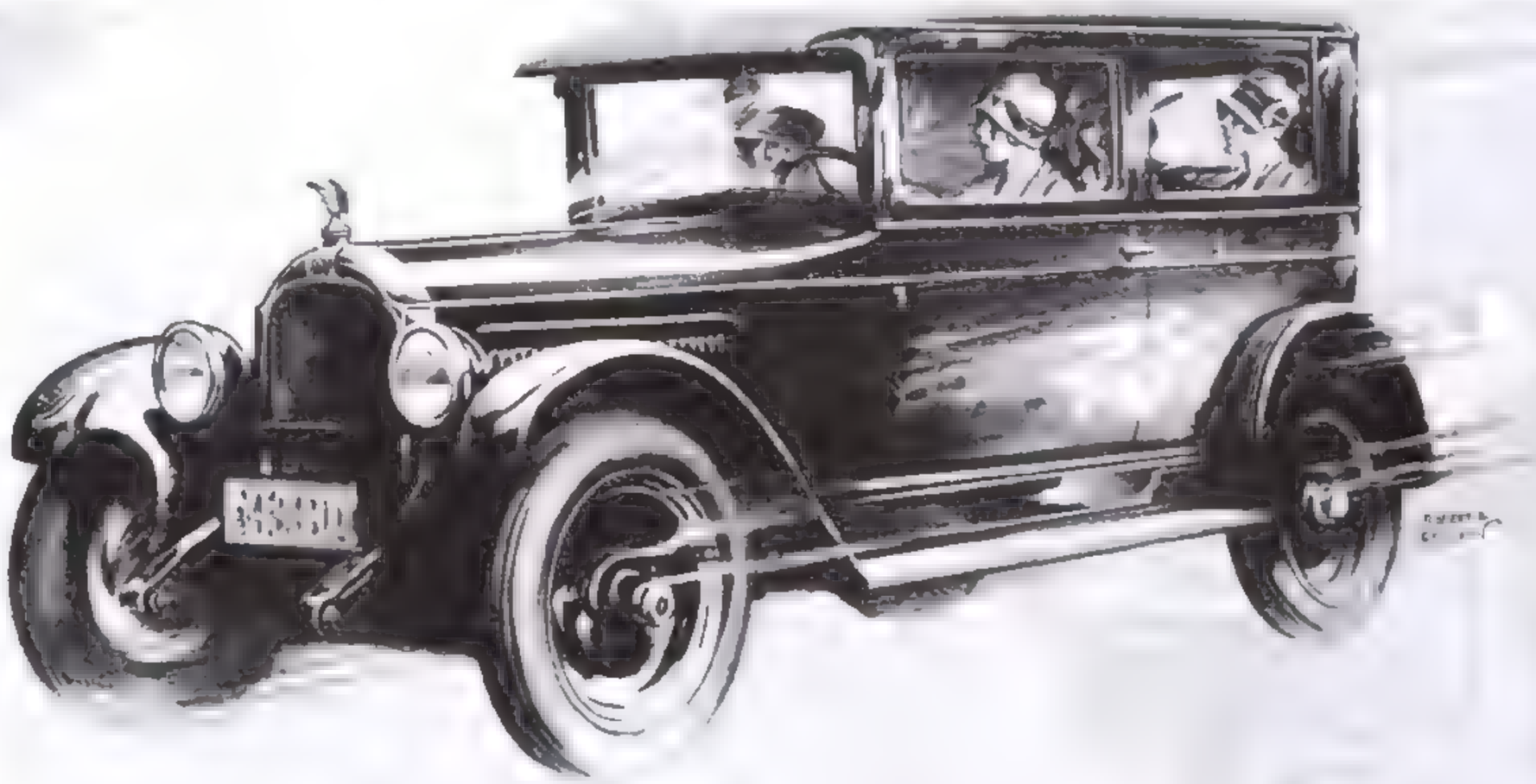

America's finest type of motor in the Falcon-Knight Six

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The new Falcon-Knight six-cylinder engine, with seven-bearing crankshaft, is designed and built to give a superior degree of performance that is always smooth and quiet. It has a flash of pickup and instant speed not generally found in other types of motors.

The fame of the Knight engine is built on its record of countless thousands of miles of service with freedom from carbon trouble and mechanical repair—known as "The motor that never wears out."

The Falcon-Knight chassis throughout is designed and constructed in keeping with the excellence of its motor.

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THE NEW NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS, frosted on the inside, cost you but $1.38 for a carton of six in the smaller sizes; $1.50 per carton of the 50-watt or 60-watt. That's less than you've ever paid for frosted lamps—less, even, than you used to pay for the old, clear-glass ones which no one wants now.

The NEW Lamps are BETTER, in every way. They give more light, better light; they're easy to clean, rugged; they harmonize with whatever shade you put around them.

Buy them in the Blue Convenience Carton; keep some extra ones in the house.

MAZDA is not the name of a thing, but the mark of the special service utilized in the design and manufacture of articles entitled to MAZDA Service —the service of the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
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The NEW *National* MAZDA LAMP

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My own contribution to the field of arty films was The Last Laugh, which we released in America a year ago. The few that remember it will recall that there was nothing morbid or gruesome in the film. It required no great stretch of imagination to realize that once you've stripped a man of his uniform nothing remains but an ordinary frail mortal. That same uniform may be symbolic of a policeman's badge, judge's ermine, or any other man-made badge of authority.

The Last Laugh was faultlessly made and its principal character was played by the versatile Emil Jannings, and yet the picture was greeted with negligible audiences, and one exhibitor, upon being asked for his opinion, was so indecorous as to reply that The Last Laugh was on him for having rented the picture. Even a city as large as Philadelphia rejected the picture; in fact, we were forced to withdraw the film after the third day in a downtown theater that had been taken over for a week, when we found the attendance so small in numbers that it was impossible to keep the picture there an entire week. And this in a city like Philadelphia, boasting of art movements, culture and a large university!

To sum up the matter briefly, I would say that nearly all our stories come to us through the following channels:

1. Best sellers which fit our leading players.
2. Successful stage plays.
3. Stories written expressly for the screen.
4. Classics such as Michael Strogoff, Les Misérables, Hunchback of Notre Dame, and so on.
5. Stories taken from magazines and newspapers.
6. Scenarios submitted by reputable literary agents.
7. Scenarios written by our staff writers.

Today we estimate the value of a story to be 10 per cent of our negative cost. For example, our pictures for 1927, exclusive of advertising, publicity, exploitation and selling expenses, run into $8,000,000; which includes some $800,000 paid to authors. The year 1926 gave us a negative cost amounting to $6,000,000, which included $600,000 that went to authors.

Part of the Overhead

Since the Universal Company was organized $75,000,000 has been expended for the production of negatives only. Out of this, $7,500,000 approximately should be deducted for the cost of stories. This figure does not include compensation paid to writers for adaptations and continuities, which forms a separate item, nor does it include the expense of advertising, publicity, selling, and sundry other costs which are almost equivalent to another $75,000,000 swallowed by some 5000 pictures distinguished by our trade-mark.

In addition to the foregoing information, our vaults contain some 260 contracts, representing an expenditure of two million and some odd dollars, for a similar number of stories and plays that have not yet found their way to the screen.

The sagacious producers of moving pictures accept the author and his story as a legitimate part of the overhead expenses. There was a time when we made pictures without buying a story or hiring someone to put it into shape for the screen. Ideas, we reasoned, were free and it seemed ridiculous to spend money for them.

In the early days the director, Cochrane and myself, would put our heads together and juggle a few ideas into shape, with the knowledge that almost anything would go. We also had at our command, for low prices, many excellent stories which the authors had not put into the form demanded by magazines. But good stories are scarcer now.

A feature film was exhibited not long since which had been adapted by one of the leading scenarists in the business. It was an excellent production up to a certain point. At that point there was a curious break and the story rambled on to a weak and unsatisfactory finish. The fact was made known later that the director of the film, not pleased with the original ending, had altered it to suit himself, and in so doing had thrown the conclusion of the story out of proportion and almost ruined it. That director might have been seized by a really worthy idea and had every reason to believe it would succeed, but met with failure in the end because he lacked the necessary training to get it over.

When a producer wants a story he should look to an author to supply it. An author is a person who writes stories. He may be young or old, rich or poor, known or unknown, but he has studied his job. He is not always to be judged by the things he has heretofore got into print; his published product may not represent his best self. But if he is a popular author he knows how to construct a popular story. He has been through at least part of the early trials of the amateur and knows what to avoid in telling a story as well as what to put in. He can make a plot follow through to its logical conclusion. In other words, the author knows how certain ideas will react upon the public; more than this, he knows how to take a given idea and make it react favorably, which is the thing desired above all else. An idea may be good in itself and yet affect an audience unfavorably if poorly set forth.

They Lived Happily Ever After

There are naturally many producers who themselves know how to put stories together, and I suspect these are the ones who usually have some trained author or scenario writer to do the detail work for them. They are aware of the difficulties of the task and understand the importance of turning it over to a capable scenarist. They have learned, too, that it is one thing to have an idea in one's head and quite another to be able to impart it to an audience in story form.

After all, as I see it, the safest and least expensive way to get results, even where generous prices are paid, is to buy the story from the author, for that is his particular stock in trade. In studying the successful films of the day one generally finds a modest author and an even more modest scenarist lurking somewhere in the background.

Guided by what I have heard for the past eighteen years from exhibitors everywhere, I am inclined to think that they all favor happy endings. Of course, when I say this, I do not mean to state the personal view and taste of the exhibitor himself. What the exhibitor personally likes or dislikes is unimportant, for he cannot afford to have pictures just for the gratification of his own tastes. He must sacrifice his own tastes upon the altar of profit. When he hears his audience enthuse over a feature which he thinks particularly bad, it is his cue to smile and agree with his patrons. The consensus of the exhibitors who favor happy endings represents the tastes and desires of the millions who go to see motion pictures day after day.

This demand for happy endings is one of the distinct lines of difference between the best traditions of the speaking stage and the screen. The plays where the curtains fall on the tragic end have endured longer on the legitimate stage than those where the wedding bells ring out in the fifth act and the villain is led in handcuffs from the stage.

This is especially true of what we may term classic plays. With one or two exceptions, the comedies of Shakspere have been seen but little on the modern stage, while the fame of his great tragedies still touches every household in the English-speaking world. Who at a second's notice can recall the principal characters in Two Gentlemen of Verona! It is much easier for the average person to recall the leading parts in Macbeth, Hamlet and Othello.

Most of us, I think, still prefer Romeo and Juliet to the works of Laura Jean Libbey, and Laura Jean Libbey is one of the most conspicuous exponents of a happy ending; yet I am obliged to agree with the

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exhibitors' prevailing opinion that their audiences must have happy endings. Indeed, some of the endings are altogether too happy. Yes, we do strain things a bit to get joyful effect before we conclude the last reel, and we know that this ending is not always true to the life we are supposed to reflect on the screen.

Just the same, the audiences will have the happy ending. Except to a negligible minority, the motion-picture theater is a place of amusement, first, last and all the time.

Weeps may be part of the entertainment—there is a fine place for them toward the end of the third reel—but our audiences want to see everybody happy by the time the film is getting small on the fifth reel. We cannot end the tale of Little Red Riding Hood with the wolf triumphant and digesting the little heroine.

One of the most irritating problems that confront all makers of motion pictures is that of main titles. The word "title," itself defined as "an inscription placed over something to distinguish or specialize it," is largely inclusive, but it is here narrowed to the name of the story. What that first caption should be has ever been the hardest problem writers have had to solve. So much depends upon it, that a literary failure has been suddenly transformed into success by a change for the better in the name of the book. The critic, as well as the public, is affected by what first reaches the eye, the initial clew to the quality that is to follow. The author of brilliant imagination is certain to conceive of what material is apt to make a hit; yet he often fails notably in titling it, where the amateur strikes the mark with a stray shot.

Titles With a Kick

In our own organization we have held up the release of quite a few pictures owing to what we thought were unsatisfactory titles from the public point of view. Many a time we have gone so far as preparing lithographs, cuts, mats and other advertising matter, and have even advertised a picture to the trade in general, only to have a sudden whim come over us that the title was either misleading, banal, flat or insipid. When this occurs, our only alternative is to discard the lithographs, posters and advertising paraphernalia we've prepared and substitute for them paper containing the revised title.

Unless a title is dwarfed or submerged by a star of stars, the first glance must arouse interest. It must be startling, but not sensational, racy without being vulgar, catchy without being knotty or too puzzling. It must never possess any meaning other than it was intended to have, and must in some way connote a significant part of the story. Pronunciation is also a factor. When, for instance, we released Jack London's popular story, The Abysmal Brute, made into a film, we could ill afford to change the title. Just as we anticipated, the word "abysmal" proved the stumblingblock to the uninitiated philologists. Some exhibitors pronounced the title, in all innocence, as the Abie Small Brute. Or take Erich Von Stroheim's original story, Pinnacle. When I heard some members in the trade greet it as Pinochle, I promptly changed it to Blind Husbands, and it made its debut under the latter title.

Those on the inside can tell you of several classic examples where titles were construed by innocent exhibitors as having something other than their true meanings.

Titles of novels and plays like Ben Hur, Three Musketeers, The Scarlet Letter, Treasure Island, A Message to Garcia, or Monte Cristo are immune from change. Where we have purchased a popular story or successful play, I have laid down an order that the titles must not be tampered with. But some competitors take the opposite view on the subject. Witness the following changes of titles:

ORIGINAL TITLE	RELEASE TITLE	AUTHOR
Admirable Crichton	Male and Female	J. M. Barrie
Amos Judd	The Young Rajah	John Ames Mitchell
Anne's an Idiot	Dangerous Innocence	Pamela Wynne
Book of Carlotta	Sacred and Profane Love	Arnold Bennett
Cæsar's Wife	Infatuation	W. Somerset Maugham
'Ception Shoals	Out of the Fog	H. Austin Adams
Checkers	Gold Heels	Henry M. Blossom, Jr.
Ching, Ching, Chinaman	Shadows	Wilbur Daniel Steele
The Clansman	The Birth of a Nation	Thomas Dixon
The Cub	Rainbow Riley	Thompson Buchanan
The Czarina	Forbidden Paradise	Biro & Melchior Lengyel
Delicatessen	It Must Be Love	Brooke Hanlon
Divorçons	Let's Get a Divorce	Victorien Sardou
Doctor Nye	Idle Tongues	Joseph C. Lincoln
Leah Kleshna	Girl Who Came Back	M. S. McLellan
Liliom	A Trip to Paradise	Franz Molnar
Moby Dick	The Sea Beast	Herman Melville
Nostromo	The Silver Treasure	Joseph Conrad
Peter Ibbetson	Forever	George Du Maurier
Rita Coventry	Don't Call It Love	Julian Street
Salamander	Enemy Sex	Owen Johnson
The Song of Songs	Lily of the Dust	Herman Sudermann
Tennessee's Pardner	The Flaming Fortress	Bret Harte
The Woman in the Case	The Law and the Woman	Clyde Fitch

Our method of securing titles is to show the picture to as many of our own employes as possible both at the Coast studios and in our New York headquarters. We usually offer a cash prize to the one who submits the best title. Sometimes we have almost as much trouble agreeing among ourselves regarding the best title submitted as we have while deliberating over the original title. As a rule, we put it to a vote between ourselves, and the title receiving the most ballots eventually heads the picture when it makes its bow before the world.

Perhaps the best suggestion in the way of titles came to us during the past year when we were about to release Aaron Hoffman's Two Blocks Away. Its theme was the old Jewish-Irish plot wherein the head of the house of Cohen incessantly quarreled with and made continual grimaces at the head of the house of Kelly, but their differences and childish disputes were forgotten when love united Kelly's son and Cohen's daughter. Instead of bringing grief to the families, such as visited the Montagues and Capulets, it brought a rising member of the third generation of the combined clan of Cohens and Kellys.

Two Blocks Away, as Hoffman's play was identified, seemed to lack something which I thought a title needed to hold a person's attention. At any rate, I asked for a new title, and of the hundred that swamped me, I chose The Cohens and Kellys. The New York directory reveals more Cohens and Kellys than the once-reigning Smiths. The very combination of "Cohens and Kellys" intuitively bade me attach this title to what had been once known as Two Blocks Away. It caught the popular fancy, for nearly every theater owner in America besieged our exchanges for permission to run the picture.

I am not sure but that, colloquially speaking, the "Cohens and Kellys" has come to be synonymous for the Jews and Irish. But, of course, one cannot tell just what may catch the public's eye. Nor can I ever be quoted as definitely stating that the mere title will draw a large attendance to a theater, unless the film is designated by some such inscription as Ben Hur or Uncle Tom's Cabin. The passer-by, seeing either of these flashed in electric lights or printed on the posters, immediately knows what to expect. He or she is either interested or not in seeing the film. If the passer-by enters the movie theater, it can safely be said that the title and, to some degree, the cast of a famous story or play, have chiefly influenced the patron to see the film version.

As Exhibitors See It

The opinions of exhibitors are worthy of note, in as much as they serve as the connecting link between producers and public. Here are a couple of interesting excerpts from letters sent by a few exhibitors concerning film titles:

> Out our way, in this heart of the Rocky Mountains, people seem to be just as skeptical as they are further East, and, believe me, they refuse to be bunked—only last fall Mary Philbin appeared in her latest—at that time—Stella Maris, and it positively died; and here was the reason—NO TITLE. It sounded more like the name of a ship than a high-class moving picture. Stars today, in this community, don't get anywhere on their name alone—that day is passed. The name of the star might draw them in, but if the meat is not in the picture the jig is up. We find that the title of any picture is so much in successfully exploiting a production that even with a high-class star and a poor title we usually change the title to mean something to our people.
>
> Why, we even had to cancel Peter Pan. Just between you and me, how would you like to advertise Peter Pan to a lot of bohunks? The same holds true of Betty Bronson. Put her in a good picture with a good title and she will do good business, but with Peter Pan—No.

One may have much to say against this expression of opinion, but it does, unfortunately, represent the sentiment of a considerable number of exhibitors whose attitude seems to sway many companies. It is this class of exhibitors which is responsible for the misleading and sometimes offensive titles employed by some producers, and these men, perhaps more than the companies themselves, are the real offenders.

And yet how do they count? Either this exhibitor is a fool or an ass. If, as he suggests, he is showing to a lot of "bohunks," then he is foolish even to consider pictures based on famous stories. He can pick up enough shoddy stuff to satisfy his clientele. If he is not playing to a lot of ignoramuses, then he is an ass for not displaying his wares in more attractive form.

He complains that Stella Maris "positively died" in his house because it sounded more like the name of a ship than what he seemingly admits to be a perfectly high-grade moving picture. Without a doubt, if he is showing to "bohunks," it would do no good to explain that Stella Maris was not a ship, nor yet a chewing gum, but the adaptation of a book by William J. Locke, fairly known as a novelist of repute even beyond the Rocky Mountains.

If the exhibitor does not know how to take advantage of the different aids furnished him by the producer, it is his own fault, and not the fault of the title, if the picture fails to bring results to the box office.

Writing from a much smaller town, but one free from bohunks, an Arkansas exhibitor, says:

> I take the position that it is not the production you are showing that makes you the money, especially in the small town. It is the advertising you give it."

These lines were written some weeks before the publication of the Stella Maris wail from the West, but he hits upon the root of the matter. House advertising is at times as important as the title, or perhaps the star.

To look at it from another angle—that of an Illinois exhibitor who also has bohunks as part of his patrons, for he occupies a mining district:

> I appeal to my better class of patrons with newspaper ads and send vividly worded throwaways into the bohunk district.

He gets them both because he knows how to write and place advertising.

The trouble with the business of my Rocky Mountain friend does not lie with the film titles, and it will not help any to change the title of Stella Maris to She Killed for Love, nor yet to call Peter Pan some fanciful name. Too much of that has been done already. What the business demands is men who can pick pictures to suit their particular audiences and who can advertise them in a manner that will make them attractive to their clientele. Bohunks may not want Stella Maris or Barrie, but better classes of audiences have no desire to look upon pictures of the rivers-of-blood type. Suit each with its own and advertise to match.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Laemmle. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

SKY WRITING

Lindbergh Byrd Maitland Hegenberger Acosta Chamberlin

Commander Byrd, New York to Coast of France, Fokker plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger, Oakland, Calif., to Honolulu, Fokker plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, New York to Paris, Ryan plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

Clarence D. Chamberlin, New York to Germany, Bellanca plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

Commander Byrd, North Pole and return, Fokker plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

Chamberlin and Acosta, world record endurance flight, Bellanca plane, AC *Spark Plugs.*

TRAIL BLAZERS OF THE AIR WRITE A MESSAGE FOR YOU

What kind of spark plugs would these victors over time and space recommend to you? Would they not choose for you the same make of spark plugs on which they staked their lives?

Then why be satisfied with anything less than AC? You, too, can have the same insulation, the same quality of electrodes, the same basic design used to insure success of these record breaking flights.

See your dealer today and have your car equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham, England

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine) France

Over 200 of the world's most successful manufacturers use one or more, or all of these AC Products

AC SPARK PLUGS | **AC SPEEDOMETERS** | **AC AIR CLEANERS** | **AC OIL FILTERS**

© 192[illegible] AC Spark Plug Co

A simply constructed concrete block garage surfaced with Portland Cement stucco eliminates the hazard of fire and never needs repair. It is in keeping with a well-kept home.

A permanent concrete porch adds to the apparent size of the home and also provides greater comfort.

An inexpensive concrete drive requires no maintenance expense

Don't postpone

Why *now* is the ideal time to make these modern improvements

BUILDING authorities agree that permanent improvements to a home have a double effect. They add immeasurably to its appearance and also make the home more readily salable.

And Fall—NOW—is the ideal time to make such improvements; for in many sections of the country (very likely in yours) larger construction slackens at this time of the year. Good contractors and competent workmen are more easily secured.

A few of the more common home improvements are suggested in the pictures on these pages. Many more are pictured and described in the handsome book, "Permanent Improvements to the Home and Grounds," which will be sent you on receipt of the coupon on the opposite page. It suggests those improvements best suited to the more modest home—others in keeping with a large estate. Each improvement planned to blend with the immediate surroundings of the home, adding a distinctive architectural charm. Send us the coupon, today, for this free book.

What authorities say about making home improvements—NOW

"From the standpoint of speed and economy Fall is the time for improvement work. For example, when we start a driveway we know exactly when we can complete it. And the cost is usually less than during busier months."

McGee & Wetmore, *General Contractors*, Jackson, Miss.

"We usually find home-owners surprised when we quote them the price for an improvement to their property. They somehow feel that permanent improvements cost more than is actually the case."

Geo. F Hollenwoerr, *Contractor*, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"The setting of a suburban or country house is frequently slighted although the out-door accessories and approaches are most important for giving individuality and what might be called 'tying-in' to the landscape."

Charles G. Loring, *Architect*, Boston, Mass.

"I am always conscious of the setting of a home—the frame that completes the picture. If it is uninteresting the charming effect of the house itself is lost."

Leland H. Lyon, *Architect*, New York City.

"Frequently we have requests from home-builders for additional funds to meet unlooked-for bills for repairs and replacements. * * * Permanent improvements are well worth their cost because they never need repair."

George A Martin, *President*,
The R. R. Cooperative Bldg. and Loan Assn.,
New York City.

"To most men a home represents the biggest of all building investments. Permanent improvements are therefore highly desirable. They protect and stabilize the original outlay."

Morgan G. Farrell, *Managing Editor*
Building Investment and Maintenance, New York City.

"Lehigh" means dependability

LEHIGH

20 MILLS FROM

688

Mr. Hugh Ferriss here gives us a glimpse of the double-decked thoroughfare of tomorrow, which will provide the same permanence and beauty that are today associated with the countless imposing structures built of Lehigh Cement.

Whatever you build the Lehigh dealer is ready to help you

In your community is a dealer whose establishment is headquarters for a wide variety of dependable building materials, including Lehigh Cement.

In planning improvements to your home—in fact in the planning of any structure large or small—you will first want to know the cost of the materials needed; the contractors best equipped to undertake the work. The Lehigh dealer will gladly supply you with this information without cost or obligation.

Because of his constant association with contractors, architects and owners he can suggest the most economical materials and methods for your particular building needs. He is a good man to know. Look for the Blue-and-White "Lehigh Cement" Sign.

Handsomely Illustrated Free Book!

"Permanent Improvements to the Home and Grounds"

Pictures and descriptions of improvements which will add immeasurably to the appearance of your home, and result in an increased value and readier resale. Sent free on receipt of the coupon below.

Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Pa.; New York, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Birmingham, Ala.; Spokane, Wash. Other offices in principal cities throughout the United States.

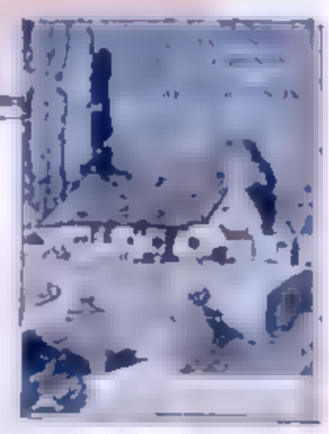
Lehigh Portland Cement Company,
Box 27-I, Allentown, Pa

Please send me a copy of
Permanent Improvements to the Home and Grounds

Name

Address

City



CEMENT

COAST TO COAST

New Discoveries in Music for the Home!

THE BRUNSWICK Panatrope

This Model
$90
Convenient Terms

WHEN you hear the marvelous Brunswick Panatrope, you'll agree, nothing compares with it. Your old phonograph never gave you music so rich, so colorful, so utterly true to life.

The Brunswick Panatrope may be obtained in any one of a number of beautiful models, ranging in price from $90 to $1275, including both exponential and electrical types. The electrical type Brunswick Panatrope may be used as a loud speaker for your present radio with unusual results equally astounding. These models also serve as "B" battery eliminators for your radio.

The Brunswick Panatrope of the electrical type has been combined with the 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne. The result is a musical revelation.

Thus everything in music or radio is yours to enjoy right in your own home when you own a Brunswick Panatrope or Panatrope with Radiola. You may hear all the wealth of recorded music . . . great orchestras . . . priceless voices . . . as you never heard them reproduced before. Then, by pressing a switch, you may tune in with the finest receiver known on the choicest programs of radio, again obtaining musical results far beyond any you have known.

The Brunswick Panatrope shown here is Model 8-7 of the Exponential type, price $90. Other Models range in price from $90 to $1275

Buy no musical instrument or radio without first hearing these astounding inventions. There is a Brunswick dealer near you.

• • •

Latest Brunswick Records by the "Light-Ray" Electrical Method (musical photography) are on sale at all Brunswick dealers every Thursday.

Brunswick

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago • New York • In Canada, Toronto • Branches in All Principal Cities

IN THE WHEAT PIT

(Continued from Page 5)

fifteen steamers, and between them they had a thriving transportation business. We could ship any time we had orders for 40,000 or 50,000 bushels. Nowadays it is necessary to wait until there is an accumulation of demand representing several hundred thousand bushels. Why?

Congress, setting out to correct some abuses in a business it did not apparently understand, passed the LaFollette Seaman's Act which resulted in shutting out the small shipping concerns. Householders are directly injured because package goods go, at greater cost, by rail nowadays. We talk, as a nation, about freight rates that are too high, and then won't take the obvious method of reducing them—which is to restore our water transportation. It would be a great benefit and convenience to the country if those small shipping lines on the Great Lakes were restored.

The first year we were in business my share of the profits was $8000, but I lived on $900 that year. Frugality helped me immeasurably. It enabled me to accumulate the money with which to enter business. The money I saved then was for me what those sacks of seed had been for the immigrants who went West to take up sections of free land. I was a bachelor and boarded out on the West Side. Board was seven dollars a week. Brother George was there also. George used to be the first man at the office in the morning. He would scold me because I was not down as early as he was.

George was always working. That helped to kill him. He was a careful student of the market, watched every factor and kept track of every detail of the business. But it took seventeen years for tuberculosis to kill him.

I could not have stood it to work as he did. We were not alike. I had a good stomach; I was careful, usually, to get plenty of sleep, and it was an absolute rule with me never to enter a saloon. I used to tell my associates, "Boys, if you go in saloons your clerks will see you and think they can do it if you can." The older I get the surer I am I was right about that. All I have to do to confirm my judgment is to review the men who disappeared from the wheat pit because they could not leave whisky alone. Many of the older traders died poor.

There was B. P. Hutchinson; Old Hutch to everyone behind his back, or Mr. Hutch when we addressed him. He had a room—a shabby one—just across from the exchange. There was a sofa in there where he slept at night. He must have had $10,000,000 at one time, and that was when such a sum was a lot of money, as much as $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 in 1927. He was a crotchety old fellow most of the time.

There was an old Civil War veteran who was doorkeeper at the south end of the exchange. He had Bright's disease, rheumatism and other physical deficiencies. As time went on he was rarely able to come to work. He never would apply for a pension, and much of the time the board had to have another man to take care of his duties. His wife ran a boarding house. Brother George, who had been staying there, came in one morning and said the old doorkeeper had died during the night.

I went out to his house, representing the others who had liked him, and told the widow not to worry, as we would take care of their bills and pay the funeral expenses. Then two of us set out to raise some money, preparing a subscription list. We wanted a thousand or so dollars. Finally, after going about the floor, the other man said to me, "Have you asked Old Hutch?"

"No," said I; "we are not on good terms."

"Well," he said, "I haven't been on speaking terms with him for a year either."

"I'll go to him," I said. "Give me the paper."

Old Hutch had his elbows roosting on the marble top of one of the cash-grain tables. As I approached him and stood there, he waved me away impatiently.

"Don't want to sign any petition," he said.

"This is not a petition," I explained, knowing that he thought it was one of the frequently recurring efforts to change some trading rule. "It's a subscription list of contributors to a fund to bury the old doorkeeper who died last night."

"Take it away," said he, scowling at me savagely.

I got mad and asked him indignantly, "Wouldn't you want your friends to look after your remains?"

"They can take me out and lay me in the fields when the time comes," he retorted. "Good enough for anybody."

"You are an old brute," I said, and left him.

It was several years later before I spoke to Old Hutch again, and on that occasion I had not seen him for a considerable length of time. It was on the floor and Old Hutch walked past me a couple of times, watching me from the corner of his eye. Finally he said:

"You're Mr. Patten, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Hutch."

"You called me an old brute one time."

"Yes, Mr. Hutch, and I'm sorry. You are an older man—much older than I—and I should have shown more respect to your years. I am sorry."

"No," he protested, "you were right; perfectly right. I was an old brute."

But Old Hutch then was no longer a multimillionaire. He was a penniless old man. In his successful days he had been a wild sort of genius. One time he went on the floor and passed around his cards in the corn pit.

"Take as much as you want, boys," he told the traders. "All you want at fifty cents a bushel."

They bought hundreds of thousands of bushels of corn from him, and then he collected his cards without seeming to

A Scene in the Chicago Board of Trade About 1890

The 'ought-to-buy'-ography of a spool of thread

"FROM the very beginning I have lived a clean life. As raw cotton I was thoroughly cleaned. Clean hands and clean machines carded and twisted and rolled me. The floors were so clean I could have been dropped on them without being soiled.

"That's why you 'ought to buy' me. I am clean enough to stitch the daintiest dress or to hem the finest linens."

If you could know the history of the things you buy—clothing, food, toys, everything! It is so important to know they have a clean past. And cleanliness begins with CLEAN FLOORS. Clean workers and clean methods are impossible without clean floors. Modern floor cleaning methods mean an up-to-date management, scrupulous of every detail for your service and comfort.

Make your floors pay dividends

Executives! Increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employe morale, are dividends you receive from FINNELL-cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, etc. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—incomparably cleaner than hand methods and in a fraction of the time. Ten thousand satisfied users.

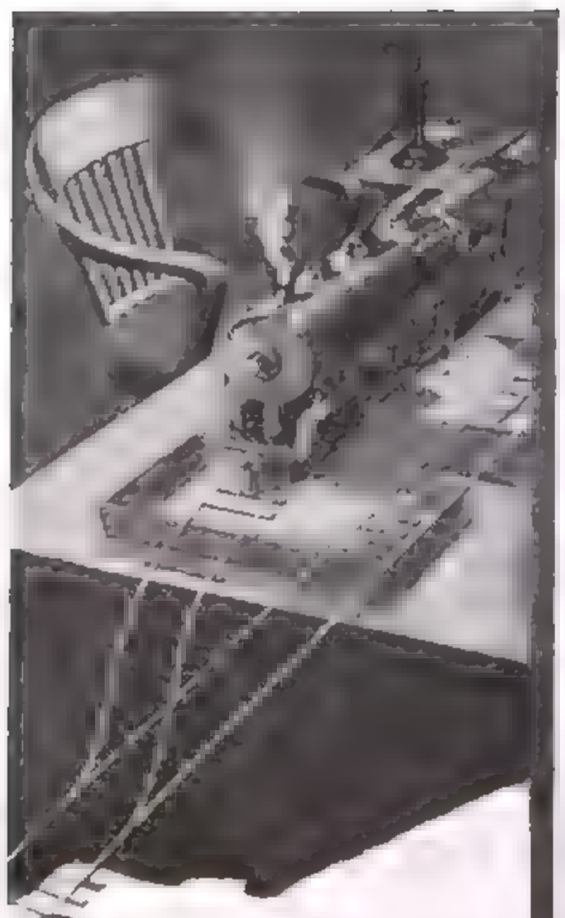
Write for Free Booklet describing the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine. Address FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 19 East St., Elkhart, Ind. Also Standard Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ontario, Can.; 33 Moorfields, Liverpool, England; Kungsgatan 65, Stockholm, Sweden. Factories, Elkhart, Ind., and Ottawa, Ont., Can.

FINNELL

ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It waxes It polishes It scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL. If you are interested in the smaller FINNELL for home use, ask for booklet, "*Beautiful Floors.*"



Sidetracked

HOW often you see it in offices—important matters calling for instant action held up indefinitely because a man can't be located, vital affairs sidetracked by out-of-date methods.

The missing man can't sidetrack important matters where an Autocall Paging System is on the job to bring him to the phone nearest him in sixty seconds *without disturbing a single other individual.* Autocalls are increasing the efficiency of business and professional offices, banks and financial institutions, shops and factories, garages and service stations, retail and wholesale establishments and hospitals. Write for specific information applying to your particular line of work.

Autocall

Paging Systems

are one of three electric signalling systems (see coupon) perfected by The Autocall Company to protect your three business assets—*time, property* and *human life.* Send for complete details—or have an Autocall Protection Engineer from the nearest of our 16 offices call on you at your place of business. Clip coupon to letterhead or write.

THE AUTOCALL CO.
519 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.

- ☐ Send data on Paging System
- ☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System
- ☐ Send data on Watchman's Supervisory Service
- ☐ Send special literature for architects and engineers

glance at them and left the place. E. W. Bailey entered the corn pit then, wanting to buy. He suggested an old church deacon in appearance, with a smooth-shaven upper lip and white whiskers sprouting fanwise from his chin.

The other traders were not in a humor to sell corn, but they told him Old Hutch was selling, and presently Old Hutch returned.

"I want to buy 40,000 to 50,000 bushels at fifty cents, Mr. Hutch," said Bailey.

"No, sir," denied Old Hutch; "you can't have it."

"But you were just letting the boys have as much as they wanted."

"No, sir, I won't sell you any," insisted Hutch. "I have just been out and had a drink. I feel a lot better. I want to buy corn now myself." Then he started in to buy.

The idea of trading that way! Of course he went broke

Before that happened, but after his fortune had begun to decline, some of his friends went to him one day and said, "See here, you are losing your money here steadily. Now we insist that before you lose any more you must establish a $1,000,000 trust fund for your wife."

He fumed and raged around, and swore he would not do anything of the kind, but they insisted, saying:

"You must establish that trust fund tomorrow or we shall go into court and, as your friends, ask for the appointment of a conservator of your money. The court will listen to us too."

Old Hutch was angry, but the next day he did establish the trust fund.

After his money was gone and he no longer could trade, one of his friends gave him $5000 and some advice. He went East and into the grocery business. When he had lost that stake he came back to Chicago enfeebled, and remained until he died.

E. W. Bailey, who tried to buy corn from Old Hutch that time, was one of the exceptions among the old traders. He got out with a fortune.

Character in Business

One time Mr. Bailey got caught in a corner that John Cudahy tried to run in the lard market. Even after Bailey had failed, I trusted him with about $75,000. Dishonorable conduct was anathema to him. He settled with his creditors for forty or fifty cents on the dollar and was legally square with the world, but not with his Vermont conscience. Within five years after his failure he invited all his creditors to a dinner and there presented each man with a check for the balance of his debt, with interest. You can't put too much emphasis on character in business. Ownership, or undertaking the ownership of any commodity, implies risk, but risk is lessened in dealing in an institution such as the Chicago Board of Trade or the New York Stock Exchange, or any similar markets of the world where the traders are banded, for their mutual protection, to enforce rules that make for fair dealing. Essentially such places are designed to be a meeting place for buyers and sellers.

A stranger, standing, during a session, in the gallery suspended from one wall of the vast chamber that incloses the world's greatest grain market, is not likely to realize the all-important fact in the uproar that fills its cathedral-like space. In that din of buying and selling, a nod of a man's head is a contract more likely to be performed than if, in a market place less well organized, less rich in experience, it was an engraved paper, sealed and signed by witnesses. To me it has long been a puzzling circumstance that the fairest and the most efficient mechanism participating in the phenomenal enterprise whereby grain is produced from the earth and transformed into human energy, should be the institution that is constantly threatened by tinkering demagogues.

The Contending Forces

On one side of the floor of that large hall are some thirty marble-topped tables in three long rows. Around them gather the buyers and sellers of cash grain, to bargain over the sale of freight-car loads of wheat, corn, oats or rye. Each car under consideration is standing somewhere in the railroad shipping yards about the city, but it is represented on the floor of the exchange by a sample of its contents contained in a paper bag marked with the official grade of the grain it represents, as determined by Illinois state grain inspectors and representatives of the sampling department of the Board of Trade, according to standards fixed for the entire country by a law of the United States.

Occupying the entire middle section of the hall are other groups of traders, whose activities are focused in five pits, one each for wheat, corn and oats, another for provisions, and one—the smallest—for rye and barley. A pit is formed by superimposed octagonal platforms, having for its center an eight-sided flight of three broad steps descending concentrically to a depression that is the floor of the exchange. Its design makes it possible for the trader who shoulders his way into the mass of yelling men who bargain there to see the faces and the hand signals of all of them. Without shifting his position in that forum—supposing it to be the wheat pit—he may confront—nay, he will confront—the world's supply of wheat, and the world's demand.

In the grain pits the unit of trading is the bushel, and the trading is in contracts for delivery at a future date. One trader buys and another sells a contract calling for the delivery of a specified number of bushels of grain of a standard quality in a month that is specified in their agreement. The wheat pit is the most competitive market that has ever been devised by men. Two influences contend there day by day in a struggle that is registered second by second, and which determines how much gold men will pay for a bushel of wheat. Those influences are supply and demand. In so far as politicians have allowed it to be so, they are without allies in their duel.

In the swarms of men who have contended there for fortunes or for bare livings, I have seen the owners of fabulous riches using their wealth as flails to beat down opposition, but they increased that wealth only when they guessed correctly as to which force was becoming dominant, supply or demand.

On that floor I have seen P. D. Armour, tufts of grizzled whiskers before each ear, a broad-brimmed hat jammed on the back of curly hair, shrewd, powerful and domineering. I have seen Old Hutch out there selling May wheat furiously in the face of a government prediction of a shortage, and have watched the prices slipping downward until he reaped great wealth that he was using a few months later with greater success to buy even more than he had sold. There was two-dollar wheat in September, 1888, not because Old Hutch was buying but because the Northwest's crop was ruined. I have seen, in the year of the Spanish-American War, traders buying there for young Joe Leiter, and seen the transactions through which he lost eight of his father's millions because he held a month too long the property rights he had established in the river of grain that has its tributaries all over the world.

But I have never seen a true corner in wheat. I have told about my deal in May wheat in 1909. It was not I who raised the market price of wheat then. It was the shorts covering their contracts, but if there had been no grain exchange wheat would have cost as much. Probably it would have cost more.

Beyond the Ticker

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court once set down in an opinion he wrote concerning trading in futures on the Chicago Board of Trade: "Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable." When the competent man speculates regarding the probabilities of the future, he tries to know all that he can about the certainties of the present. He may buy wheat or corn or cotton, but the real raw material of the speculator is information.

We go to a lot of trouble and expense to gather information upon which we can rely. There were about two men in every wheat-growing county in the United States who contributed jig-saw sections to the picture puzzles I would work out before taking a position in the market.

I think I see conditions in pictures, rather than in tables of statistics. Brother George used to add up the columns of the crop reports. As for me, I saw reflected in the dark surface of the quotation board many scenes:

The sun shining in Texas; reapers in the Kansas fields; farmers in the Dakotas, frantic at the discovery of black rust; shivering Indians on the pampas; grain ships from Australia sinking in the Indian Ocean.

War, famine and pestilence, and, sometimes, plenty, are mirrored in the quotation board for the man who can see beyond the ticker machine.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Parten. The second will appear in an early issue

Statue of Liberty, New York Harbor

Cock a doodle dum!
My dame has lost her gum—
My master's gone to get her some.
She'll be all right when he has come
—with Wrigley's.

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

The NEW AND BETTER Peppermint Flavor!

Get Wrigley's Double Mint and have a delicious, lasting Peppermint treat—REAL Peppermint—full strength.

Hard to forget—easy to remember—DOUBLE MINT—once you've had it.

H76 ...*"After every meal!"*

Gilberts the Chocolates of Connoisseurs

Connoisseurs sail through life knowing intuitively all things supremely good. That's why so many anchor to Gilberts Chocolates, created by John O. Gilbert, famed as a chocolate connoisseur. Weather eyes on the lookout for the truly good things have noted the surging tide of popular demand toward Gilberts. Here is taste entirely different and purity unapproached. Every package is guaranteed by John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan.

If by chance, your dealer does not have these wonderful chocolates, we will mail you a package of Very Best or Panama for $1.50 per pound. Other Gilberts $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

ON SECOND THOUGHT

Continued from Page 11

them over with someone he might have worked himself back into some semblance of his agreeable self; but he nursed his pride and kept his mouth shut.

Before she handed the paper back to the man from whom she had bought it, Ericka verified the reopening of the DuFour trial the next day at ten o'clock. She must get tomorrow's late editions.

She walked back to the gleaming white house and was sitting on a porch overlooking a great, trim garden, listening to the hot sound of lawn mowers, when Mrs. Percy descended from her room.

"You didn't get much rest, did you, my dear?"

"I slept so late this morning."

"Oh, I didn't sleep, I just relaxed. And now I wonder if you would be interested to go up to my linen room. Jenny has been rearranging it, and I do want you to see my linen. I love linen; but then I never knew a lady who didn't, did you?"

As they were crossing the living room, however, the doorbell rang and they had to draw out of sight of the front door and sit in guilty quiet while Mary answered it.

"Oh, it's Mrs. Harvey Blake and Nanny," Mrs. Percy exclaimed at the sound of voices which made inquiry. "How nice!"

A mother with a tall, thin daughter entered, and for some time they and Mrs. Percy neighed at each other like pleased mares; then Mrs. Percy said, "And this is Ralph's fiancée!"

"We wanted to see her so much!"

"We were just curious."

Whinnies of laughter at each admission.

"Ralph is such a dear boy."

"And she's a dear girl, too, and she's met such fascinating people. Ericka, tell about the Prince of Wales."

Ericka wasn't sure that Mrs. Percy realized that she had met H. R. H.—who had been extraordinarily sweet to her—in a purely professional capacity.

It would be awful if Mrs. Percy expected him and Mary and Doug and Lady Astor to drop in whenever they were in the neighborhood.

Ericka recited the royal anecdote.

"Oh, I was simply dying to meet him," long, scrawny, slightly dish-faced Nanny Blake confessed with a sigh for what might have been.

Mrs. Blake sighed too.

"It doesn't seem to me," she observed, "that he met many really nice girls over here."

"I don't see why you say that, Harriet," Mrs. Percy remarked, and Ericka saw that Mrs. Percy was offended because Mrs. Blake had implied that Ericka wasn't enough really nice girl for a visiting prince to have met.

Mrs. Blake saw it too.

"Nanny had the most awful experience in town yesterday," she shied away from the subject. "Didn't you, Nanny?"

"Yes."

Ericka sensed drama.

"A man spoke to her."

"A strange man?" Mrs. Percy cried in incredulous horror.

"He asked her where she was going."

"They always ask you that," Ericka stated; "or where you live."

"Have you been troubled with them too?" Mrs. Blake turned toward her eyes which didn't know what the world was coming to.

"No, not exactly," Ericka said. She didn't go into details about her method of dealing with such gentry, though it had always been successful.

"Hullo, little girl," they'd say.

"Hullo," she'd answer good-naturedly, as though they inhabited the alley back of her house for years.

"Say, where do you live?"

"Oh, downtown."

"Whereabouts downtown?"

"About halfway down."

Then she'd laugh, and somehow they would always fade away. No, Ericka had never had any trouble with pick-ups.

"But Nanny!" Mrs. Percy was saying.

Nanny had scuttled into a store and the man had followed her, and finally she'd had to say "I'll call a policeman," and she'd had a nervous chill on the way home.

Mrs. Percy and Mrs. Blake agreed that she had handled the situation beautifully. So did Ralph, when he came home looking like a high-minded Hermes—a Hermes who wore nose glasses for protracted reading.

Ericka was afraid he was going to call the man of Nanny's story a cad, but he didn't, and he was as glad as she when the Blakes left, after tea, and they could go for a long walk together.

He wanted to talk about the errors of communism. He was terribly upset about them. Ericka had never had any very personal feelings about Russian politics, but before they got back she was a little agitated about them herself. It made her feel immensely intelligent.

There was just time to dress, for she and Ralph were to go to a dinner dance at the country club and meet the young people who were to become Ericka's friends.

Ericka went into the dining room to say good night to Mrs. Percy, who was alone at table.

"I thought I might have a friend in," Mrs. Percy said with a wistful smile; "then I decided I might as well get used to being the dowager Mrs. Percy."

"But couldn't you come with us to the club?"

"I don't think it would be best, dear," Mrs. Percy answered with a wise, sad smile; then she turned to brighter considerations: "I'm glad you're looking so pretty, because Dorothy Jones will be there. Dorothy used to be Ralph's ideal before he met you."

"Dorothy Jones? Was he engaged to her?"

"Oh, mercy, no! She's a married woman—Mrs. Humphrey Jones. I didn't mean he was in love with her. . . . Were you ever in love with Dorothy Jones, Ralph?"

Ralph had just entered. "Of course not," he said crossly.

"Mother said that about Dorothy Jones," he explained when they were settled in his roadster on their way to the club, "because she knows I admire her and Humphrey more than any young married people I know. They haven't felt they had to give up the vital things for domesticity, as most couples in Langdale do."

"I don't like people to settle right down into being clinkers either," Ericka agreed.

"You'll love Dorothy and Humphrey all right. He belongs to the big Jones family here. They made their money in cement."

"I wish we hadn't left your mother alone," Ericka turned to a matter which was troubling her.

"But she wants you to meet people."

"I know; but couldn't she have come along? She's really young, you know. There's no reason she should stop having fun just because you're getting married."

"Mother go to a country-club dance! Why, she'd die of boredom!"

"Doesn't she usually go?"

"I never saw her at one in my life."

It was pleasant for Ericka to learn that she wasn't crowding Mrs. Percy out of her place on the dancing floor, and the country club was quite a brilliant sight.

Mrs. Humphrey Jones turned out to be a stoutening young matron whose long hair had a habit of sending cobralike shoots down her neck every now and then. Her brown eyes shone with ideals. She was able to clear her life for their pursuit by running her family on a system of bells—rising bells, breakfast bells and off-to-school bells. As she sketched her methods Ericka could see her moving with uplifted face through a maze of tintinnabulation toward a solid silver, handsomely engraved grail. Humphrey Jones was a man with a kindly smile for the frivolities of life, notoriously hard to talk to.

There were young people at the dance who looked like more fun, but Ericka and Ralph sat with Mr. and Mrs. Jones on the porch a good deal of the evening. Mrs. Jones talked to Ralph, but when the men went to get coffee and sandwiches, late in the evening, she took occasion to open a beguiling vista or two for Ericka, so that Ericka might not think her future in Langdale need be without direction. Much was still undone there in the way of civic betterment, or, if Ericka preferred working directly with people, the prolific, rural poor provided constant opportunities. Mrs. Jones was frightfully disturbed about the poor. Ericka tried to dispel the trouble which knitted her slightly too wide brow when she talked about them.

"You mustn't worry about them too much," she advised. "I've been awfully poor myself. It's lots of fun. Nothing worse can happen to you, because if you get sick or die you'll be taken care of. It sort of relaxes you."

"I mean really poor," Mrs. Humphrey Jones replied.

"So do I. Fifteen cents, and a board bill owing."

"But with our class it's so different."

"Not if you don't make yourself bother about it," Ericka assured her. "Let yourself go and you can enjoy it as much as the rest."

When Ralph and Humphrey returned, Mrs. Jones was making little frustrated sounds, but she told Ralph that she and Ericka had had such an interesting talk, so stimulating. Wouldn't he bring Miss Brandt to dinner at their house the next night?

"It's a great rambling old place," she explained to Ericka, "but we like it."

"I'm so glad you and Dorothy Jones cliqued," Ralph said as he drove Ericka home. "She's so darned fine."

Ralph was fine himself. He was like somebody by Henry James—a suburban Henry James, perhaps.

While she was waiting for sleep to come that night Ericka did not tingle with pleasure. She tried to argue with the vague discomfiture which filled her. The trouble was she hadn't adjusted herself yet to the pace of life in a rich suburb like Langdale. She would in time, just as she'd grown used to her job. She'd stop feeling so coarse in comparison with the fineness of everyone. There were things about her job that she'd hated. Being yelled at, and having doors slammed in her face, and sitting all day in court rooms full of spittoons and dirty people—but people so furiously alive. Alive!

Ericka woke next morning at seven o'clock with a start. For a befuddled moment she felt there was some important reason. 'Oh, yes, the DuFour trial. Then she saw where she was and remembered she hadn't any connection with the DuFour trial. Nell Ingott would be covering it.

It was too silly to feel as that thought made her feel. It might be a good idea to go to that trial and show herself how silly, and yet —— What she felt must be one of those dangerous repressions; the first she had had in years. Jumping up instantly, Ericka began getting into her clothes. She could make the opening if she caught Ralph before he was off. Self-consciously she decided, as she walked down the upper hall, that it would be tactless to tell Ralph and Mrs. Percy what she purposed doing.

Ralph was below, putting on his light coat.

"Will you give me a lift in?" Ericka asked him.

"I had no idea you were going in today."

(Continued on Page 102)

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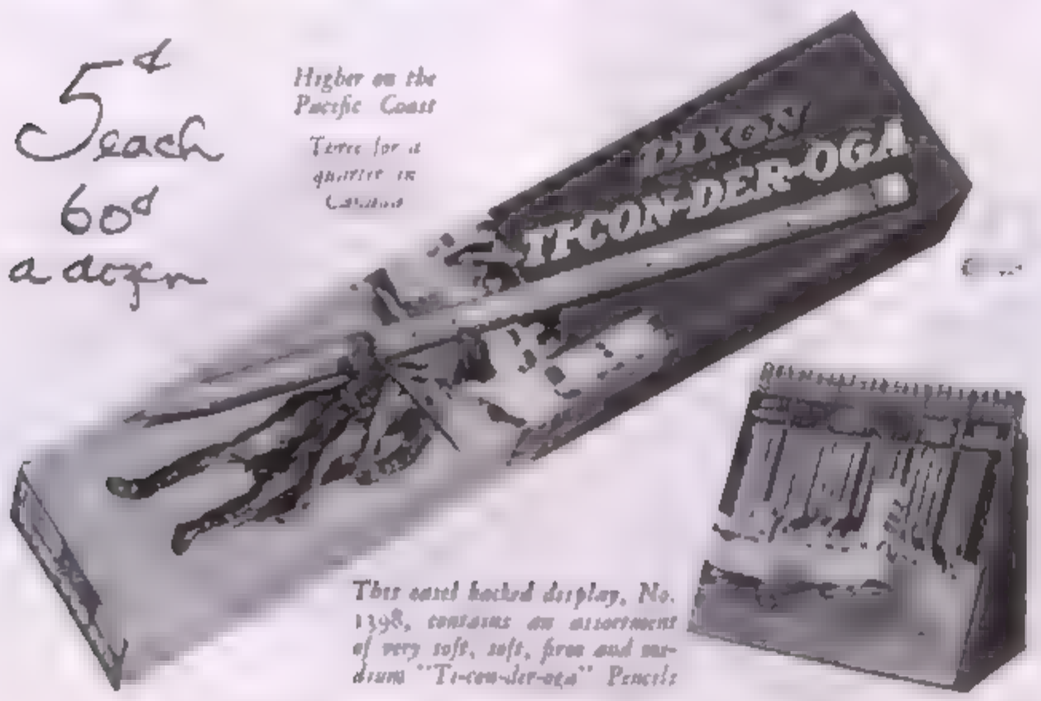

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1827 THE HUNDREDTH YEAR OF DIXON SERVICE 1927

(Continued from Page 100)

"I got thinking about my wardrobe. I'm afraid I'll have to see my modiste."

That would have been a joke to Gil Parkes. He knew, or surmised, enough about the character of Ericka's shopping to have so construed it. Ralph gravely inclined his head.

"But you haven't had any breakfast."

"If Mary will give me a cup of coffee I'll gulp it while you're bringing around the car."

Mary had heard and was already pouring a cup of coffee. While Ericka sipped it she buttered a piece of toast for her. Watching Mary, Ericka was struck afresh by the sense of recognition.

"Have I met you some place, Mary?" she asked.

Mary smiled what Ericka, in a story, would have called "a secret smile."

"Yes, Miss Brandt," she said.

Ralph sounded the siren.

"I'll be back with Mr. Ralph this afternoon," Ericka said, around a bit of toast. "Tell Mrs. Percy I'd forgotten something essential, will you? So sorry."

Ralph left Ericka at her little apartment. She had decided on the way in that another person who mustn't know of this performance of hers was Gil Parkes. Gil would construe it as homesickness. She ran up to her room, changed to an old black dress and borrowed a widow's bonnet and heavy veil which the superintendent's wife kept for casual funerals.

"Court's full, lady," announced old Finnegan, who had been in the Pictorial offices until Gil Parkes got him a job as court doorman.

Ericka raised her veil. "Hello, Mr. Finnegan. It's Ericka Brandt."

"I didn't reckanize you, Miss Brandt. You suffered a loss?"

Ericka nodded.

"Tut, tut, tut. And I hear Mr. Parkes is down with the quinsy sore throat."

So her leaving had affected Gil as profoundly as that! Good! Good!

"I may not stay," she explained to Finnegan. "I won't go up to the press table. Do you suppose you can find me a chair back here by the door?"

The day was already working itself up for a dash toward the New York heat record and the court room was stifling. Most of the men had their coats off. The women looked red and crotchety, but no one seemed very conscious of the heat in the absorption of the spectacle before them.

DuFour's mistress was about to take the stand in her own defense. A peep was to be had at the greatest show on earth—a struggle for life.

"Héloïse Lartellier."

She was a fat French provincial. Her big face was pouched and bloated with tears and sleeplessness, but it was calcimined in a pattern of powder and rouge—Héloïse Lartellier's idea of a youthful pattern. She wore a lace hat with a drooping imitation bird of paradise, a dark beaded dress, and long white kid gloves which she pulled up nervously as she sat down.

Ericka was acutely sorry for her as she sat there, on trial for her life and still clinging to the pride of her tawdry finery. Ericka knew she could clutch at readers' hearts by the right reference to the pathetic, demoded futility of those long white gloves. Only she wasn't to have any readers. Her readers now belonged to Nell Ingott, who sat at the press table, a conscientious figure between Marvin Stagg, of the Star, and dapper Frank Longo, who, under cover of his coat and an expression which would have done credit to a first communicant, was concealing a camera forbidden to the court.

Héloïse Lartellier gave her probably self-inflicted name and her undoubtedly fictitious age. Cohen, her lawyer, asked her to tell her story in as few words as possible.

"I love him too much. It made me crazy."

Miss Lartellier had been coached. Defendants do not happen upon opening phrases as effective as that. The word "love" sounded a little obscene on the lips of a woman who looked as she did. She kept repeating it, however, and as she built up her story Ericka saw that the love of which she spoke had a certain gross magnificence. Animal passion which could kill! Not many people are capable of it. It certainly wouldn't be considered very nice in Langdale.

Ericka sat tight in her chair until court was dismissed for its noon recess. Then she had a milk chocolate and telephoned Ralph that she wouldn't be able to motor out with him. She'd take a late train. She then returned to her seat.

The afternoon passed, terrible and engrossing as a Greek drama. On her hurried way to the station Ericka bought not only a Daily Pictorial but a lined, yellow writing tablet.

In her seat she turned at once to Nell Ingott's story. It was incredibly flat. Nell had described Héloïse Lartellier as handsomely dressed, and she'd evidently been revolted in her bloodless way by the woman's animality. Distaste shone through each of the bleak, factual paragraphs. Really! If the Daily Pictorial hadn't a good word to say for a murderess, what were the poor things to do?

Ericka threw the paper down, got a pencil from her pocketbook, and began to write. It was a foolish thing to do, but she couldn't help it.

A bullet placed a leaden period after the life story of Jean DuFour, and today Héloïse Lartellier, who fired that bullet, took the stand, a tawdry, pitiful woman, sobbing that she loved him.

It was the only story Ericka had written in longhand for ages. When it was finished she felt an exultant and unreasoning sense of accomplishment. She didn't know of anybody who could have done it quite so well.

She fished up Nell Ingott's inadequacy from the floor, but she never read it again. All she saw were big headlines nothing but her absorption could have caused her to miss when she first scanned the paper:

DAILY PICTORIAL SOLD

So there had been a basis in fact for Gil's fear, and now his job hung in the balance. Would Murchison, who had bought the paper, realize how miraculously good Gil was? This was why he was having quinsy; though perhaps she, Ericka, was a little responsible for that too, since she'd deserted him at the exact moment when he needed her. Ericka had an impulse to get off the train at the next way station and telephone Gil Parkes that she'd report back for duty that evening and postpone marrying Ralph until the Pictorial situation was stabilized. It was not a practical idea. No one knew better than she how Gil would resent such an implication that she was essential to him. He'd never let her have her job back after the way she'd flung it in his face, no matter how badly he needed her. And why should she bother about the Pictorial anyway? She was secure forever.

So absorbed was Ericka in her thoughts that she almost rode past the Langdale station, and when she found herself in the Percy hall, with Mrs. Percy saying, "Well, Ericka, where have you been? I was so worried," she felt as though she were in a dream.

"I got stuck in town."

"Did you forget that you and Ralph are dining with the Humphrey Joneses?"

"I did, absolutely."

"I was afraid so. Ralph is dressing. I'll have him go over first and explain that you were delayed, and I'll have Mary go to your room and help you. She's so much more resourceful than Jenny."

"I'm so sorry."

"It is too bad. Mrs. Jones is so meticulous about such things."

Ericka rushed to her bedroom and was tearing off her clothes, and getting out her dinner dress, and fishing for a pair of stockings and washing her face simultaneously, when Mary tapped and entered.

(Continued on Page 105)

"With the Ross Steering Gear I can park with astonishing ease— *and so could you"*

ROSS gives you just the help you have *needed* in the hard job of parking your car . . . With Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear you park easily, quickly—and smile while you do it. Even *women* . . . Ross takes the labor out of steering, the only continuous effort demanded of you by your car—gives you new ease, comfort and safety—*doubles* your ability to handle your car . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car before you buy again. Drive it through heavy gravel or over rough roads and railroad tracks. *Ross keeps the wheel steady and firm and the car holds true in its course . . . Road-shock ceases to be an annoyance and a hazard.* Ross is *helping* you steer every minute you drive . . . The secret of all these advantages lies in the long lever arm and variable pitch of the cam—*exclusive* with Ross. . . . *Already*, thirty-nine automobile manufacturers use Ross as standard equipment . . . Mail coupon below for a roster of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks and an interesting free booklet on steering.

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(Continued from Page 102)

Concentrating on her ablutions, Ericka called out what she needed. She was almost dressed when she remembered her conversation with Mary at breakfast.

"Where had I seen you before, Mary?"

Mary smiled the secret smile again. "I was Mrs. Van Cott Borden's maid, Miss Brandt. I hope you won't speak of it to Mrs. Percy, though. Mrs. Percy would dislike anything sensational like that."

"You were there when he killed himself?"

"Yes. I saw you when you came to interview Mrs. Borden."

"What's become of her?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Miss Brandt."

The huffiness in Mary's voice was not for Ericka.

Ericka sent her mind back to the Van Cott Borden mess. The maid, she remembered, had been one of the focal points of interest.

"You were the one who was so devoted to Mrs. Borden."

"Yes, that was me."

There was a dry note in Mary's pronunciation of the words which made the statement droll.

"Did you change your mind?" Ericka asked.

"Oh, well," Mary tried to justify her former softness, "she taught me everything I know. I was as green as grass when I went to her. And she was real sweet then."

"How did you happen to leave her?"

"I didn't leave her. I understood I was to have a permanent place, but one day she decided she wanted to go to Europe and could pick up a maid cheaper over there. After all I'd done for her! If you knew the offers of big money from the newspapers I'd refused at the time of her trouble. Oh, it makes you distrust anybody."

"Did you have the information they wanted?"

"That's what makes me the maddest."

There was a knock on the door. "Are you almost ready, Ericka?" Mrs. Percy's voice asked.

"One minute!" Ericka called back, and she said to Mary, "I'll try to be back by half-past ten. Can you come here to my room then? I want to talk to you."

"Certainly, Miss Brandt."

Life was fun. Ericka ran downstairs. Mrs. Percy had a taxi waiting.

"Ask the driver to hurry," were her only words.

It was evidently going to be a very formal dinner. Well, that had its advantages. Ericka was ravenously hungry. Still she wished she were going to have a few moments alone to sort over her memories of the Van Cott Borden business; to fit the fact that Mary had something to tell with her present relation to the Daily Pictorial and to Ralph Percy.

Mrs. Humphrey Jones had spoken of a big rambling old house, but the gigantic structure to which Ericka was driven had none of the hominess the phrase evoked. Its conscientious picturesqueness suggested a negligent pose steadied by the chill clutch of a photographer's clamp.

Mr. Jones himself opened the door and led her through the largest, emptiest rooms she had ever seen, all done in shades of brown, to a great beamed living room where Mrs. Humphrey Jones sat on a monstrous brown sofa, a cobra of hair just ready to slip down the stalwart liana of her spine.

She was talking to Ralph so hard that she only extended her hand to Ericka, explaining her absorption in a verbal parenthesis:

"Fascism. Too monstrous, isn't it?"

Mr. Jones led Ericka away. Ericka knew from her experience the evening before that she was in for some hard conversational sledding, and suddenly she decided that it wouldn't be she who'd drive the sled this time.

"Hear you've been shopping today," Mr. Jones said when she didn't venture a remark. He said it with his indulgent smile. Ericka knew he was thinking how a woman never could resist pretty things.

"Yes," she said.

"Shopping, eh?" It was almost a joke as Mr. Jones said it. In view of his income many remarks of his even less brilliant had been considered highly successful jokes by the ladies to whom they were made, but Ericka thought she would let Mr. Jones work over this one a little before she laughed.

"Yes, shopping," she returned.

Mr. Jones had made as much of an effort in the way of small talk as he cared to make just then.

A silence followed which Ericka never noticed. She was just vaguely conscious that after a time Mr. Jones led her to a vast radio and said, "Like these things? We keep this for the kids," and turned it on.

Mr. Jones was providing just the solitude she had desired. She could sort over the file in her memory labeled "Van Cott Borden" to her heart's content.

The Van Cott Borden affair had begun like a magnificent scandal, but it had dithered out woefully. Ericka remembered Mrs. Borden well. She was a hard little porcelain beauty from an obscure town in West Virginia. Through her husband she had met a sporty set with which she would never otherwise have come into contact. Borden was poorish, but he was a champion tennis player, and popular, and they'd gone about a great deal.

Ericka had gathered the impression that it was generally thought by their friends that Mrs. Borden was merely making temporary use of her husband, and was counting on a neat, quick, Parisian divorce as soon as she could see her way clear to something better.

Nothing so clumsy as a divorce had been required of Mrs. Borden, however. One morning she had called up the coroner from her apartment to say that Van Cott Borden had shot himself.

The coroner had been a little puzzled by some details of the dead man's condition. There had been talk about the muddy dinner clothes he was wearing. Investigation had discovered no special financial crisis which might have precipitated his act, and the proffered explanation that nervousness over the outcome of a tennis tournament in which he was to play the following day should have caused it had rung hollow. Van Cott Borden had always been a good sport.

There was a very rich and quite prominent Mr. Everett Morganstern who had been paying attention to Mrs. Borden. The press had hung above the mention of Mr. Morganstern's name like a hungry kingfisher over a pool. But every member of the Borden-Morganstern contingent had kept silent—infuriatingly silent. Mr. Morganstern's name had been too important to involve without certainty. Journalistically nothing had happened.

Mrs. Borden had not remarried, but after a time she had moved from her small, street-level apartment in a fair neighborhood to an excellent hotel, apparently a comforting example of the fact that one can live at least four times as expensively as two.

Now Mary had something to tell. If it proved something of real interest! Of course it wouldn't. She'd just say that Mrs. Borden had had forty-two pairs of shoes, or something as important. And how did it concern safe, successfully affianced Ericka Brandt anyway?

Ericka was too hungry not to be pessimistic.

She wanted to stand up and say, "Hey! When do we eat?"

The dinner-music concert was over when Mrs. Jones, disentangling herself from the coils of Fascism at last, rose and crossed the room.

"Whenever you children are through playing with that toy," she said. "I've explained to Ralph that I forgot, when I asked you last night, that this was Thursday. I've insisted lately on my servants all going out together on Thursday instead of stringing along all through the week. It makes it so much easier to arrange for things for them to do, and Humphrey and I find it quite cozy. I didn't call off our engagement, because I didn't think you'd mind helping me cream a little chipped beef on the electric stove. High thoughts and light fare, you know."

There wasn't even a great deal of chipped beef, and the electric toaster proved to be out of order, so they had to eat it on flaccid slabs of bread. Ericka, who had often pretended, for the impoverished, that the food she liked best in the world at a party was saltines and ginger ale, felt herself getting as cross as an old Pekingese.

"I suppose you're wanting to get back to your radio," Mrs. Jones said when the meager meal was eaten.

"No, I've got to be thinking about leaving," Ericka answered, but Mrs. Jones, high in her cloud palaces, didn't hear her.

"I don't care much for radio myself, but there is one thing for which I find it enchanting. It's the talks of that man named Stanley Frederick Huston on What I Can Do to Make America Better. I suppose you know them. No? They're really startlingly good. There's to be one tonight at eleven, and I'm sure you and Ralph will enjoy it. I have no idea who Mr. Huston is, but he seems to me thoroughly sound."

"What does he mean by better?" Ericka asked.

"Why, better, Ericka," Ralph said, quite croesly.

"What kind of better?"

"Why"—Mrs. Humphrey Jones began—"why, I suppose safer would be as good a synonym as any."

"He doesn't mean more fun, then?" Ericka's voice was all disappointment. "I'm afraid it would only make me angry to hear him. People with national safety devices always do. Nobody ever tells how to make America more fun, and I can think of so many ways."

"Now you're being frivolous to tease me," Mrs. Jones said.

"I'm so glad you get Ericka," Ralph told her. "Do you know it was a long time before I realized that she says things like that without meaning them at all?"

"And there's a lot of wisdom hidden in those sly little remarks," Mrs. Jones said. "Yesterday Ericka startled me terribly by something she said about the poor, but when I thought it over I realized that she meant exactly what we'd always been taught. That, after all, money is a responsibility and we really hold it as trustees for the common good, and those who haven't it are, in a way, more carefree."

Perhaps it was only her mood, but something about the remark drove Ericka berserk. She wasn't going to let Dorothy Jones make her into another Dorothy Jones.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" Ericka cried. "And do you really and truly feel about money that way?"

"Why, of course we do, Ericka," Ralph put in. "What other view is possible to a person who's given it any consideration?"

"But that takes all the fun out of money. The nice thing about Americans has always been that they scrambled for money like fury, but when they got it they didn't take it awfully seriously. They spent it, or let their children spend it and start the game at shirt sleeves again. If people with money have got to be glum old busybodies what's the fun of the game at all? It's just like playing poker for a chance to nag at the primary grades."

"You keep referring to fun, Ericka ——" Ralph began.

"That's just what I was going to point out," Dorothy Jones abetted him. "After all, fun isn't the end and aim of existence."

"It is of mine," Ericka claimed. "The right kind of fun — fun that keeps you alive every minute of the day."

"But that's just selfishness."

"Yes," Ericka admitted, "but I could get a lot of fun out of doing nice things for people; only I'd try to keep in mind that it was selfish fun, and not turn into a nasty old Lady Bountiful."

(Continued on Page 107)

Play the SILVER KING*

WHEN the alleys look tiny, when the traps yawn large, get out a brand new Silver King. There's nothing like a good golf ball to put courage in the spine and snap in the wrists. It is a big psychological advantage to know that the ball you're playing is the best ball made.

Golfers who play the Silver King find they get 15 to 25 yards longer flight.

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

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Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

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See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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Easy Disposal

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(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue No laundry

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

(Continued from Page 105)

Dorothy Jones was suddenly humanized. "Does that mean, by any chance, that I'm a nasty old Lady Bountiful?"

"Of course, it doesn't," Ericka returned. "But you might possibly turn into one when you're forty-five or fifty, if you don't keep up on your selfishness."

"I'm not sure," Mrs. Jones stated, "that I don't consider that a rather horrid speech."

"Please don't," Ericka begged, "because it wasn't meant to be and it's the last I'm going to make tonight. Do you mind if Ralph takes me home? I've been in town all day!"

"Having fun?" Humphrey asked. He was still working on that remark of his. Given another fifty years it might be a masterpiece.

"Yes, having fun," Ericka agreed.

Mrs. Humphrey Jones was looking at her with level eyes. "I'm so sorry that you're tired," she said. "Of course Ralph must take you home, but he must come back afterward. We haven't nearly finished our discussion. We often tire the stars with talking and send them down the sky! Don't we, Ralph?"

"I was going to insist that Ralph should come back. It's the only thing that could make me comfortable about leaving so early. You will, won't you, Ralph?"

"I'd love to," Ralph said. "I want to hear this man you were speaking about, Dorothy. If he's as good as you say I'm going to see if he won't write something for us."

There was a healthy, feline look of triumph in Mrs. Jones' eye as she shook Ericka's hand in farewell. Ralph hadn't a suspicion there had been thunder in the air.

"Now anybody else," he observed, driving home, "would have been upset about its turning out to be the servants' night out and the toaster's not working, but not Dorothy Jones. Isn't she a wonder?"

"Well, she provided what we had, you see," Ericka replied. "I imagine she felt that made a difference."

"What do you mean by that?"

Ericka looked at him. If she chose she could destroy Dorothy Jones in his eyes, she was almost sure.

Oh, well, she wouldn't tonight anyway; Mary was waiting.

"Nothing," she said. "Do you know you're a darling?"

He kissed her. It was very pleasant to feel his handsome face against hers.

"You really are," she repeated.

It wasn't meeting the immediate problem of their relationship at all. She still had given no proper consideration to that part of her puzzle when she reached her room. Mary was there waiting for her.

"What is it you knew and wouldn't tell, Mary?" Ericka dived into the middle of the matter.

"Well, they told me I'd get myself in trouble if I ever told. Do you suppose I would?"

"Will you trust me, Mary? I promise that if there's any such possibility I'll forget what you say before you leave this room."

"I had offers of as high as five hundred dollars just to talk."

"Is it really of interest?"

"Oh, I think it is, Miss Brandt."

Ericka had five hundred dollars she was going to spend for clothes.

"If it's anything I can use at all," she offered, "I'll give you my own check for five hundred. And if it's really important, there will probably be lots more in it for you."

"What?"

"Publicity for one thing. You'll be famous, and there are ways a famous witness can pick up money. Other papers will pay you for stories, and you might even get maid parts in the movies."

Mary's eyes shone. "I'd have to leave Mrs. Percy, of course," she meditated.

Ericka hadn't considered that. Indubitably Mrs. Percy wouldn't care to have her pantry a scandal center for the country, even though Mary was a jewel. To rob her of Mary! Oh, what a dirty trick! What a dirty trick!

"Tell me anyway," Ericka said. "Was it something that happened the day Mr. Borden shot himself?"

"That morning after. I didn't know until morning, you know."

"I should think you'd have heard the shot when it was fired."

"I wasn't around."

"Weren't you in your room? It was just a tiny apartment. The sound must have ——"

"That's what I've got to tell," Mary said. "Mr. Borden didn't shoot himself in the apartment at all. I don't know where he did do it—at Mr. Morganstern's perhaps. I heard Mr. Morganstern and Mrs. Borden bringing him back."

"You heard them bringing him back?"

"Yes. I heard people moving around and was scared it was burglars. I thought I was alone in the apartment, you see. I went out, and Mrs. Borden told me that her husband had got excited and shot himself and that they'd brought him home to save talk. She cried terribly. I was awful sorry for her then."

"Did she give you any money?"

"Just fifty dollars then. She said Mr. Morganstern would take care of it. She said she'd make him give me a lot when they were married—only they never have got married. When I told her about the papers—that was two days later—she told me if I said anything I'd get arrested as a—a ——"

"An accessory after the fact, I suppose."

"I guess so."

"That's nonsense. You weren't under any obligation to tell. How did they get Mr. Borden in without the doorman seeing him?"

"They lifted him in a window. They waited until the street was empty and did it. I had to wash the blood off the sill."

"I'll write your check right away," Ericka said. "You'd better come into town tomorrow and stop at a hotel. The paper will pay your bills, I'm sure. Call me up as soon as you get there. I'll write down my number."

"Will you be in town tomorrow?"

"I'm going in on the midnight," Ericka answered.

There was no need to wait to decide the problem of Ralph and herself. It had evaporated. A marriage which could assume such entire unimportance in comparison to a good story was not for Ericka Brandt.

"Shall I pack your things, Miss Brandt?" Mary asked.

"Will you, please, and will you bring the trunk in with you? I'll just carry the little bag. Put in essentials. I've got to write a note."

Ericka chewed the end of her penholder a long time, but finally she put down a faint impression of the things she wanted to say.

Ralph darling: I'm not going to marry you. Do feel sorry, but just a little relieved. I could no more be happy in a respectable marriage than those questionable ladies they write plays about.

I'm not sliding away in the night because I'm afraid to face you, but because I have to get a story in to the office tonight. One I've stumbled across out here.

Come and see me soon, and often. I think you're one of the loveliest people I ever knew, but you don't thrill me like extra editions and big presses and headlines four inches tall. Nobody could.

I can't do anything so futile as leave a note for your mother. She's been marvelously kind, and in return I'm going to seem not to appreciate you, and to take away her Mary. It's Mary who's given me the story. I can't write: "Dear Mrs. Percy: Thank you so much for your hospitality and the maid I'm stealing from you." I just can't. Explain as best you can.

Tell her I should always have been a moth in her blankets and a water bug in her kitchen.

Tell her she's like Abraham, who thought he was going to have to sacrifice his son and finally was let off with the loss of a ram. Mary's the ram.

Make her see I'm just a hobo and can't resist the sort of fun I adore. Good-by, you dear.

ERICKA.

She folded the letter.

"If only Mrs. Percy weren't going to suffer so because someone has jilted Ralph!" she thought.

Then inspiration came to her and she unfolded the paper and added a line:

P. S. Suggest to your mother that I was probably just jealous of Dorothy Jones.

It would make Mrs. Percy feel better, and what did it matter that it put Ericka in a bad light, when Ericka didn't care in what kind of light she was placed for Mrs. Percy's eyes?

Ericka walked to the station. From the booth there she telephoned Gil Parkes.

"I don't care how ill he is," she said to the nurse who answered, "I've got to speak to him. It's something which will make him better."

When she heard Gil's voice she plunged at once:

"This is Ericka speaking from Langdale. I've got a story that ought to be in tomorrow morning's edition. I'll write it on the train and forge MUST in your handwriting on it. Is that all right?"

"A story for what?"

"For what?"

"For what paper? I didn't know you were working for one."

"I am. I've got my job back."

"No, you haven't."

"Yes I have. Don't be coquettish, Gil. This story is no joke. It's a retake of the Van Cott Borden business. I've got it from Mrs. Borden's maid and it's all full of skyrockets and pin wheels. Do you want it, or do you want me to take it some place else?"

"Is this honest to God, Ericka?"

"Absolutely. The girl is coming to town tomorrow prepared to swear to her statement. I paid her five hundred dollars for it, by the way. Took a chance on your making it up to me."

"It's worth ten times that just now if it's as good as you say."

"Here comes my train. I've got to ring off."

"But, Ericka, how about young Percy?"

"Oh, I forgot. We might run another column: SOB SISTER SPURNS MILLIONAIRE CLUBMAN. Would that be all right?"

There was danger of losing her train, but Ericka waited to hear Gil's answer.

"That," he said, "is the best head I ever heard."

"Do you think that bachelors should be taxed?"

"Lots of them are, today. Their living expenses are a tax, because they haven't found out what I've found out."

"What's that?"

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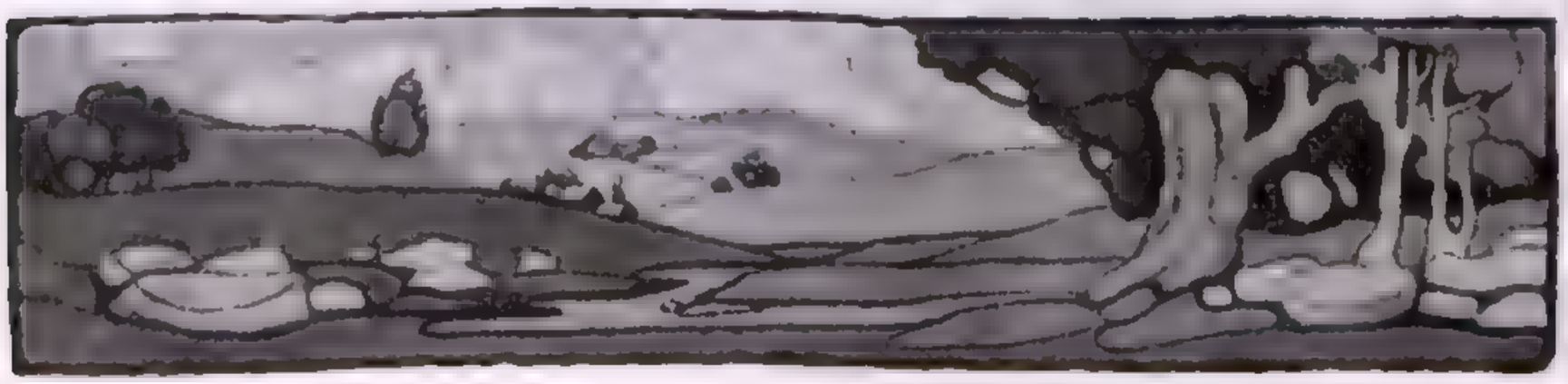

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TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 15)

he'd hold 22 at Elmira, the dispatcher told him. . . . For the love of Mike get that train out of town; everybody on the railroad was raising the roof about it. The crew would be there; the conductor was there now.

Deekman went after the hostler. The hostler is the hardest man in the world to get hold of when you want him—the hostler is the man who takes engines from the house to the train, also supplies the engine with sand, water, coal, and so on. Deekman would have found it hard to say which he wanted most to do—kill him or find him. They finally got the 396 on the table, turned her, backed her off. They took water, sand and coal. They came to the fruit train; Deekman hooked her up and climbed back into the cab.

"Go back to the house," he told the hostler, "and tell Charlie to get the 1144 ready for the local."

The hostler objected. He was supposed to be on the engine until the engineer came, he said; he really couldn't leave until the engineer got aboard. The foreman blew up.

"Do what you're told!" he yelled. "Go back to the house and do what I told you to!"

The hostler departed hastily. Deekman checked up the supplies, tried out the air, put water in her, set his lubricator, gave her some coal to chew on. The 396 was an old engine—an old ten-wheeler, big for her type, but not big enough to handle the mile-long trains on the highballed schedule of modern railroading. She was good for 4000 tons if the track was flat, but the track wasn't flat. 45,000 tractive effort with sixty-three-inch drivers, 10,000-gallon water tank. A big engine, but not big enough. In her day she had been a cat. She had a Southern valve gear with an old-time hand reverse, and her throttle was deep in her guts. The engineer and fireman came aboard. The engineer was an Old Head; he had been old in the game when the 396 was new.

"This is the hot-shot!" he yelled at Deekman, shoving a set of orders at him. "We own the railroad!"

The big foreman read them over. They gave the 396 rights over everything but a red board. "Good Lord!" he murmured. Even 22 would have to clear for them; clear at Elmira at 3:10 and wait until 3:50. He had been on this railroad a long time, and this was the first time 22 had ever been stuck in the hole for a fruit train—and Old Man Nuttall himself had a fusee under him about this lousy train. He decided he would ride up to the station and drop off. A lantern bobbed up and down far to the rear.

"Highball!", shouted Deekman in a great voice.

The air released. Deekman threw the hand reverse lever back for the Old Head. She took up slack as the throttle opened and the steam whipped through the stack. The steam-gauge needles were on the pins; you could hear the safety pop try to lift. The Old Head shut off.

"Bring her ahead," he called.

Deekman caught the big lever with both hands, raised the latch, shoved forward with all his strength. The lever moved forward on the arc slowly, stopped in the corner ahead.

"Stiff," thought the foreman. "That fireman will have a lot of fun tonight."

The reverse lever, or, as the old-timers call it, the Johnson bar, has no mystery connected with it. A hand reverse of the type used on the 396 is simply a lever, working on an arc, and so arranged as to be locked on that arc at any desired point by means of a latch. When the lever is in the front corner, or go-ahead position, it admits steam in the largest possible quantities for the full stroke of the piston. As the lever is moved back toward the center of the arc, it cuts down the steam, or rather, the travel of the steam, thus permitting greater speed and a saving in fuel. When the lever is straight up and down, on the center of the arc, then the steam is cut off entirely. To back up an engine, the reverse lever is set to the back of the arc, which action sets the valves so as to reverse the engine. To go ahead, the lever is shoved ahead. Simple as A B C.

The reverse lever was ahead, in the corner; the Old Head yanked the throttle open. She chuffed once, then caught a full port of steam and whipped out her challenge. She took the slack out of twenty cars, working hard, earning every inch. Then she lost her feet! The drivers spun like Fourth of July pin wheels; she rocked on her springs like a ship at sea. The Old Head tried to cut her off; He didn't seem to have the strength to close the throttle, though he braced himself and threw his weight against it. Deekman knocked the independent air valve into the big hole—the emergency—and with a strength born of desperation set the six-foot lever on dead center. The Old Head cursed the throttle and shoved, but he could not move it. Deekman tried to close it; he might as well have tried to punch a hole in the boiler with his fist. The Old Head, the fireman and Deekman ganged it, but their united efforts failed to make the slightest impression. The throttle was wide open and stuck.

"Well," panted the Old Head, "that settles it!"

"Settles what?" demanded Deekman.

"This jack!" replied the engineer.

"Old-timer," shouted Deekman, "we're goin' to town!"

"When you fix that throttle we will!" retorted the engineer.

"See here!" shouted the big man. "This jack will go. I'll handle the reverse, you handle the air. I'll set her on center or set her back when we have to stop. She'll do it!"

"You can't do it," retorted the engineer meaningly.

"The hell I can't!" howled Deekman. "I just done it!"

"Well"—the old man was thoughtful—"we're liable to pull a drawbar out or bust up a couple of cars, and if you monkey with that reverse bar you may get killed, but if you'll get authority from someone, I'll try it. I've heard of its being done, but I never believed it!"

"Listen"—the foreman had the upper hand now—"I got instructions from Old Man Nuttall himself to get this train out of town! See! I'm responsible for it. He's the guy with the brass hat around these parts. Let's go!"

"How do I know all that?" sneered the Old Head.

"I'm tellin' you!" yelled the other. "This train must be a test run. I never heard of 53 with rights over 22 before, have you? I'm tellin' you Nuttall himself phoned me to get this train in. Do I have to go call him an' tell him that a thick-headed hogger won't take his train out? I'll call another crew! Talk turkey, brother; you goin'?"

"Don't talk so big!" squalled the Old Head. "Hell, yes, I'm goin'!"

The reverse lever sat on dead center, straight up and down. Steam blew past the valves up ahead, for the throttle was wide open. Not enough steam could get past the valve seats to move the engine, but the pressure against the valves and hence against the reverse lever was 185 pounds to the square inch. Set the throttle—the hand throttle—on your automobile wide open. Lock your car in gear. Now operate your car by means of the clutch. Pretty hard to do—not impossible, but very inconvenient. It is a hundred times harder and a thousand times more dangerous to run an engine with the throttle stuck, by means of the hand reverse, than it is to handle your car by means of the clutch. Deekman was a young man and stout as a bull, otherwise he never would have tried it. An older man

(Continued on Page 110)

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(Continued from Page 108)

with twice his strength would have had too much sense; Deekman was a young man.

The big fellow put one foot against the boiler, caught the steel handle in both hands, and pulled. The lever came back; he dropped the latch about six notches below center. They dropped back, shoving the cars together so that when they went ahead they would start one at a time on account of the slack in the couplings. The Old Head went through the cab door and pounded on the sand pipes; the fireman dropped to the ground with a bucket of sand. Deekman knew then that he would get all the help that the engine crew would be able to give him. He could tell when he had gathered in all the slack; if he could catch her on a full stroke ahead when he threw the lever forward, she might pull out. She was backing slowly, she stopped. As she stopped he braced himself. It took every bean in the pot! Over she went, into the corner ahead!

"He's a man!" shouted the fireman, coming up the companionway.

The exhaust roared. Deekman leaned up against the cab seat.

"If she starts to lose her feet," shouted the Old Head, "hook her back! She might catch."

The foreman nodded. She kept rolling. "I can do it," he muttered. He could feel it coming, braced himself. Have to be quick. It was good to have long legs. He could see the Old Head whipping the hand sander—pretty good old man, he thought.

The drivers spun, the engine retched like a giant with a bellyache. Out of the corner of his eye Deekman saw the Old Head helping him with the independent air. The latch on the reverse lever released, the lever climbed the arc halfway to the center, the latch dropped into place. The drivers caught on the sanded rails, slipped, caught again, got traction. The latch lifted, the lever moved into its old position, the latch dropped into place. The fireman and the engineer were beating on the sand pipes. You could hear her talk for miles! She swung slowly out onto the main line to the tune of her convulsive exhaust, to the bang and slam of hammered pipes, to the shake of superheated steam released for work, to the scream of her whistle as she howled for the yard board.

"Keep her hot, buddy!" called Deekman to the fireman.

"I'll do my part!" was the shouted answer.

"We'll beat hell out of her," warned Deekman.

The fire boy grinned. He made a mental addition: The engine would not be the only sufferer.

"Watch her!" shouted the Old Head.

She lost her feet again, the exhaust a blended volley of explosions. Before Deekman could set her back she had knocked the steam pressure into a cocked hat; they were barely moving. The Old Head kicked his injector on, the steam-gauge needle dropped like a plummet.

"Shut that gun off!" screeched Deekman.

The Old Head reached over placidly, opened his bottom water-gauge cock. By using a great deal of imagination one might come to the conclusion that there was water in the boiler.

"That's more than we need!" shrieked Deekman. "Shut it off!"

"Not by a damn sight!" replied the Old Head placidly.

Deekman spluttered and swore. The 396 gave one despairing chuff and quit. Deekman looked over at the fireman, disgust and indignation written large upon his sweaty face; the fireman grinned. Deekman set her on dead center, turned to the Old Head, grinned

"We'll do it over again!" said he.

They opened both injectors and filled the boiler up till the water was ready to come out the stack. They turned on the blower to give her a good draft, and put a fire under her belly that rivaled the infernal regions. Six minutes later the needle was on the pin, the pop lifted with a roar; she had a gutful of water.

"Let's go!" yelled the Old Head as he cracked down on the whistle cord.

They went through the same performance, with a few variations, that they had before. With more profanity, of course. They crawled past the yard board with 170 pounds of steam and a gauge and a half of water; the fireman hadn't done it by keeping the cushion warm. They had a good fireman—in other words, a very dirty, very sweaty fireman. They had eight miles to hit their gait and fill her up for Coldwater Hill. Things looked better now.

"We'll meet 22 at Elmira!" shouted the Old Head. "By gosh, they put her in the hole for us!"

"What's all this about?" demanded the fire boy, coming over to the right-hand side.

"You an' the old man an' me haven't nothin' to do with that!" shouted the big man. "All you gotta do is keep her hot; all he's gotta do is let 'er roll; all I gotta do is stop her! See?" He grinned.

"She's ready to pop!" shouted the fire boy.

"Let 'er roll!" shouted the Old Head.

She was working hard, but holding her own. They should be doing between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour by the time they hit Coldwater Hill, provided the fireman didn't drop dead from exhaustion and the coal and water held out. With a run like that there was a chance that they could make the grade without doubling. If they could do this they could make Elmira easy by 3:50, and there would be no wait on 22. Twenty-two was held at Elmira until 3:50; if at that time they had not shown, then 22 would proceed and they would have to clear her, go in the hole for her. Deekman went over to the left-hand side; he spelled the fireman for a few miles.

At the first opportunity he said to the besooted one, "We'll double shovel Coldwater."

"You any good?" demanded the fireman.

"Three years on the bad side," answered Deekman.

"Left-handed?"

Deekman shook his head.

"I'll try it," volunteered the fireman.

They came to Coldwater with more than two gauges of water and a full head of steam. If they could keep water in her and maintain the pressure, they might make it, for they were rolling at better than thirty-five miles an hour. If they couldn't make it they would have to cut the train in two and take it over in two sections, making their set-out on the passing track above—this is called doubling. Deekman cracked an injector—cracked it just enough to keep the water from getting low. Then Deekman and the fireman, one on each side, bent their backs and fed her the coal. Coldwater is better than two miles long; from the second they hit the bottom of the grade to the moment they heard the Old Head yell they never looked up. You have to know your stuff to double shovel, for if you don't you get in each other's way, or ruin your fire, or, as is generally the case, two fail to put in as much as one man could. The two broad backs swung alternately, the fire door clanged and clattered, the red glare came and went, the coal went through the door in a constant stream. Never a slip, never a bungle, they shoveled her over the hill.

Afterward, when the Old Head went on a pension, of all the sagas he liked best to sing was the song of how two men shoveled a ten-wheeler over Coldwater Hill and took four hundred tons over the rating along with them. Both men were soggy with sweat when they heard the Old Head yell, heard the right-hand injector go on, and knew they'd made it.

"I'll be damned!" praised the Old Head.

"Best steamer in service!" gasped the fireman.

They passed 22 at Elmira at 3:16 A.M., at forty miles an hour. Deekman watched her red markers fade behind them in their dust and smoke.

"We oughtta take water!" shouted the Old Head. "No tellin' what we'll run into!"

"We can take water at Chalk," answered the foreman, talking into the other's ear. "We'll have to double at Chalk anyway." Chalk was the ruling grade; it was approximately twenty-eight miles from where they were.

"We'll never make it," protested the Old Head.

"We won't take any chances," assured Deekman.

The Old Head intimated somewhat warmly that he was quite sure they wouldn't take any chances. The two climbed back on the tank and checked up on the water in the indifferent light of a kerosene wick lamp. According to Deekman's figures they had water enough to make Frisco; according to the Old Head it would be a miracle if they got another half mile. They were rocketing down a grade fifty miles an hour wrangling about the water, about how far they could get with the water, nobody in the cab except the fireman; and the fireman had all he could do to keep a fire in the hog. They finally decided that they would try to make Chalk; provided, stipulated the engineer, that the water didn't get below the bottom splash plates at Camps. Deekman finally agreed, and to the relief of the fireman both slid down the coal pile and got back in the cab. The fireman had been jumping from the cab deck to the right-hand side like a jack-in-the-box, and he was most thoroughly fed up on it.

She kept picking up speed; they held her back with the air. The engineer studied his orders; Deekman set the reverse lever back a few notches to save what fuel and water he could. They roared past a passing track filled with cars—someone else in the hole for them. Deekman felt a tightening as of pride inside him. No question about it, they certainly owned the railroad.

They came to Chalk with four feet of water in the tank. She was hard to stop—like a hard-mouthed mule, thought Deekman. They overran the waterspout; Deekman had to set her back. They rolled back until the tank showed dripping and mossy in the headlight, then stopped her. The fireman got down and cut the engine loose from the train. It was best to do this on account of spotting for the spout; the light engine would be much easier to handle. "Where the blankety-blank-blank is that blankety-blank brakeman!" squalled Deekman. The Old Head pulled up, and watching Deekman, who stood on the tank still muttering about that unmentionable brakeman, he put her under the waterspout like the veteran that he was. The fireman put her on dead center so that she couldn't walk off and pull a perfectly good mechanical joint down around their ears, and then joined Deekman on the tank. Deekman promptly slid down the coal pile and into the cab.

The conductor came up ahead. He was dumfounded when he learned what they had done. Could the head brakeman be of any help? Deekman didn't think so. Where was the head brakeman? It developed that the head brakeman was probably in the caboose. "A blankety-blank place for a head brakeman," said Deekman.

"No use getting hard about it," suggested the conductor.

"I'll get hard about it if he clutters up this engine!" declared Deekman. "And I'll get a damn sight harder about it if he don't ride the tank or the first freezer from here to town!"

"He has a right to ride the engine," retorted the conductor.

"I don't give a damn how many rights he's got!" snarled the big foreman. "He'll either ride the tank or the first car—see? There's no room here for him, but I want him up here where I can find him if I need him—see?"

"I don't like the way you talk," said the conductor.

"I don't like your face much," retorted Deekman.

(Continued on Page 112)

The beauty of Kroehler Furniture

is outward evidence of "hidden qualities"

WHEN you first see a handsome Kroehler living room suite you immediately know that it will add grace and charm to your living room. The smart lines—the fine-quality covering material—the soft, luxurious seats and backs—all appeal to your appreciation of beauty and comfort.

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Living Room Suite No. 938
Side Chair No. 928

"YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST"

(Continued from Page 110)

"Hey, hey," interposed the Old Head, "what are you fighting about? It don't do no good." He pulled the conductor over to one side; they talked. The fireman came stumbling down the coal pile.

"Let's go!" he yelled.

The conductor slid down the companionway, the Old Head pulled on the whistle cord. Deekman set the reverse lever back and they coupled up with the help of the conductor. The Old Head tried out the air, pulled on the whistle cord again. Halfway down the train a light swung; the whistle answered. Deekman set her as far ahead as she would go. They pulled out without trouble, half the train behind them. They came to the top of the grade with the head brakeman riding the pilot. He opened the gate for them by running ahead, and they pulled up to the far end of the passing track. The conductor had dropped off at the telegraph station to get the dope; they picked him up on their way down for the second section of the train. Deekman ignored him, and in so doing all but made kindling out of the first car; the 396 was hard to hold and left no time for the ignoring of conductors. They hauled the second section up on the main line even with the first section, set it out. They uncoupled and backed into the passing track and hooked up to the first section. By this time Deekman had moved the reverse lever so often, and each time he moved it called for such tremendous outlay of energy, that he was beginning to believe that his back was broken. They finally got the train put together and the real party began.

She wouldn't start. They would take the slack out of about fifteen or more cars and she'd lose her feet and couldn't pull out. She knocked herself out of steam three times. Finally Deekman sat down on the cab deck, all in. The conductor looked on with an air of tolerant amusement for a moment, chuckled a very dirty chuckle, and slid down the handrail. The Old Head hid a grin.

Five minutes later Deekman had sufficiently recovered to have another fling at the six-foot steel lever that had all but broken him. She lost her feet once, but they caught her in time, and she took her train out like a Mallet. Deekman went over and lay down in the coal bunker. He had started to lie down on the cab deck again, but the fireman wouldn't let him. The fireman had to work; a wide-open throttle will make any fireman work. They had more than a hundred miles to go, with one more stop for water. With luck, they wouldn't have to double again; Deekman prayed fervently for luck.

The rest of the trip was a nightmare. It was one continual fight to keep a fire in her. Deekman spelled the fireman when he wasn't wrestling with his own particular pet. They came to a grade at about thirty miles an hour; she began to lose speed. Deekman started to set her ahead a little farther. When he raised the latch he failed to brace himself, and the lever shot for the front corner with all the force generated by the moving parts connected to it as an impulse. The big man was literally picked up, when he failed to loosen his grip, and thrown half through the front storm door of the cab. There he stuck, upside down, wedged between boiler and cab, until the engineer and fireman practically pried him out. After they got him out they laughed about it, but Deekman called attention to the fact that it wasn't so funny when he was going through the air, and that there was no humor whatever in the breaking of pine planks with his head. Just to show that it hadn't taken any of the old ginger out of him, he took the scoop and spelled the fireman for the next five miles.

Somehow, they made it. It was 9:40 A.M. by the Old Head's watch when the 396 whistled for the yard board. They rolled to a stop at 9:58 A.M. There was not enough coal in the bunker to build a bonfire with; there was less than a foot of water in the tank. The fireman looked like one of the many clinkers he had produced; Deekman looked like what was left when the bomb exploded. They'd brought 53 to town!

"Looky here!" said the Old Head to Deekman. "Come on up to my house, get a little breakfast and catch a little sleep."

"Thanks," said Deekman. "I'd like to—sure would. But I can catch 36 home; just got time."

"You're entitled to a rest ——" began the Old Head.

Deekman was gone. "That wife of mine is going to raise hell," he decided.

"Well," observed Mr. Eisenbohm, "I gotta give you credit. They wuz sittin' on my track at 11:45 this mornin'. But you fellahs got the inside track out of Valley. I don't guess you had to stretch yourselves none."

"Easy as pie," said the freight solicitor.

Mr. Smith was grumpy again. Mrs. Smith hoped for the best. They sat down to breakfast.

"Thank the Lord," declared Mr. Smith, "we get something besides grapefruit!"

FELLOW CHAPERONS

(Continued from Page 12)

"Oh, about the dear departed, and how you remind her of him, and whether platonic friendship is possible—things like that—and of what a responsibility it is to bring up a daughter alone, especially a shy one. 'Just think of it,' the poor little thing told me, 'my precious baby girl is nearly twenty, and she's never yet caught herself a beau!'"

"Why doesn't the poor little thing give her precious baby girl a chance?"

"A chance?" he said in masculine surprise. "Why, she surrounds her with chances; it's her main object in life! But what's the use? Look at that, for instance!"

Evelyn, always in if not of the group that hovered about her mother, had risen obediently at a fond maternal suggestion: "Daughter, why don't you take this nice boy off and play deck tennis or something with him? The doctor will look after me while you are gone."

Evelyn did as bid, but returned her victim as soon as she had beaten him two love sets, after her capable fashion. The widow's eye caught mine with a look of faint exasperation. "What are you to do," it seemed to say, "with a girl who beats the gentlemen at their own games?"

I had to admit that it was not her fault if Evelyn failed to "catch a beau." Nightly the widow did violence to her grief—which was quite genuine; her eyes would fill at any mention of it—by appearing in the ballroom, where it was no light task to keep the girl in circulation.

"I feel," she explained to us, "that my daughter needs me now, more than my dear, dead husband. . . . No, thank you, dear Mr. Smith, I haven't the heart for dancing"—delicately indicating her crape—"though if I danced with anyone, it would be you. But here's my little girl, ready to take my place. She dances, oh, so nicely!"

Which was no less than the truth. Evelyn did dance, oh, so nicely. So far as rhythm, accuracy, even grace were concerned, hers was a perfectly able performance. And that was all. There was nothing cozy about it; no nuance, as it were; none of that blending into the personality so much approved by the Tired Business Man. One felt that she could have danced quite as acceptably by herself.

Once I overheard some enlightening maternal advice. "Precious"—the widow's whisper was as carrying as her soft high voice—"why don't you watch those girls who are having such a beautiful time while their teacher's sick, and see how they do it? You're as pretty as most of them—at least your feet and your figure are; and the rest don't matter. You'll notice they don't come running back to the chaperons all the time." Not they! "People don't go to a dance just to dance, anyway. Why don't you watch what they do, and do it too?"

Evelyn flushed, with a harried glance in my direction. "I have, and I can't," she said succinctly. "You wouldn't want *me* to. It isn't my line."

"Nonsense," said the widow with some severity. "Pleasing the gentlemen is every woman's line! . . . I declare I don't know where she gets such Northern ways," she confided, catching my sympathetic glance. "From her poor dear father, I suppose—one of those strong, silent men who never look at another woman, you know; so nice to have in the home, but a little difficult in the ballroom. Why, that child doesn't even know there's a moon on deck. At her age, I'd have discovered it with every gentleman aboard the ship. But, of course, I wasn't clever, like darling Evelyn. My heart always ran away with my head."

She even tried, once or twice, the experiment of slipping off to bed early, in a praiseworthy effort to throw the girl upon her own resources. But it never worked. Evelyn, glancing uneasily around, would soon discover her mother's absence, and desert whatever partner had been found her, to hurry after, as a young colt follows its dam.

"Such a devoted daughter!" said the older women on the boat approvingly.

"Such a devoted prig," muttered the Tired Business Man. "One of these pure-minded old-fashioned girls who don't dare get out of sight of a chaperon for fear the atrocities will begin. She should worry! Not while there's a flapper to be had."

On the night of the impromptu fancy-dress ball with which such ship's companies invariably break up, the widow gratified her admirers by appearing in black lace and a tall comb, as a Goya lady.

"Not that lace is very correct mourning," she said with a little sigh, "but I did not wish to be a killjoy, for Evelyn's sake."

Evelyn herself was not in fancy dress. "It took all my ingenuity to think up something for dear mamma," she explained rather dryly.

I happened to have a white mantilla and a gay embroidered shawl which I proffered, with the suggestion that she go as a Goya girl, to match. Evelyn's eye lit with a faint glint of humor. "I don't know how she'd like that!" she hesitated.

"Who—your mother? Why, she's always anxious for you to enter into things and have a good time!"

"She *thinks* she is," was the girl's guarded reply.

However, she yielded to persuasion. As a señorita, she was the surprise of the evening; to no one more than to her mother. The clinging shawl revealed a figure that was wasted upon sensible clothes; the becoming mantilla hid the hair she had never learned to dress; rouge and long earrings gave an exotic touch to her plainness. Her eyes, without glasses, had a large-pupiled, velvet softness. Evelyn was not pretty, but she was no longer insignificant. A young Argentinean on board discovered belatedly how well she could tango. Steps too intricate and elaborate for the flappers came easily to her capable feet, and we gazed upon her with astonishment.

"Will you look?" demanded the widow frequently of those about her. "Can that be my Evelyn, flirting?"

It was. Under the disguise of a señorita, Evelyn had entered into the spirit of the tango with that desperate effrontery I had noted in her before, a verve which suggested latent dramatic ability. And she was enjoying herself. So much so that for once she did not notice when her mother slipped out of the room, with a plaintive murmur to me, "I haven't the heart to stay longer, since I'm not needed here ——" It was not reproach, merely a faint hint of disappointment. "The doctor will help me to my stateroom now, but tell my precious child by no means to leave her pleasure on *my* account!"

It was some time later that the girl came hurrying to me with a startled question: Had I seen dear mamma?

"She went to bed an hour ago, and left word you were by no means to hurry."

Evelyn gave an exclamation. "To bed! That's not where she went," she muttered anxiously. "Mamma never goes to bed if there's any place else to go! I must find her at once!"

She hurried out on deck, and I followed with some curiosity. The girl's anxiety was so marked as to be contagious. "She seemed to be all right," I said reassuringly: "not ill or anything. Besides, the doctor was with her."

"I'll be bound he was! An hour ago? Oh, dear! Haven't you noticed that I never leave her alone for a minute?"

I had. I began to be alarmed myself. Was her mother a nervous invalid, perhaps affected by her late bereavement? Or could she have formed certain habits which required watching?

"Where shall we look for her?" I asked in some perturbation.

"Behind the third lifeboat on the starboard side," was the absent-minded reply, "or else in that little dark shelter house on the after deck—unless they've discovered a new place."

And then I understood. The widow's heart was once more about to run away with her head. The poor child was in desperate fear of her mother marrying again; perhaps not for the first time. I had never noticed whether they bore the same name on the passenger list, but the girl was certainly not in mourning.

"You see," she was explaining distressedly, "I promised Uncle Henry I wouldn't let anything happen! That's why he's giving us the trip—to get her safely past the first summer. We thought if we kept her constantly on the move—and at home there was the minister, newly widowed too. Ministers are so dangerous!"

I asked discreetly if her mother had been married more than once.

"Oh, yes, quite often," was the forlorn reply. "And the family feel it's time she settled down now. She's had such bad luck with her husbands!"

Just then we rounded the third boat to starboard and came upon a couple cozily ensconced. They made a slight movement at our approach, as of the disengaging of hands. I realized with dismay that we might have come too late.

But the girl's voice said evenly, "Here I am at last, dear mamma! Have you missed me? I've brought an extra scarf in case you are cold" —resourcefully removing my white mantilla from her head.

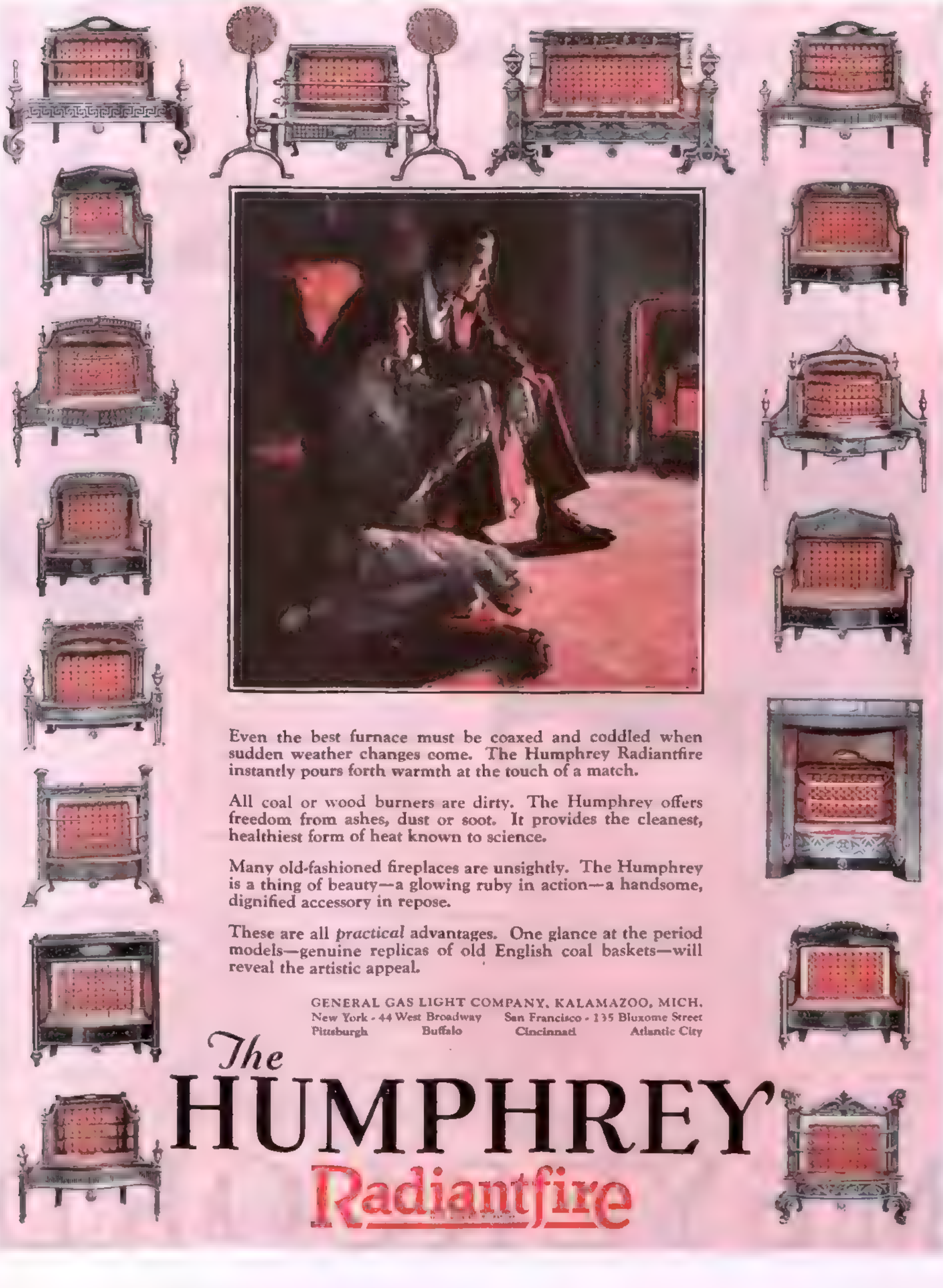
"Always so thoughtful, my precious," muttered her grateful parent. "But I must not keep you from your pleasure. Go back to the dancing, daughterkin. You do not need me now."

"I always need you, dear mamma"—the girl's voice was still even—"and I am tired of dancing anyway. I'd rather sit out here in the moonlight with you and the doctor."

I left them there together, a disgruntled threesome, making conversation to soft music.

Often during the summer I wondered as to the progress of that mutual chaperonage, and was gratified to find that the widow and Evelyn were to be our fellow passengers on the homeward voyage. The

(Continued on Page 117)



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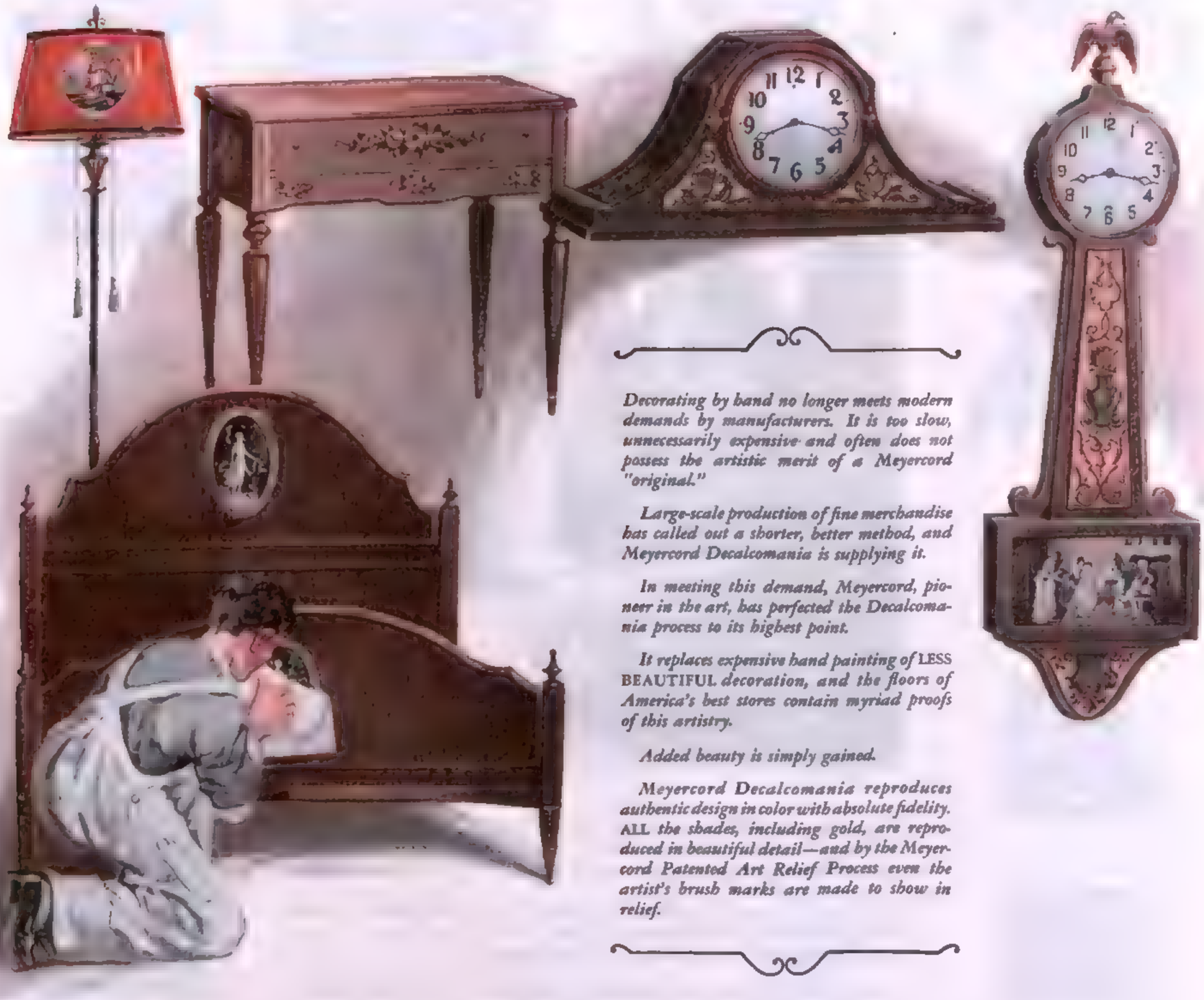

Decorating by hand no longer meets modern demands by manufacturers. It is too slow, unnecessarily expensive and often does not possess the artistic merit of a Meyercord "original."

Large-scale production of fine merchandise has called out a shorter, better method, and Meyercord Decalcomania is supplying it.

In meeting this demand, Meyercord, pioneer in the art, has perfected the Decalcomania process to its highest point.

It replaces expensive hand painting of LESS BEAUTIFUL *decoration, and the floors of America's best stores contain myriad proofs of this artistry.*

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Manufacturers featuring decorated furniture have long used Meyercord Decalcomania because of its acceptance by lovers of the beautiful. The widely adopted "LaSalle," "Beckwith," "Washington," "Ships," "Oriental," "Wilson" and "Marquetry" series by Meyercord are prominent examples.

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Founded in 1864 · NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM 115 W 40TH STREET

(Continued from Page 112)

widow had lightened her mourning considerably in Paris. Her chic black and white was less alluring than the weeds had been perhaps, but she wore an enormous bouquet of violets and gardenias, and was exchanging discreet farewells with an impassioned foreign gentleman. Her hand had not apparently lost its cunning. Evelyn was firmly on guard.

"Any dangerous developments?" I inquired in passing.

"Plenty, but none fatal," she answered, *sotto voce*. "And we've only eight days more!"

At that moment I observed the ship's surgeon bearing down upon them, broadly beaming.

"Heavens! Had you forgotten about him?" I asked.

"Forgotten? No chance," replied the girl grimly. "There have been letters and things all summer. But we had our return passage on this boat, and there seemed no help for it. However, I've got a scheme. Tell you later."

The Tired Business Man, who had been eying the widow, puzzled by some change in her not attributable to the lightened grief, suddenly exclaimed, "I have it! She's been bobbed!"

"And permanently waved. And hennaed. Isn't it awful?" said her child complacently. "I let her do it because I knew how unbecoming it would be."

"Such a devoted daughter!" quoted the Tired Business Man with irony.

But I understood. Desperate needs require desperate measures. Later she confided to us her scheme for circumventing the amorous doctor. The audacious plan was no less than to vamp him personally from her mother—she who had never "caught herself a beau" in her life!

"I've been watching flappers and that sort, and I think I know the method," she told us, with an earnestness that kept our lips from twitching. "You cuddle up when you dance, and talk into his eyes, and smoke cigarettes with him, and drink out of his glass; and I suppose you can't be too particular about getting kissed. Well," she said stoically, "a little of that sort of thing won't hurt me, considering the cause. And I've got the right sort of clothes for it. Uncle Henry let me have plenty of money to spend in Paris."

This desperate idea had arrived to her, it seemed, on that last moonlight night when I left the three together, making conversation behind the third boat to starboard. The widow had soon abandoned the position as hopeless and retired. Not so Evelyn, whose fighting blood was up. She lingered firmly in the moonlight, and the ship's surgeon had perforce lingered with her.

"He's not so middle-aged as he looks," she told us. "Just old enough to be sentimental and lonely, and to want a home, as seamen do. And you remember that señorita costume you lent me wasn't unbecoming?" She flushed appealingly. "He told me he had never noticed before that night how much I was like mamma, and—well, some of his letters this summer were addressed to both of us, and one box of candy was entirely for me. So I thought, perhaps ——"

Her hesitating, proud, shy glance touched even the Tired Business Man to coöperation.

"Go to it," he said laconically. "We'll help."

We did not have to help much, except in the matter of furnishing background. She had indeed supplied herself with the necessary equipment. No rounded young arms on the boat were more naked than hers, no skirts scantier or shorter, no shoes more outrageously impractical. Snug little velvet hats curled enormous ostrich plumes over her eyes, sensational earrings dangled against her smooth, pale cheeks, and her stockings were so gossamer and fleshlike that bets were taken as to whether she wore any. She told us that her theory was to attract so much attention to the rest of her that nobody would notice her face.

"I want," she said, "to be talked about." She was

She, too, had been bobbed, but in a different manner from the widow's.

Her sleek little brown head, shorn of its wispy home-grown hair, made rather a cruel contrast to the widow's unconvincing rosette curls. It was the old tragedy of youth versus age.

No longer did partners have to be found for Evelyn. They found themselves, and she draped her slimness upon them clingingly, her pretty slippers accurately following the eccentric motions of the male feet, while one tender arm encircled the neck of her dazzled partner.

"How that girl has deteriorated!" gasped the women who had crossed with her before. But they watched her. So did the men; particularly the ship's surgeon, from his usual seat beside her mother's chair.

Whether Evelyn was enjoying it or not, she entered into her rôle with the same sense of dramatic values which had made such a memorable success of her tango. Frequently she was to be seen emerging from secluded nooks with a cigarette, or drinking a tête-à-tête glass of something which might or might not have been lemonade. Never, however, with the ship's surgeon. He continued to frequent a chair in the widow's corner, looking uneasy.

But the effect on the lady herself was unmistakable; it cramped her style. Her daughter's filial attentions did not fail, but she no longer made the old effort to avoid them. She was too busy keeping an eye on Evelyn—a bewildered, puzzled eye, like that of the hen who watches its chickling waddling off into depths where she cannot follow. The widow's method was of the older school; there had been nothing in her sentimental experiments to alarm Madame Grundy. A little hand-holding, perhaps; a coquettishly avoided kiss—weapons of defense, never of offense.

She began to write a good many letters, poor lady! She played cards with her own generation; she was even to be seen reading novels—a piteous admission for one accustomed to take her romance hot out of life itself.

Only once she made the mistake of entering into direct competition. She allowed herself to be persuaded to dance. For the first waltz, the loyal doctor toddled her dizzily about the room on feet which were too small for her. An earnest one-step followed; a perspiring fox-trot. Still they were not interrupted. Then Evelyn came to the rescue. She made the orchestra change to another measure; and stepping out alone into the limelight, slim and daring and beautifully limber, she did for us that step just coming into fame and infamy as the Charleston; to the glad howls of her admirers.

On the last day out, while I was in the usual throes of trying to conceal undeclared purchases among my luggage, the door of the stateroom burst open unceremoniously and Evelyn appeared, her cheeks and near-sighted eyes so bright with excitement that she ceased to look exotic and became almost pretty.

"What do you think has happened?" she cried breathlessly, and burst into a tirade against the faithlessness of man. "Imagine his proposing to me, instead of to poor, dear mamma!"

"Who, the doctor? But isn't that just what you meant him to do?"

"Oh, no!" she protested, horrified. "I didn't want him to make love to me, I just wanted him not to make love to mamma! It's entirely different. Why, I wouldn't have hurt her for anything in the world!"

"Need she know about it?"

"She knows already. You see it wasn't just a moonlight-and-soft-music affair—he did it right there in the lounge, with people playing cards all around us—said he never got a chance to talk to me alone—of course he didn't—and that he couldn't help wanting me despite my reckless ways"—she made a queer sound between a sob and a giggle—"and that he was going to marry me just to save me from myself. And mamma heard! I know she did, for I saw her revoke twice in one hand, which is pretty bad even for her. Imagine it! The first beau she ever lost in her life, and to her own daughter!"

Her voice broke. I had not thought Evelyn really attractive until that moment.

"But what did you say to the doctor?" I asked with some interest.

"What does it matter?" she said wearily "I think I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, getting lured by a mere amateur like me; and I know I told him I was ashamed of myself! But I had to keep my promise to Uncle Henry, hadn't I? He gave us the trip just to get mamma safely past this first summer. And I did so want a home to ourselves, safe from stepfathers! But oh, dear!" she said tremulously, "What's the use of her being safe, if she isn't happy?"

"Never mind, maybe she isn't as safe as you think," I consoled her. "Wasn't there a widowed minister in the offing?"

"He's married by this time—ministers never wait long. And Uncle Henry is so strict with her—we live in his house, you see. And mamma's beginning to look her age too. And the doctor would have made such a wonderful husband! Oh, oh, do you suppose I've ruined her last chance of happiness?"

She went away quite inconsolable with remorse; for which I liked her the better.

Several favored passengers came out with the pilot, among them a determined-looking gentleman whom Evelyn greeted eagerly, and who carried naïvely in his hand a large bouquet of violets and gardenias, similar to the one her mother had been wearing when we sailed. He spied the widow in the door of the companionway and hurried toward her. They disappeared within.

A misgiving smote me. "Evelyn," I whispered, "could that be another of your mother's suitors?"

"Oh, no," she said uncertainly. "No, indeed! That's only Uncle Henry, my father's brother—our guardian, you know. He's always been like a real brother to mamma." But she looked troubled.

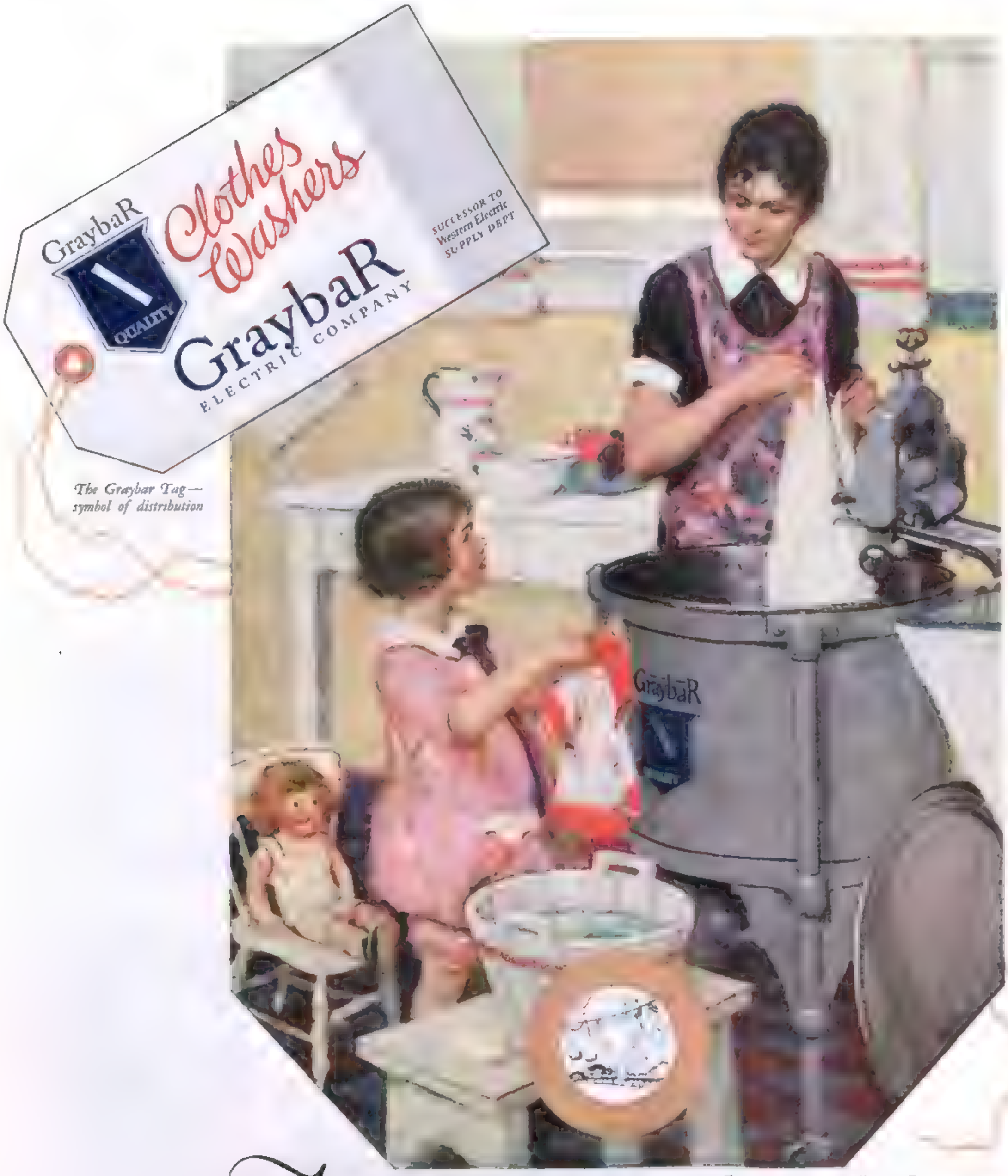
Some moments later the widow emerged, panoplied in violets, with a hand on the arm of Uncle Henry. All the old confidence had returned to her, the pretty, appealing helplessness.

"These are the dear friends," she said of us, "who have been so kind to our daughterkin. I know they will want to meet her future papa." She laughed coquettishly. "May I present my fiancé? You see"—she sighed—"I hadn't quite the heart to be really engaged to anybody when we left, but I had promised Henry I would take him into consideration. And I have done so. Favorably!"

His hand closed over the plump little one upon his arm. "We couldn't let her escape us again, could we, Evelyn?" he fatuously murmured.

We congratulated them and fled, not daring to glance in the direction of the stricken Evelyn. But we had one last glimpse of her from the dock. She was not capably attending to her mother's luggage, as she should have been. The Tired Business Man called my attention to a pair of figures lingering upon the upper deck in the shelter of the third boat to starboard. As they caught our gaze there was a slight movement between them, as of the disengaging of hands. They were Evelyn and the ship's surgeon.

Daddy Takes the Children Fishing



The Graybar Tag—symbol of distribution

♪♩♭ *This is the way we wash our clothes* ♭♩♪

Another week's washing turned into a song. Another dull burden borne off by the Graybar Washer.

Other burdens; other Graybar burden bearers. In the home, household appliances. In the factory, motors. Taken altogether, the total involves some sixty thousand electrical items, all made available through a system of distribution that penetrates to the farthest corner of America.

Up and down the high roads of commerce and industry, through the chain of 61 Graybar-owned distributing houses, they come and go—these quality electrical supplies shipped under the Graybar tag to help wherever electricity makes merry with some age-old task.

Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York City

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

The Posery, the Puffery, the Bluffery and others
Are much too intellectual to class as men and brothers;
The Moronry, the Yokelry, the Freshmanry adore them,
The Babbittry and Boobery burn offerings before them.

The Civilized Sophisticates delight in starting phrases,
Their coruscating nitency persistently amazes;
The brightest brass abides beneath their brilliant nickel-plating,
The Civilized Sophisticates are simply devastating!

Ah, striver toward the Peak of Fame, to reach that giddy pinnacle
You'll have to be superior, contemptuous and cynical;
You'll have to praise the foul and low with noble prodigality,
Abhorring like the pestilence the fetish called Morality!

The Civilized Sophisticates are frankly superhuman,
Proud Science is their acolyte, fair Art their catechumen;
To them all prate of Right and Wrong and Principle is banal,
And love of country, home and kind is so much Canton flannel.

The sophist and the charlatan with fashions new and frilly
May lead the sheep, enthrall the goats and fool the weak and silly;
But saner, wiser, gayer men will surely come hereafter
To sweep the flimsy frauds away in unextinguished laughter.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Quatrains for the Querulous

Compensations

THE Blessings of Poverty are many—
Or so they say—I rack my brow
But find I cannot think of any
Just now.

In the Neck of Time

There is a virtue in a kiss,
Aside from any thrill of bliss.
When you're engaged in osculation
You needn't think up conversation.

It Isn't Done

We fight and struggle, helter-skelter,
For clothes, for sustenance, for shelter.
Idealists revile and flout them—
Try being spiritual without them!

Purpose

As to philosophers who fret you,
Asking, "What does ambition get you?"
Well, if you're really enterprising
It keeps you from philosophizing!

Whosis

I've met an awful lot of dames
Who never use their husbands' names.
Who were they? Wait, now, let me see;
Maybe their names will come to me.

Standards

The Intelligentzia bravely have fought
All standardized thinkers and standardized thought,
Attacking the standardized life of the age
With standardized phrases of standardized rage!

Mob Minds

The Average Mind, so we are told,
Is just about fourteen years old.
Nothing can come from such a bean. . . .
How old was Juliet? Fourteen.

You Said It

You know, or don't know, where you're at;
You starve, or prosper and grow fat,
And whether it's savorful or flat
Some fool remarks, "Life is like that!"

The Babbitts

The Babbitt is a boresome elf,
He talks of Business and Himself;
The Artist plays a nobler part;
He talks about Himself and Art.

Rates

I wouldn't commercialize my art
By writing ads for a suit or hat;
But here is a song of my bleeding heart;
What'll you pay me, per line, for that?

—Berton Braley.

The Army of Occupation

UP AND away at the start of the day,
Chugging by mountain and river,
Warriors they on the way to the fray,
Sample case strapped to the flivver.

Valiant in heart, every morning they start
Forth from a tavern or dwelling.
Praise to their band scattered over the land;
Luck to the soldiers of selling!

Well do they know how to fence with the foe;
Great is their glee when he's taken.
Thus, with a will, it is on to the kill,
Hoping to bring home the bacon!
On, unafraid, to the ramparts of trade,
On, with a pep that's impelling,
On, till we sign on the old dotted line,
Battle the soldiers of selling.

Then when the calm of the night, bringing balm,
Finds the great army disbanding,
Cryptic and short is each soldier's report
Made to his captain commanding:
"Called on John Doe, but he brusquely said no.
Called on Jim Jones and I told him
How we have planned to increase his demand.
Jim saw the light, and I sold him!"

Soldier of peace, lugging grip and valise,
Selling the wares of a nation,
Go to your quest with conviction and zest;
Blessed is your high occupation.
Fight, modern knight, to your utmost despite
Critical highbrows who hoot you;
War with your corps like the doughboys of yore.
Hero of trade, we salute you!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

CHARLESTON

(Continued from Page 22)

suggested to his congregation, which includes the flower of the city's distinguished families, that there were several alternatives. An electrical device might be installed, a professional bell ringer might be engaged or another negro might be hired. He desired to know their will in the matter.

On the way out of church the old lady sought the advice of a young man who was a connection by marriage.

"What do you think we ought to do?" she asked him.

"I think a professional bell ringer might be a good idea," he said.

She looked up at him in astonishment. "I never thought I'd hear you utter such heresy. Why, we've always had a negro! If we change now, it would destroy our Colonial integrity."

Colonial integrity is the keynote of Charleston. Its isolation from the rest of the country is a result of conditions in Colonial days, when it was almost as easy for Charlestonians to go to England as to sail up to New York or Boston. The harbor used to be filled with sailing ships of various kinds, coming and going, taking to foreign ports cargoes of rice and cotton which the vast plantations yielded, and bringing back to the rich planters cloth and silks and spices from foreign markets. The South Carolinians were not a seafaring people, as were so many New Englanders; their trips abroad were for purposes of utility—to make life pleasanter at home—rather than for the sake of adventure. Nevertheless, their contacts with Europe added to their cosmopolitanism, as did the fact that many of their young men were sent to England to be educated.

This air of cosmopolitanism which still clings to Charleston may account for the fact that very rarely is it called a town, but is always referred to as a city. The total white population is under forty thousand, and including the negroes, the population is only about seventy-five thousand, yet there is a worldliness about the place which causes it to be held in respect.

No one who has visited there ever says "I've just been in a little Southern town." Inevitably they say, "I've just been in the city of Charleston," and usually there is a note of pride in their voices.

But if Charleston is a city among the cities of the world, she has the distinction of being the smallest place which can so qualify. It is sheer quality which has kept her in this position, although it was commercial achievement which placed her there originally. For even in a place where there is so much insistence upon the aristocratic theory of lineage, they acknowledge that the preëminence of the city was due in the early part of the nineteenth century to the wealth and enterprise of its business men.

"Not retail business, you understand," they will tell you. "We always made a sharp distinction there. A gentleman might be in wholesale business, but not in retail. Then there was a difference between the cotton planters and the rice planters. The rice planters were for the most part of our best people. Cotton planters were not usually regarded so highly."

The Rice Planter

The per capita wealth of Charleston was at that time astonishingly high, even compared with New York and Boston. Those were the days when within forty-eight hours after subscriptions to a state bank had been called for, the issue was oversubscribed by six million dollars. And as it was almost a century ago, six million represented ten times the wealth it would today.

The great rice plantations which flourished at that time and furnished so much of this wealth could not, because of the formation of the land, compete with the modern irrigated plantations of Southern states to the west. One after another of the fine old places whose masters once lived in feudal comfort surrounded by black retainers have been sold either to modern farmers, who use the extremely rich soil to raise garden truck or flower bulbs, or to well-to-do Northerners who buy them because of the excellent shooting they guarantee.

Nevertheless, although it has been a long time since the rich rice planter of South Carolina made an actual appearance in the world, he is still a popular figure of legend. His counterpart today is at home in the great world partly because of this. By the great world the Charlestonian does not mean merely Monte Carlo and the Lido of Venice and the Longchamps racing course. All these holiday scenes he may know, but he realizes that so may anyone else, regardless of race or even color, if his pocketbook is expansive. The Europe which the Charlestonian prefers to find open to him, and suspects may not be open to many of his compatriots, consists of drawing-rooms of cultivated Frenchmen and Englishmen. Many foreigners find in the representatives of this Southern city a type which they understand without effort and which they find sympathetic.

"And in my turn, I confess that I feel more at home in parts of England than I do in certain Northern and Western cities in my own country," a Charlestonian declared the other day. "I don't mean that in any snobbish sense, but, after all, my ancestors were all English, and today I am literally closer to the English by ties of blood than I am to the type of polyglot American you see in some of our prosperous cities."

The polyglot American, as he called that result of mixed races who seem to thrive in a crowded bustling metropolis, is often more bewildered by Charleston than he would be by a city in a foreign country.

"I'll bet the house painters starve down here," is apt to be his first comment. "Why, just look at all those gray frame houses that ought to be white! And this in the best residential neighborhood too!"

He will motor through the quiet streets, observing one after another of the old houses, not perceiving the wistful beauty of their shabbiness, nor the delicate loveliness of the old wrought-iron gateways which lead into small sweet-scented gardens fragrant with japonica and mimosa and giant magnolias.

"And all the porches built on the south side." This unnatural position distresses him.

It is explained that the custom of having piazzas added to the houses in this way was brought to Charleston via the Barbadoes, whence many of the first colonizers came two hundred and fifty years ago.

"But that's no reason to build them that way now!" he may protest.

Where Life's Tempo is Slow

The Charlestonians differ with him again. Tradition seems to them an excellent reason for doing almost anything. And although most of the houses in which their representative citizens live have not been built within the past century, even the new residences usually adhere to the rule of a piazza built onto the south side, facing a side garden which is about the width of the house itself and is usually sheltered from the street by a wall of iron or brick.

The charm of these old places—many of them in need of repair—is not an obvious charm. The stranger whose greatest ambition is to have enough money to build an imitation Italian villa of pink stucco, just where his father would have built a Swiss chalet or a French château, will have difficulty in appreciating it. He might be impressed by the magnificent magnolia gardens which usually bloom in April and attract tourists from all parts of the country, but these, after all, are some distance outside the city, and there is, inside, nothing so spectacular.

Nor is there anything spectacular in the social organization of the place. The tempo of life is slow and regular, like the ticking of a dignified old clock, and just as impervious to change. It is one of the few places in America where no one will point out to a stranger the house lived in by the richest citizen. If any of its citizens are rich, no

(Continued on Page 122)

Announcing four

Four distinctive series
14 custom body designs

GONE ARE THE DAYS when the choice of the prospective *Eight-in-line* owner was limited to a few standardized body styles, a few color and upholstery combinations, one wheelbase length and a high price. And Gardner pioneer of the *Eight-in-line* has hastened their going!

Today Gardner builds a complete line of *Eights-in-line* . . . not merely one series, but four! not merely a few conventional body styles, but fourteen custom designs! not simply a limited number of color and interior combinations, but an almost endless variety!

And at prices ranging from $1,475 to $2,475! Including, in the Series 75, a full-size five-passenger Sedan at $1,490 and a five-passenger Sport Coupe at $1,475!

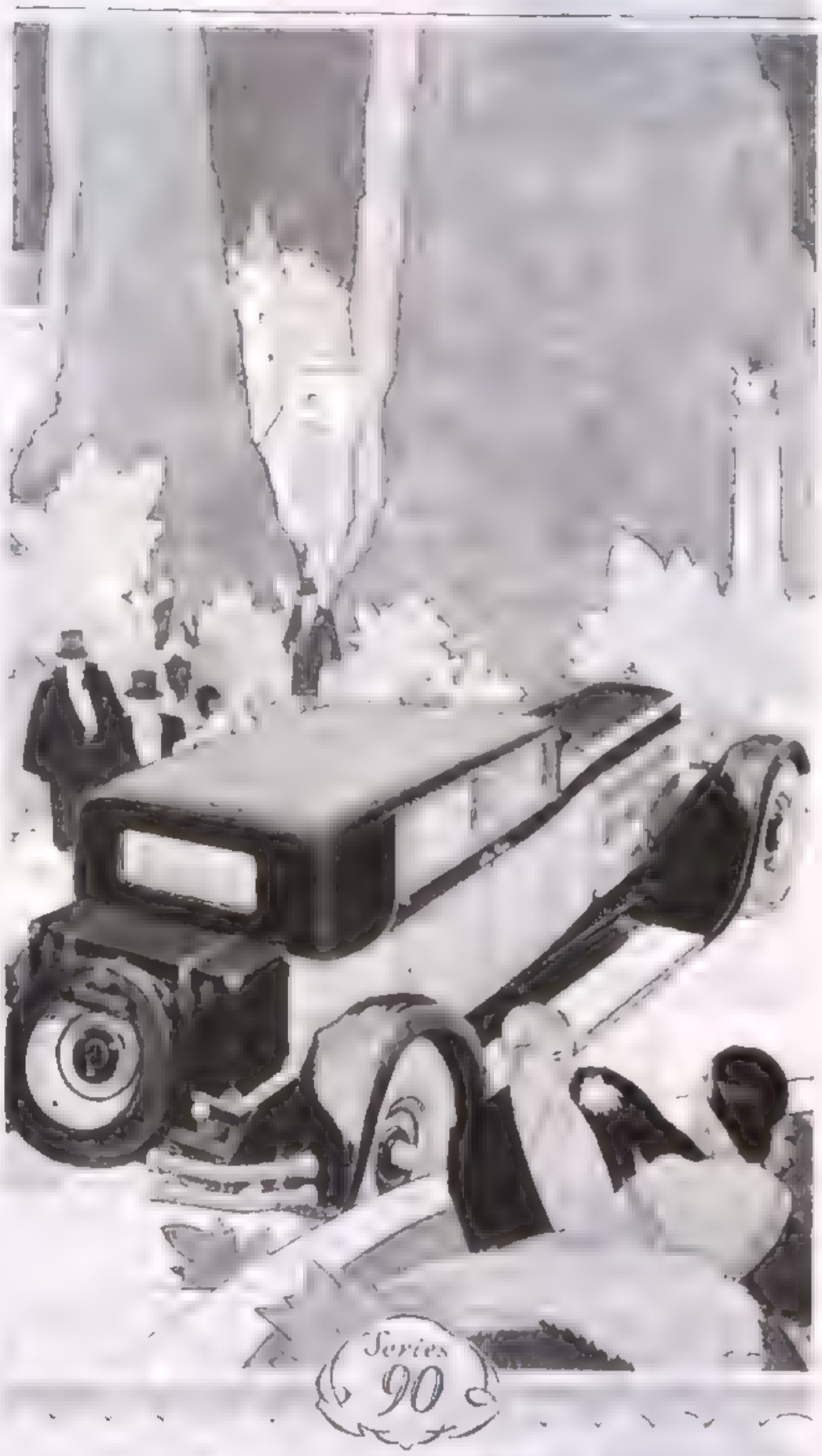
Which means that today anyone who wants a car above the four-cylinder class can own a beautifully designed, splendidly built *Eight-in-line* backed by an organization which has been building well for more than fifty years which has been building *Eights-in-line* for more than three years . . . and which today builds *Eights-in-line* exclusively!

That distinctively

New Gardner Eights

all Eights-in-line
a wide variety of colors

Series 85



Series 90

The Gardner *Eight-in-line* is a distinctively different motor car because the spirit of the men who build it is a spirit of distinctive difference. Here true art and craftsmanship are more highly prized than high production records—and each advance in charm and distinction is hailed as a notable achievement

Is it any wonder that a great wave of esteem for this distinctively different motor car has swept across the continent? The Gardner Motor Co., Inc., St. Louis, U S A , builders of *Eights-in-line* exclusively.

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A. S. T. M. means the "American Society for Testing Materials." This all influential organization has laid down rigid specifications for Friction Tape that have been adopted by Electrical and Industrial Corporations everywhere.

For—
reinsulating worn

Dutch Brand Friction Tape exceeds A.S.T.M. specifications in many ways. Dutch Brand is therefore, an "Extra Service" product and as a consequence is recognized as "The Market Leader."

For—
reinsulating worn
wiring on house-
hold appliances

Just as Dutch Brand Friction Tape is the choice of Big Industries, it is also favored by tape users everywhere. The electrician, the mechanic, the motorist, the housewife or the boy with his bike and radio, all enjoy the extra service and protection of Dutch Brand Friction Tape for a thousand and one uses.

For—
splicing
of
exposed to weather

For—
insulating splices
of wires on
motors and
electrical
tools

Dutch Brand Friction Tape may be obtained at Electrical, Hardware and Motor Accessory Stores in 5c, 10c 20c and 35c packages.

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Established 1910
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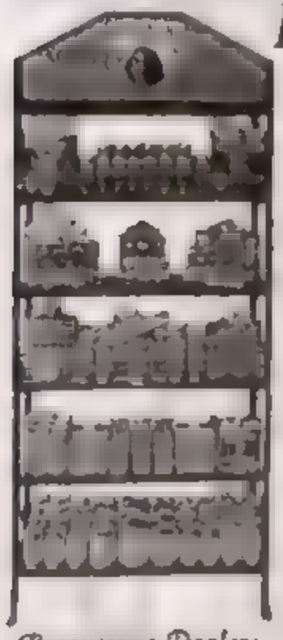

Progressive Dealers display this stand

Dutch Brand Motor Aids

You get the same positive satisfaction when you buy the following motor accessories—Sure Seal Patch Outfits, "2-in-1" Cut Filler, "7711" Rubber Cement, Por-A-Seal Radiator Compound, Auto Top and Cushion Coating, Auto Top Patch Kits and General Use Oil.

(Continued from Page 119)

one thinks it worth while to mention the fact.

"But, you see, you can live better down here on ten thousand dollars a year than you can in New York on forty," declared a business man who has resided in both places. "My friends in the North who know that I've got a town house and a four-thousand-acre country place where I go shooting in the spring and fall, and a cottage over on Folly Island—our new summer resort—think I must spend a fortune. They don't realize how little it really costs to live well down here. There's no incentive to make a lot of money—you wouldn't enjoy life any more."

One family differs somewhat from another in their scale of living, and their total expenditures may vary, but there is greater uniformity among the people who make up Charleston society than can be found anywhere else.

First of all, big, comfortable, beautiful houses have in many cases been inherited. When it was necessary to buy a residence, the cost was proportionally very small. During the past few years the value of real estate has risen, but even now one may purchase a house worthy of a place in an American museum for much less than it would cost to build a mediocre suburban dwelling anywhere else.

"And think of having an endless supply of servants," a Western visitor sighed. "Out where I come from, you usually can't get them in the first place, and if you do, you have to pay them a king's ransom. But down here you can live in almost feudal style with any number of colored retainers, and their wages, by comparison, are nothing at all."

This picture, like many others drawn of Southern life by the casual tourist, is exaggerated, but it is true that much of the comfort of daily life is derived from the negro servitors. They do not always resemble the quaint colored people of fiction, but they do identify themselves sufficiently with the families they serve to create a delightful background for the proverbial Southern hospitality.

The Servant Problem Solved

The black butler in a white coat, who opens the graciously wide front door to a caller, will usher him into the drawing-room with an air that seems to say that his mistress will be delighted to learn of his arrival. The midday dinner, served customarily at three o'clock in the afternoon, will prove the excellence of South Carolinian cooks. The chambermaids, who keep the spacious rooms upstairs, with their beautiful old four-poster beds and antique bureaus, in such good order, will regard the guest as a visitor to her family. No one who has experienced the chill produced sometimes by the most efficient servants in households farther north can fail to be warmed by the manner of these characters cast for secondary rôles, but really playing an important part in creating the atmosphere which constitutes much of Charleston's charm. The nurses of babies and young children are called dahs and are strict guardians of the behavior of their charges. They possess, moreover, a pride in their custodianship which makes them invaluable.

The person of moderate means can be sure of a beautiful home, plenty of servants, and social standing which is in no way dependent upon his income. His dues at the country club, which is beautifully situated on the other side of the new bridge which crosses the Cooper River, are small. He will probably own a cottage on Folly Island, which is only half an hour by motor from the city, and furnishes, from May on throughout the summer, sea bathing from a perfect beach of hard white sand. Close at hand on the old rice plantations he will find superb duck shooting at the proper season. There is excellent fox-hunting, if he cares for this sport. And in not one of these does expense enter as an important factor.

He is even able to educate his children at practically no expense, unless he desires to send them away to boarding school or college. During the past few years almost all the representative families have begun to send their sons and daughters to the public schools, for they discovered that the children were taught much more thoroughly there. It is interesting to find this democratic practice in a community based upon the aristocratic theory.

The Only Need for Money

"And up to a generation ago it wasn't considered quite proper to educate a girl," a Charlestonian declared. "When I went to the private school where all my friends went, we were taught to add and subtract and multiply, but that was all in the way of mathematics. There was a feeling that anything more than that would not have been entirely ladylike. But now our girls go right along with the boys. Not many of them go to college, though."

Many of the young men go away to college, often to the University of Virginia. Others attend Princeton or Yale, and sometimes Harvard, although up to a few years ago it was not popular. If they do not want to go away from home, or if they cannot afford it, they may receive an excellent education at Charleston College at no expense whatever.

"I don't see why anyone cares about making money," said a stranger who was greatly impressed by the enumeration of all these advantages. "After all, men in New York and Chicago want to make money so they can live luxuriously. But down here you don't need money in order to do that."

"That's true," a Charlestonian answered. "And leaving out the natural desire of every man to accumulate money for his children, I suppose the only thing we really need much money for is so we can spend it when we go away from home."

The true Charlestonian enjoys travel. He likes to go up to New York and see the new plays and hear an opera or two, and his wife and daughter share the universal feminine fondness for shopping. As a summer residence he may own a beautiful place in Flat Rock, North Carolina, which is a favorite mountain resort, particularly for the older generation, or in Asheville, or he may go to White Sulphur Springs, which is regarded by Northerners as a fashionable winter resort, but to Southerners is popular only in the summer.

The most prosperous are apt to go North. Newport was started long before the Civil War, or, as they call it in Charleston, "the war between the states," by rich rice planters from Charleston who often sailed up to Rhode Island to enjoy a complete change of climate, or sometimes made the long journey inland, driving with horses.

"But to go to Europe once a year is my idea of luxury," said one of the most attractive women. "And that costs a good deal of money. It means that one's husband has to leave his business completely for several months, and only prosperous men can afford to do that. Then when I'm abroad I like to see everything there is to see—the theaters in London and the restaurants in Paris and all of the gay people at the Lido in Venice and at Biarritz. Then, when I've done that, I'm glad to come home and settle down to my rather quiet life."

Her dark eyes twinkled. "I don't know why I call it a quiet life, though, for I'm busy every minute of the day. In addition to my housekeeping and shopping and social duties and looking after my children, I belong to clubs and to the Poetry Society, and I try to keep up with the new books, and go North often enough not to lose touch with the outside world. But I'm busy in a different kind of way from the women I know in Boston and New York. I always seem to find time to do the things I want to do. They tell me they can't."

This may be the reason that the women of Charleston give one the feeling that they have unlimited leisure, but at the same time are mentally alert. It is even difficult to see that the climate has caused them to be much less active physically than women who live farther north. Certainly, one can always find some of them playing golf, even in very warm weather; they swim and ride and seem possessed of sufficient vitality to do all these things without appearing hectic.

"Or perhaps it's a matter of mental poise more than mere vitality," someone suggested. "They take life more casually and don't try to settle the world so ardently. They also have enough wisdom to know that in order to enjoy life fully leisure is necessary."

Some of the younger men who have gone to Northern universities and are acquainted with diverse parts of our country declare that by comparison with their contemporaries in the North and West, the girls of Charleston are more languid and less athletic.

"And I, for one, think that if they changed they'd lose much of their charm," said a young man who has returned to his native city after an absence of several years. "Southern women have always had a certain distinction of their own. They've never been the modern college-girl type and it wouldn't suit them at all."

The short-haired, short-skirted debutante of today, who protests that the word "chaperon" is an anachronism which she's never even heard uttered when she's visited her boarding-school friends in other cities, is not greatly interested in trying to fit herself into the picture of the traditional Southern belle.

"I want to have a good time," is her motto. It sounds strangely like the motto of youth the world over. "I don't see why I should have to do something just because my mother and grandmother did it."

A Revolt Against Custom

She lives, temporarily at least, in a universe of her own, peopled entirely by girls and boys born after 1905. No one who had the misfortune to come into existence prior to that date can possibly understand her or give her any advice worth listening to. Of that she is certain. This youthful product Charleston shares with all other cities and villages of our country. But so far the Southern metropolis has held its own in the struggle better than most of the others.

Two years ago the Saint Cecilia balls were made an issue.

"It's ridiculous to hold them in the old Hibernian Hall," declared the enemy. "It's only heated by four stoves and it's not comfortable. It would be lots more fun to go to one of the new hotels where we have our dances."

Finally it was decided to break with custom and hold not three but only one ball, and to have it in a modern hotel. It looked like an easy victory for the insurgents. But this one experiment was enough. The spirit of the party did not journey with it to its new quarters. In ordinary setting it became just an ordinary dance. The dignity

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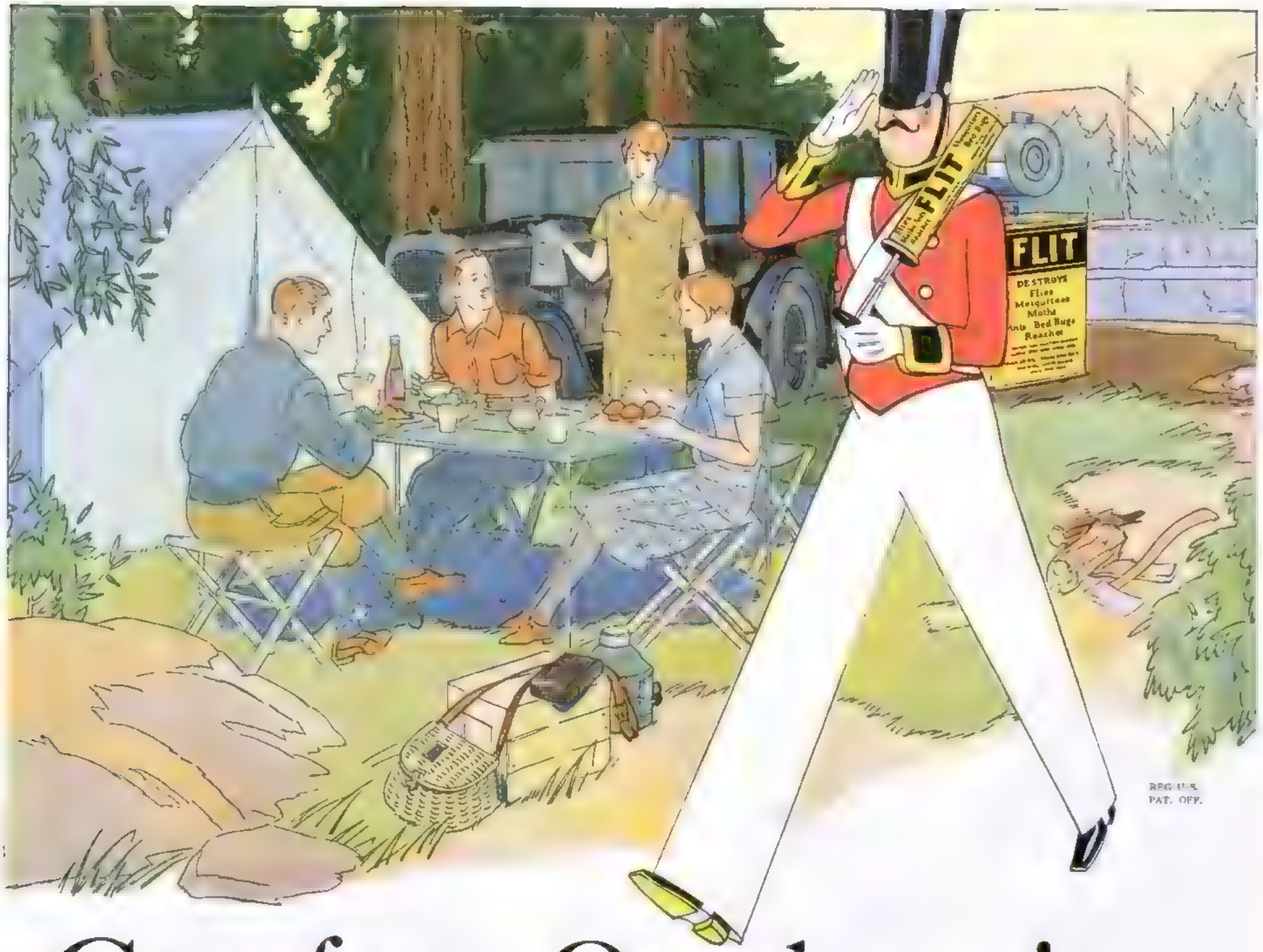

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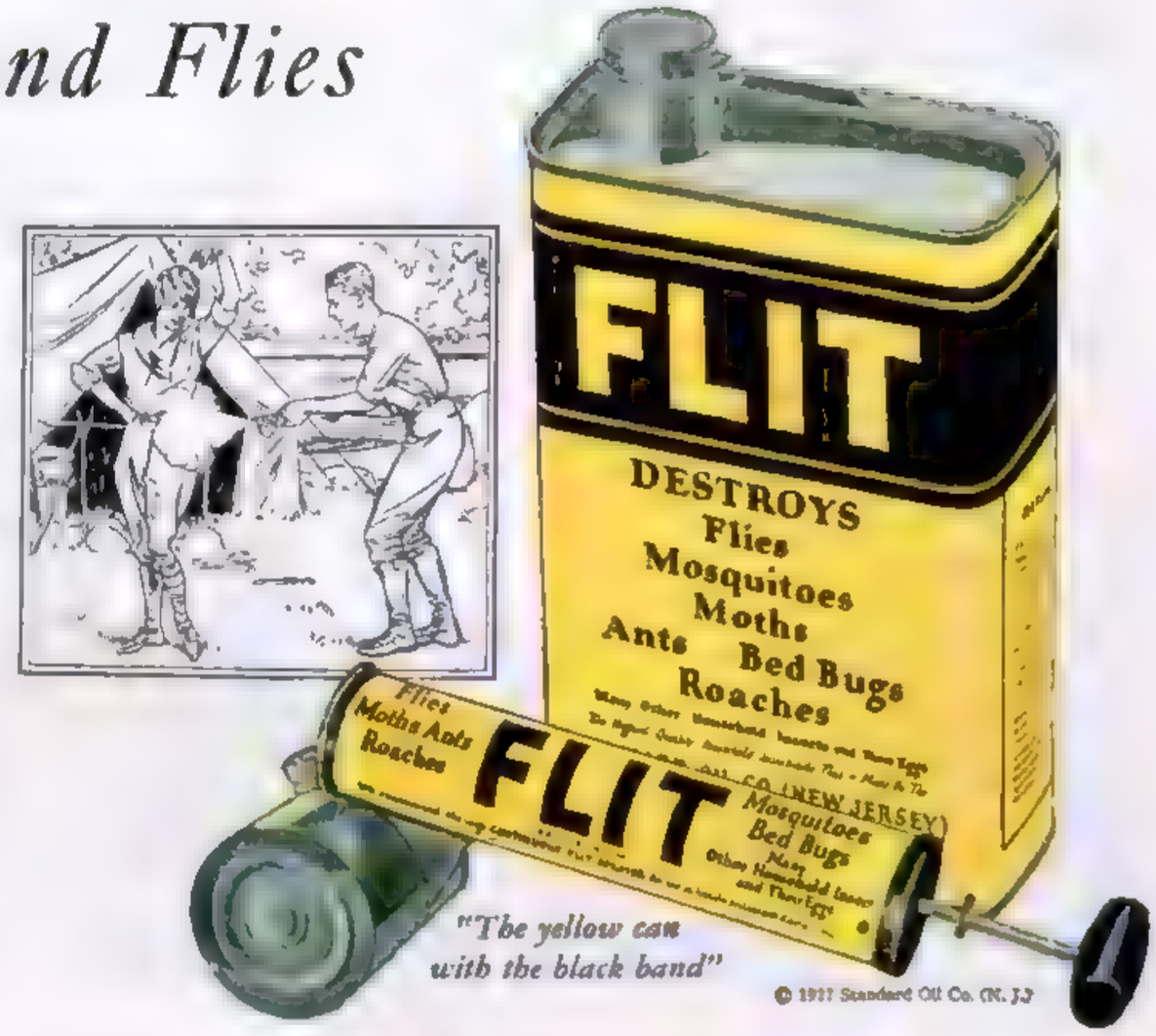

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and distinction which have made it for a century a notable affair had evaporated. Moreover, it was impossible to enforce one of the most strictly preserved rules, which prohibits any girl from leaving the ballroom floor with a young man.

There is today a woman prominent in Newport and New York who loves to tell of her formal expulsion from the Saint Cecilia some years ago, when, as a girl, she was visiting in Charleston. She had finished dancing and decided that it would be pleasant to sit out on the steps until the music started again. Accordingly she and her partner had left the ballroom for a few minutes. The next day she received a notice advising her that she had violated a rule of the society and could never attend another of its balls.

At the hotel winter before last, however, the youngsters could not be held in check. It was even rumored that some of the most enterprising of the young men had a private supply of liquor. Now, liquor before prohibition was an important part of these parties. Fine old sherry was served all during the evening, and at the splendid supper, to which the president of the society always escorted the newest bride, champagne flowed freely and gentlemen went from one table to another, drinking the health of various ladies. Since the passage of the prohibition amendment, however, there has been no liquor at all at the balls.

"Because it would be beneath the dignity of the occasion to break the law," an old member explained.

The conservatives were the final victors, and last winter the traditional three balls were held in the traditional Hibernian Hall where the great-grandmothers of many of the fourteen debutantes of the season had also made their first formal appearance in society.

A certain aftermath of the unsuccessful rebellion might have been indicated by the daring of certain young women who were seated at a conspicuous table while supper was being served in the Hibernian Hall last winter. They lighted cigarettes! Everyone gasped. It seemed incredible. Then four of the governors bore down upon them from various parts of the room and in one voice demanded that an end be put to such unseemly conduct.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" said one of the girls who resents the power which the older generation still exerts in Charleston. "Everyone smokes now. It's too silly to keep all those old-fashioned ideas. Why, do you know that as a great concession they have just begun to allow men to smoke in the dressing room! Do you wonder that we all are bored to death by the balls? The Yacht-Club dances and the Cotillions are lots more fun. Then, of course, we give our own parties in the hotels, just the way people do everywhere else. Why, they still have programs at the Saint Cecilia, and there are no encores and nobody is allowed to cut in. You have to go with a chaperon and you have to be returned to her before the new dance starts. It hasn't changed for a hundred years!"

Mid-Charlestonian

They are right in essentials, although it was before the Civil War that Fraser, the miniature painter, wrote in his Reminiscences apropos of the dignity of the matrons of Charleston who sat watching the formal square dances at the Saint Cecilia balls: "And I have often thought how sternly they would have frowned upon those graceless and exceptional dances which the corrupt fashions of Europe are recommending to our imitation." He then added, in an approving postscript: "Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence."

One wonders what the good lady would have thought of the dance to which Charleston's proud name was given because it was the invention of some of her black citizens. It is said that there are those among Charleston's white daughters who are expert in this and the newer dance which originated along the near-by coast, populated by negroes. It is usually added that they learned these dances while visiting away from home!

Yet even the youngsters, who protest that they don't see any reason for going to stupid formal balls where only the waltz and one-step may be danced with partners chosen days in advance, feel secret pride when they have visitors from out of town, who, in the language of schoolgirls, rave about the quaintness and charm of these lovely old parties and liken them to scenes out of old-fashioned books. They are glad then that they can offer their guests a form of entertainment which is different from anything else in America. Their attitude toward the balls is analogous to their attitude toward most of their surroundings. They grew up taking for granted that they would sit at the Duncan Phyfe dining table where so many generations of their name had sat, using the same old family silver and surrounded by the portraits of their ancestors.

There is a story that a Charleston girl whose family have little money, returned from a visit to a rich Northern school friend with an amazing list of new experiences.

"They've got other people's great-grandfathers hanging on their walls," she began, "and they buy other families' old sofas and chairs and silver. And they're not a bit ashamed of it either. They asked me if I didn't like antiques. I told them I'd never seen anything else!"

Boosters' Clubs De Trop

When the young begin to view their city through the eyes of an outsider, their pride has a good chance of being healthily nourished. They may have laughed when the older members of their family took visitors to see the historic Saint Michael's churchyard, where so many stones are marked with distinguished names, but in an offhand manner they may even do this very thing for their friends. They will go through the splendid old show places and remark casually that architects from all over the country have come down to admire them. They will point out the beautiful ironwork of the gateways and occasional balconies. They will, in the spring, motor out to Magnolia Gardens, which magnificent sight causes even the most blasé to express themselves in superlatives. And they will drop into the city hall some morning when they happen to be passing, so that the visitor may see the incomparable full-length portrait which Sully painted of George Washington after his visit to Charleston.

"The city has been offered huge sums of money for this picture," the resident will say. "More than half a million dollars at one time. And twice we were told to name our own price. It will always stay here."

They do not often speak of money in Charleston. When they do, it is usually, as in the case of this story, to demonstrate how low a place money occupies in their scale of values. It is perhaps the only place in our country, and one might almost say, in the world today, where no one ever uses the term "millionaire." They may know what this word means, but it is no part of their vocabulary, even though it might accurately be ascribed to some of their members.

Charleston has shared in the new era of prosperity which the South has begun to enjoy and her per capita wealth is again surprisingly large. Industry finds her splendidly situated, because she is near the source of raw material and she provides excellent means of transportation for manufactured goods. Moreover, labor is cheap because living is not expensive, and the climate is unusually good. During the worst months of the summer, easily accessible sea bathing relieves the strain of the hot days, and during the rest of the year the weather is delightful.

"It's wonderful to have new capital and new blood coming into Charleston, isn't it?" someone asked a man whose name has been prominent for generations.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he answered, in a tone that showed he was not convinced. After a moment he added, "I'm in business myself and it's to my interest to see the town grow. But I feel that if it grows commercially, it's bound to change in other ways and become more modern and more like other cities. I hate to think of that."

The professional town boosters of other small communities, who announce that in time their city will become a second Chicago or a bigger and better Los Angeles, would be astonished to learn how sincere and deep-rooted is this desire of Charlestonians not to imitate more bustling metropolises.

They do not oppose all change. Several years ago, when an enterprising Northerner who had come there to live suggested that Folly Island could be made into an ideal summer resort available to all the populace at a low cost, his idea was carried out, and he is given a great deal of credit for its success.

"But he's different," they say. "First of all, he married a Charleston woman, so he understands us; at least as well as anyone who was not born here could. And he confines his improvements to our external surroundings and doesn't want to change our habits and customs."

It was, however, a Charlestonian who suggested the other day that it would be an improvement if the business men had a downtown club at which they lunched together, instead of always going home to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"We're the only place left in America where every man goes to his own house in the middle of the day. It would be a lot more progressive if we'd meet together and talk things over at noon."

He stands little chance of convincing his fellow townsmen of the wisdom of this scheme.

The midday dinner, often starting with thick soup ladled from an old family tureen, and going through roasts and rice and yams and salad to a rich dessert, would cause havoc with the average man or woman who counts calories as if they were priceless pearls. But it is an institution in Charleston, just as is the cold supper served sometime during the evening, which does away with the ceremony of wearing formal evening clothes except upon gala occasions.

"They dine at three, because in the days when rice and cotton were all-important, the men stayed at their offices until the Exchange closed," a newcomer explained.

"Not at all," said a resident. "We dine at three because we follow the old English custom."

Keeping It Secret

Another custom peculiar to Charleston is the unwritten law by which no account of any social functions may be printed in the local newspapers. In vain the editors have asked their friends to let them publish accounts not of parties or of personal happenings but at least of weddings.

"After all, weddings are matters which concern the community as a whole," one publisher declared. "I would be the last person to desire publicity for the ladies of my family or my friends. But weddings and funerals are different."

He even pointed out to his fellow citizens that in England the most conservative people pay to have such notices inserted in the court calendar of the big newspapers. So far he has not been able to convince them of the desirability of following even this precedent.

An amusing corollary is that the law of the state requires a notice to be published within a certain time after the marriage ceremony, and the new bridegroom pays a dollar to the advertising department so that the bare announcement may appear, but he will not allow the event to be written up as a news item.

When Charlestonians are away from home they are sometimes not so fastidious about publicity, one hears, and they have even been known to send back to their local papers items which have been printed in the press of other cities. If these paragraphs then appear with the heading, "Reprinted from ——" whatever the paper may have been, they feel that the code has not been violated. Which inconsistency is a pleasing reminder that even the upholders of the solemn past may be as human as the rest of us.

The laws about marriage have always been very casual in South Carolina, and until a comparatively short time ago no license was required and no records were kept, so that, unless the couple themselves published the notice in the papers, it could remain a complete secret. Divorce has never been obtainable on any grounds in South Carolina, nor is it today. It is necessary for residents to go into some other state before this legal step becomes possible.

"Then they come home and resign from the Saint Cecilia," someone said. "No divorced people may belong. And if a member even marries a woman who is divorced, he resigns immediately."

The Gate-Crashing Ants

In all their discussions of standards they seem to go back to this association, because it represents, with its three hundred members in a community of forty thousand, the city's social stronghold.

"Are your best men interested in local politics?" a stranger asked.

"Yes, every mayor except one, since I can remember, has been a member of the Saint Cecilia," was the serious answer.

State and national politics attract fewer Charlestonians. The reason for this is said to lie in the jealousy which the rest of the state feels toward the city. Certainly Charleston has an attitude of superiority toward her neighbors which might contribute toward this rivalry.

If one asks whether someone is a real Charlestonian and the answer is, "No, he comes from upstate," it is often said with a perceptible note of snobbery. There again the Charlestonian shares the common foible of mankind which tries to base human merit upon geographical location.

They have in their city a boundary line which is what Market Street is to Philadelphia, the difference between the East and West Side is to New York and the South Shore and the North Shore to Chicago. In Charleston you must live below Broad Street. The beautiful old houses of the elect go from this street down to the palmetto-bordered Battery, where at night one may hear mocking birds sing and see the moon rise on a harbor which, its admirers insist, is as beautiful as any in the world.

They say that an old lady who greatly deplores the coming of new people into her city, ascribes to them the wearing down of the aristocratic principles upon which her foundations rest. Last year, during the house-cleaning season, she was heard to exclaim:

"That's what comes of having strangers here! Now, for the first time since I can remember, we even have ants below Broad Street!"

Just what else may develop now that more and more industries are sending their representatives to Charleston, one cannot be certain. One wishes that, before any radical changes take place, some American philanthropist of the type who is interested in preserving French palaces would find a way to keep intact for us and our descendants this corner of the globe which contains much that our Colonial ancestors knew and loved.

As for Charleston itself, it will not consciously adapt itself to its newcomers. Its attitude was expressed some years ago, when it was discovered that the harbor was not deep enough for certain ships that desired to dock there.

"You will have to make the harbor deeper," they were told.

"We'll never change!" was the answer. "If outsiders want to come in here, let them make their boats shallower!"

A sensational success everywhere!

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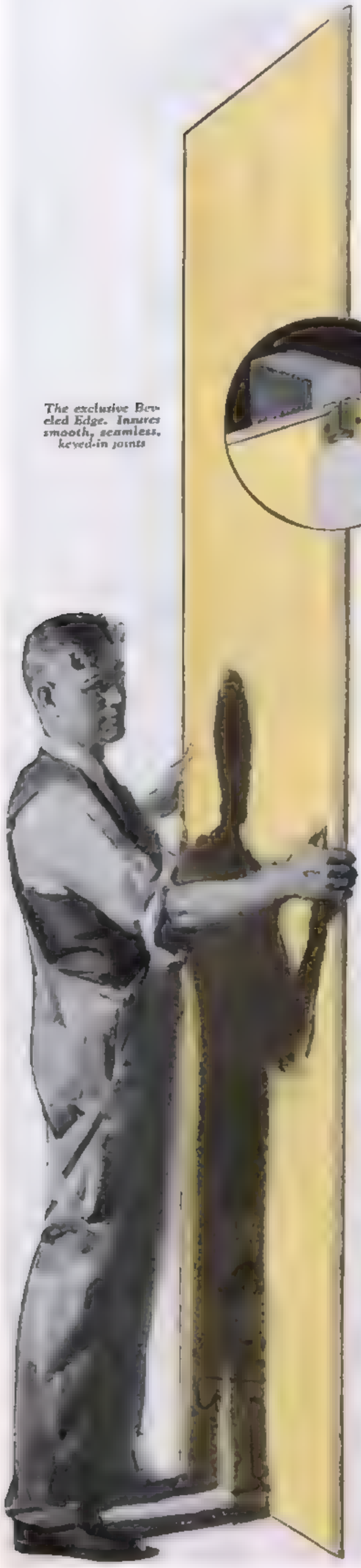

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No smoke ever arises from any building on the estate. A central heating plant heats this magnificent horticultural group and Mr. duPont's old colonial residence at Longwood Farms

R. P. BREWER, engineer of maintenance, during his investigation read an Oil-O-Matic ad in the Christian Science Monitor, which led to his securing information that finally resulted in placing Oilomatic heat in 50 such homes as these

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC

AERIAL VIEWS OF LONGWOOD FARMS, DUPONT ESTATE

809

his 50th Oil-O-Matic

Head of General Motors uses oil exclusively for heat on his estate

JUST the bare statement that Pierre S. duPont has 50 Oil-O-Matic Oil Burners on his estate, answers nine-tenths of the questions on oil heat now in your mind.

And when you read how he came to select Oil-O-Matic—where they are used—the length of time he has had them—and their record of performance—you will realize that your whole problem of heating is answered for you.

Engineer makes actual tests

From his staff of engineers, Mr. Brewer was appointed to determine which oil burner was best fitted to provide economical, uniform, dependable heat. On the basis of engineering excellence, his choice narrowed down to two. But after making actual tests in homes on Longwood Farms, the duPont estate, Mr. Brewer recommended Oil-O-Matic.

This settles the question of comparative merit.

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The employees and their families dwell on this estate in average size homes. It is into these that Mr. duPont has placed 50 Oil-O-Matics.

This is your assurance that no home is too small to enjoy all the wonderful benefits of Oilomatic Heat.

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The first three Oil-O-Matics were installed on the estate in the Spring of 1925. So perfectly did they function that during that summer, 39 more were bought. Eight more have been added as new homes were built.

In view of this there should be no question as to its dependability. Particularly since Oil-O-Matic has been giving similar satisfaction for 8 years, and more home owners are buying Oil-O-Matics than any other two oil burners combined.

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The individual tenants bear the cost of heating their own homes and their satisfaction is the best measure of Oilomatic Heat. You will find their homes spotlessly clean and easy to keep so. They enjoy the comfort of perfectly uniform, automatic heat at a cost equal to the bare cost of coal.

Oil-O-Matic's low operating cost is primarily due to its ability to use heavy oils, lower in price and richer in heat units than the light oils to which most oil burners are restricted. Yet Oil-O-Matic burns light or heavy oil with equal facility.

Small payment down

In your community there is a trained oilomatician who has the organization, facilities and financial responsibility to assure you equal satisfaction. For those who wish it, he can arrange terms that make the initial cost of installation insignificant, indeed.

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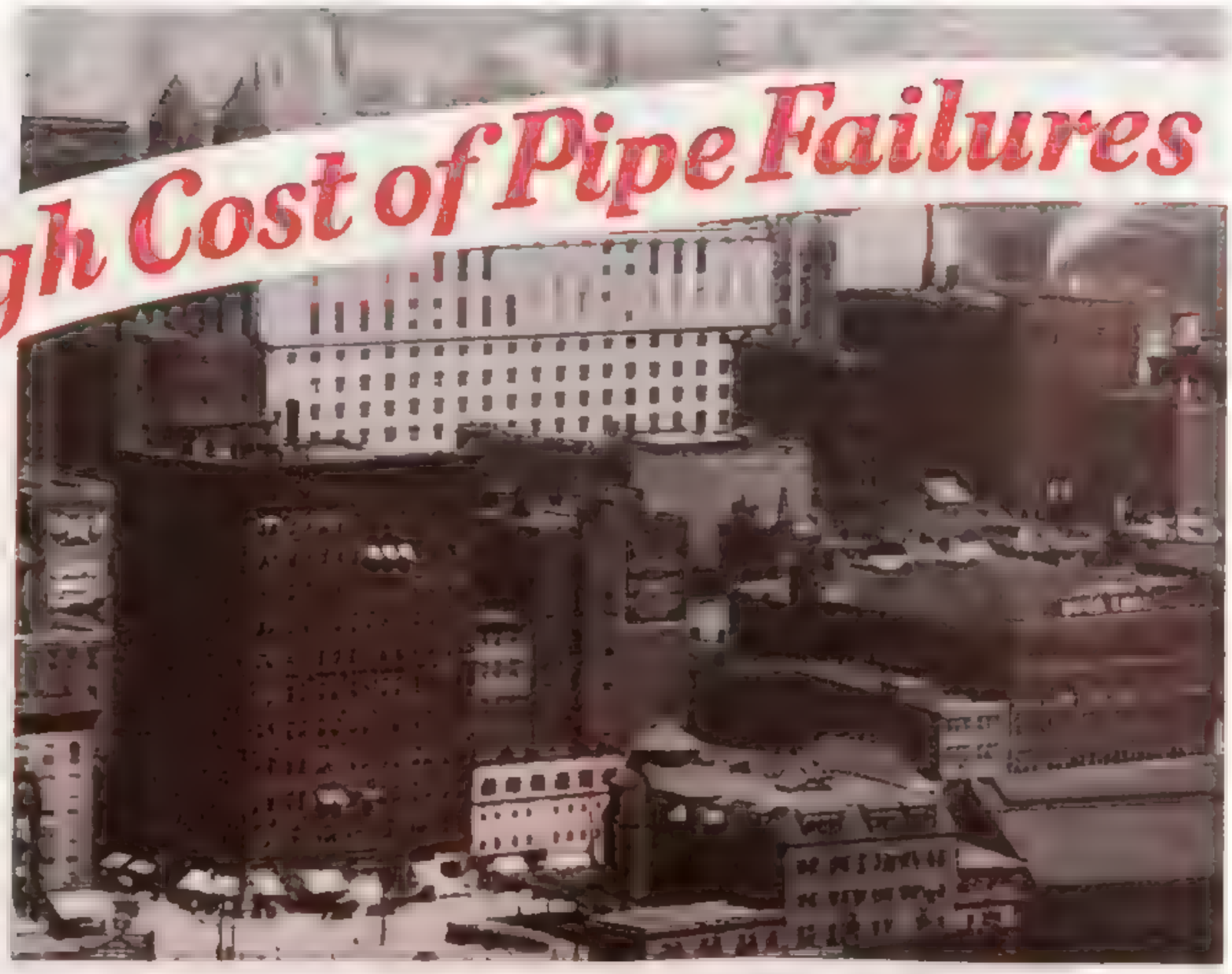
BY U.S. AIR SERVICE, 20TH PHOTO SECTION

One of a series of true stories to appear in this publication.

The High Cost of Pipe Failures



Three Short Lengths of Pipe that cost $1800 *to Replace*

A typical and authentic instance proving the extravagance of using cheap pipe—name of building on request.

NOT a thousand miles from where Byers good wrought iron pipe is made, a six-story building was put up in 1901. Good wrought iron was used for the plumbing. It is in use to this day, and has never needed replacement of any part.

But in 1902, six stories were added; and unfortunately the pipes were not of honest wrought iron; but of cheaper material, claimed to be equally good.

Then, as now, the manufacturers of this cheaper pipe argued that new and improved methods had made their product as rust resisting as genuine wrought iron. Then, as now, doubtless, they hoped their arguments would prove correct; and then, as now, many users of pipe were led to believe them. Yet the consequences of error in such a case are as inevitable as old classic Fate.

In 1926, trouble began with the plumbing in the upper and newer part of the building. The drainage pipes in the main toilet room on the eighth floor were found to be leaking. Consternation! Floors to be removed, solid concrete, tiles and marble to be torn out, before the offending pipes could be reached! When uncovered, they proved to be eaten away to a shell and riddled with holes.

Byers Pipe was used for the replacement, at a cost of about $80, or about $36 extra as compared with cheaper pipe. But the total cost of the repairs in this one room alone was $1,800; and the owners face the probability of like expenditures, in increasing amounts, from year to year. The instance is typical of the staggering cost of making pipe replacements in buildings under occupancy.

If the upper half of the building had been equipped with Byers at first, as the lower half was, this story would never have been written.

What is Byers Pipe?

Byers differs from inferior pipe chiefly in the lasting material of which it is made, genuine, old fashioned wrought iron of the highest quality, and nothing else. It has the same virtues now as the Byers Pipe which was installed in buildings half a century ago and has done service ever since. Its character has never been changed because there is no known way in which it could be made better, and to make it cheaper at the expense of quality would destroy the foundation on which the good name of Byers was built. The standards of excellence to which its makers have been faithful in the past, they are pledged to maintain in the future. Now, as always, the "Pipe with the Spiral Stripe" gives to every user the most economical protection against costly pipe failures.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY

Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

us every year to serve their imperial master. I spend four months of the year in Germany. But even I, in spite of the tender love of the Emperor and the ever-present inspiration of his presence, feel sometimes like a spirit out of the Thousand and One Nights imprisoned in a bottle at the bottom of the sea. I marvel at the patience with which the Emperor, who never leaves Doorn except for brief excursions in the neighborhood, endures the treadmill of his existence year in and year out. For eight years he has borne it without complaining.

Ordinarily the prospective husband joins his beloved to celebrate their wedding in the home of the bride. Necessity forced us to disregard this convention. Since the Emperor could not leave Doorn, I was compelled to come to him. True friends and false attempted to hold me back. Knowing my temperament, but not my love for the Emperor, they predicted that I would not be able to bear the privations of exile in Doorn. I had many unpleasant experiences. But here and there a kindly word, a token of affection, pierced the clouds like sudden shocks of sunshine on a rain-sodden day.

To leave one's home and one's children behind to join a new husband in a foreign land tests the mettle of any woman. The Emperor had designated General von Dommes to conduct me to Doorn. My heart felt the wrench of the train when it pulled out of Saabor. There is a moment in the life of every bride, maid or matron, when she hesitates for a second. My departure from the ancestral home of my children and of their father, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, was such a moment. Once on the train, I grew calmer. The die was cast. There was no turning back.

I left Saabor on the fourth of November. I arrived in Doorn late at night. The wedding was set for the very next day. Again the imperial automobile carried me from the station. It was the same trip, but how different from the first! A few short months ago I had arrived as a guest, anxious, uncertain, fearing the worst. Today I arrived as the Emperor's bride.

I reached Doorn, eluding the reporters by a ruse. I do not remember how I got into my wedding dress the next morning. Reporters from many lands, with sharpened pencils and inexhaustible fountain pens, resorted to incredible tricks, but no uninvited guest succeeded in getting into the fortress. Their onslaughts failed, their stratagems were defeated.

The Wedding Guests

Invitations to the wedding were restricted to members of the family and intimate friends. There was no room for the wedding guests in House Doorn. We are cramped for space even now, although the Emperor, true to his promise, has added a wing to the building, known as the orangery, for my children. Most of the guests stayed at the two small hotels, a few minutes' walk from the entrance to House Doorn. The besieging hosts of reporters and curiosity seekers had seized every available inch of space. Our wedding brought a golden shower to Doorn. The village thrives since the Emperor's presence has put it, as you Americans say, on the map.

The Crown Prince had hastened from Wieringen to attend the wedding and to refute by his presence the rumor of his disapproval. He was joined by his brother, Prince Eitel Fritz. Prince Henry of Prussia had come from his home in Kiel. Prince Henry startles one at first by his resemblance to his brother and to King George. Being a seaman, he looks more weather-beaten than his German brother or his English cousin. The Emperor's loyal sister, Landgravine Margaret of Hesse, soon appeared on the scene. An ancient friendship had brought Prince Furstenberg from Donaueschingen, where in happier days the Kaiser occasionally forgot the cares of state.

I had deliberately left my children, except Henrietta, at home. My two older sisters, Countess Kunigl and Baroness Guagnoni, were unable to come owing to passport difficulties. One lives in German Austria, the other in that part of the Tyrol annexed by Italy after the war. However, my youngest sister, Ida, with her husband, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, had come from her home in the Harz Mountains. It was Ida who had read the secret of my engagement to the Kaiser from my lips on my return from Doorn. My cousin, Prince Henry XXVII of Reuss, Younger Line, officiated at the wedding as the head of our house in place of my disabled brother.

The Late Grandduchess Louise of Baden, 1922

Queen Wilhelmina was not present in person, but both she and the Queen Mother had conveyed their congratulations with magnificent baskets of flowers. Count Bentinck, our dearest friend in Holland, had come from Amerongen; his brother arrived from his castle at Zuylestein. The senior branch of the house of Bentinck emigrated to England in the seventeenth century with William III of Orange. The Earl of Portland is regarded as the head of both the Dutch and the English branches. His Honor the burgomaster of Doorn, His Excellency Doctor Kan, Minister of the Interior in the Queen's cabinet, Count Lynden, Governor of the Province of Utrecht, where Doorn is situated, and Count von der Goltz, a German nobleman living in Holland, in addition to the gentlemen officiating in various capacities at Doorn, and the members of our official household completed the roster of guests.

Nineteen eventful years, almost two decades, had passed since the wedding of my sister Caroline to the Grand Duke of Weimar, where I first met the Kaiser. Now the Kaiser himself was the bridegroom and I was the bride. On both occasions a note of sadness crept into the nuptial festivities. In my sister's case, the cause was personal. Hers was a loveless match. We, fortunately, were united by tender devotion, but we were separated from our country, we were wedded in exile. The thought of Germany aggrieved and enchained, a dark shrouded figure ever present in our minds, was the somber uninvited guest at the feast

The altar where we pledged our troth was on alien soil. It was raised neither in Reuss-Greiz, where my fathers had ruled for eight hundred years, nor in Berlin, whose history is the history of the Hohenzollerns.

The Kaiser's old court chaplain, Doctor Vogel, had come from his parish, the Friedenskirche in Potsdam, to bestow upon our marriage the blessings of the church. The civil ceremony was performed by the burgomaster of Doorn.

The main entrance to House Doorn leads into a large lobby, or reception room. Large oil portraits of William of Orange and his wife, ancestors of Emperor William, as well as of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, immediately capture the eye. One door, over which a horseshoe found by the Kaiser on one of his walks is suspended, leads into the dining room. Bronze busts, one representing Queen Louise and one representing her husband, King Frederick William III, the great-grandfather of the Emperor, stand at either side of the door. The table in the center of the room challenges attention by an exquisite reproduction of a statue of Frederick the Great by the French sculptor Jerome. It is an equestrian like the statue presented by the Kaiser to the American people in exchange for the monument to Steuben.

The Ceremony

The photograph of the reception room makes it easy to visualize the topography of the hall. One door at the right leads to the drawing-room, another gives into the smoking room. Immediately adjacent to the smoking room is the little elevator, installed for the late Empress, which leads to the upper floor. At the left, there is a staircase leading to our private rooms, and a short hall leading to the room where the master of the household and our guests dine when the Emperor and I eat alone.

It was at the extreme left, where His Majesty conducts religious services every morning, that the altar had been erected. Festive garlands hung from the ceiling and wound themselves gracefully from window to window. Care had been taken to distribute the guests in such a manner as not to create the impression of overcrowding. The Emperor appeared in a gala uniform with the insignia of a marshal. He wore his Iron Cross. The most distinguished of his many orders made a colored band across his chest. My wedding gown had a train. It was made of light mauve chiffon velvet. I wore a black and white hat. Around my neck was an emerald necklace, an ancient heirloom of the house of Reuss. I carried a fan made of plumes selected by Hagenbeck from the ostriches of his famous zoölogical garden. He had presented these plumes to the Kaiser many years previously.

It may seem strange that in describing the ceremony that united me to the man of my girlhood dreams I should dwell so largely on externals. However, on such occasions the externals preoccupy one's attention. This is fortunate, because it diverts the mind from itself. If we fully realized the solemn significance of such occasions it would be difficult to restrain one's emotions. There would be more weeping brides and bridesmaids at weddings. The emotional outburst would impair the ritual and the solemnity of the occasion.

At funerals as well as at weddings the mind, in self-protection, busies itself with comparatively trivial details. The full significance, the solemnity of the act, impresses itself more intensely before and after the ceremony. Such were my thoughts, when the Reverend Doctor Vogel, to whom I had listened so often in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam, aroused me from my reverie. We stepped before the altar. Like melodious thunder, the preacher's voice rose to the ceiling. The Emperor's yes rang through the room like a trumpet. My yes, though no less sincere, was in a lower key. We exchanged rings and kissed.

Suddenly my little daughter Henrietta, who had not seen me all morning, hurtled herself into my arms with the full weight

(Continued on Page 131)

A Knockout

Try Planters Salted Peanuts. You'll admit you never tasted any quite so big and appetizing. Brown and wholesome. Look for the glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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Commissions Paid Daily
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Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Prominent people. For full details and exclusive territory
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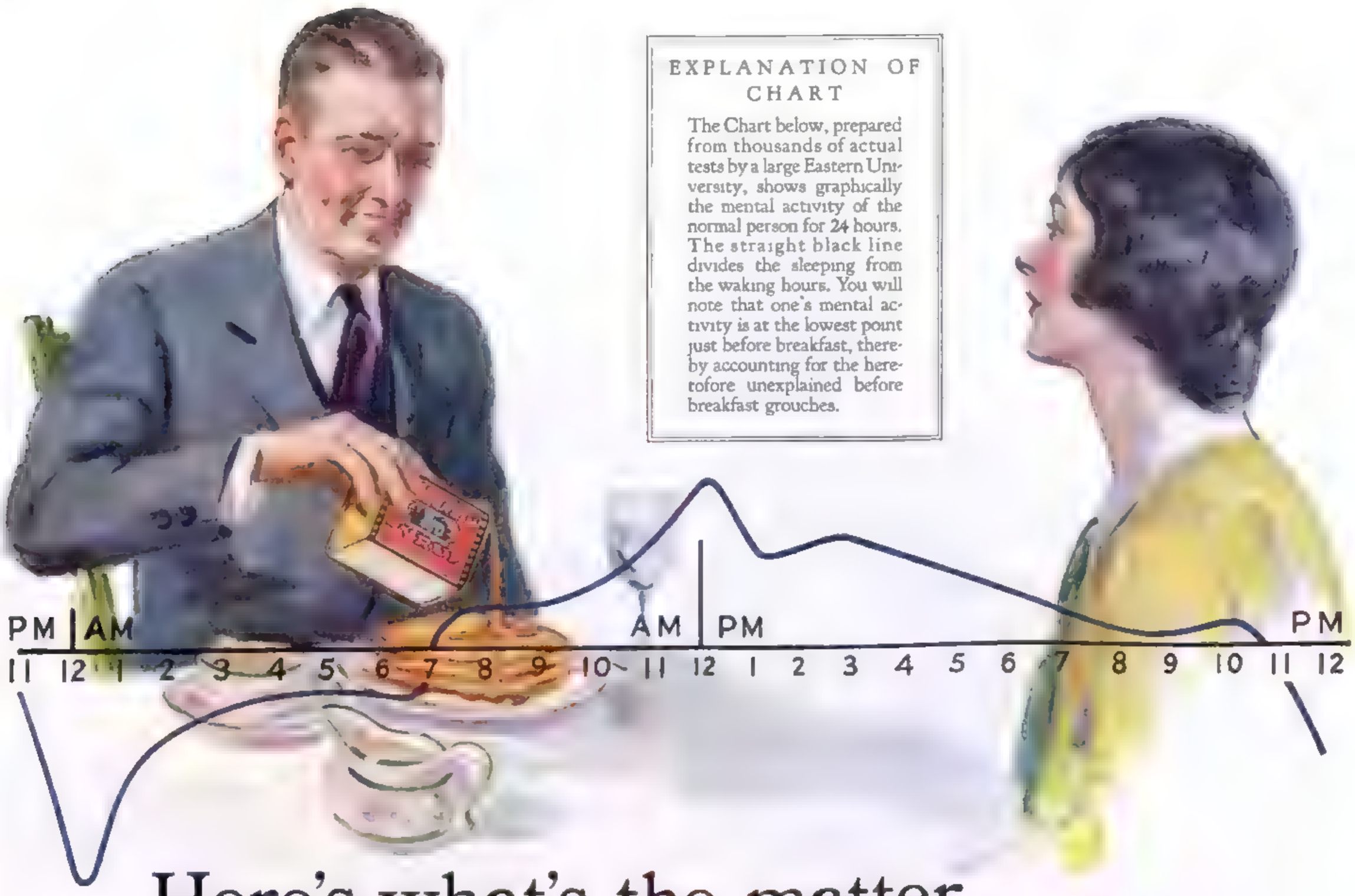
EXPLANATION OF CHART
The Chart below, prepared from thousands of actual tests by a large Eastern University, shows graphically the mental activity of the normal person for 24 hours. The straight black line divides the sleeping from the waking hours. You will note that one's mental activity is at the lowest point just before breakfast, thereby accounting for the heretofore unexplained before breakfast grouches.
PM AM AM PM PM
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Here's what's the matter with your husband!

He can't help it, madam, but *you* can . . . this way

When your husband gets up with a grouch—*as husbands will, sometimes*—don't blame him too much. For he can't help it.

The chart shown above, made by a large Eastern University, tells you why. But you can help him, if you will. By doing one of those simple little things we overlook!

Just say, "Pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup this morning, dear." Then watch his face light up. For when he thinks of a plate of smiling pancakes, he just simply *has* to smile back. And the whole world is okey again.

That's why pancakes are an American institution. But, remember that any pancake is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

That "woodsy" maple flavor

The real old-time maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup is the reason why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today—with both young and old.

Only the choicest of the maple from New England and Canadian groves is used in making Log Cabin. These maple sugars are blended by the famous 40-year-old Towle process, with just enough purest sugar of cane—nothing else—to mellow and enhance that luscious maple taste—rare and melting.

Fried Mush—another delightful and wholesome dish when served with Log Cabin Syrup. One of the 24 ways to vary the menu."

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Make this test at our risk

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Could we make a fairer offer?

Log Cabin Syrup comes only in *Log Cabin shaped tins*—in four sizes. The table size contains 12 *fluid* ounces—one pound net weight—for 35c. Buy a can from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

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The table size contains 12 fluid ounces—

One pound net weight

for 35¢

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 129)

of her impetuous little body. "Mammie!" she shouted, and embraced me fiercely.

The child's embrace released the wells of emotion

The sacrifice of my freedom seemed no longer a matter of moment. Every woman, however strong, however independent, is happiest under the protection of a man to whom she looks up, whom she adores. Yet she loves to put her arm protectively about her man, to minister to his weakness as well as to his strength, to be the eternal mother that slumbers in every woman to the eternal boy concealed in every man.

Our wedding rings were plain golden bands with the inscription: 5 XI 1922 Wilhelm Doorn, Hermine Doorn. My engagement ring was a platinum ring with two small pearls, one white and one gray, given to me on the evening before my wedding on my arrival. I presented the Kaiser with a sapphire ring which I had inherited from my father. On my arm I wore a lovely bracelet of Roman gold, made after a design of the Emperor copied from an ancient Greek model—a flexible serpent with small ruby eyes, which had been in his possession for years.

One of my most original wedding presents is an ivory chain with an elephant charm, from the chieftain of an African tribe, who still regards the German Emperor as his feudal lord and looks upon me as his queen. In view of the seriousness of our step and in view of the conditions at home, we exchanged few presents. We specifically asked all friends, relatives and wedding guests to refrain from presenting us with gifts. However, some Dutch and American friends of the Emperor insisted upon surprising us with rare plants for our park. Many flowers and other touching tokens reached us from home, including a large wedding cake from Greiz, my father's erstwhile capital, the town where I was born. I was most deeply touched by the gifts from my children.

Immediately after the wedding His Majesty introduced to me every member of his household, from the heads of various departments to the lowliest scullery maid. In his skillful manner he characterized each with a kindly word. Each word was a picture that impinged itself upon my brain. Thus he familiarized me at once with my new environment, my household, my little kingdom. Then His Majesty presented the various Dutch notables to me. Henrietta still stood at my side, her arms never relaxing their tender hold.

The Royal Reception

The Emperor and I held an informal reception in the adjoining salon. On the wall the picture of Queen Louise, by Tischbein, smiled benignly down upon us. A bust of the late Empress Augusta Victoria by Professor Begas, dominating the room, seemed to give us its silent blessing.

After the reception, luncheon was served. I walked into the dining room between His Majesty and Henrietta, who refused to release my hand. Happily we three passed under the horseshoe which, I trust, has not lost its old heathen magic. The dining room is of medium size. It is decorated in white and gold, with long French windows looking out into the park. The consoles bear candelabra from Sans Souci. One door from this room leads into the salon, another leads into the entrance hall, the third door leads to the pantry. The table was aglow with red roses from the Emperor's own greenhouse.

Meals at Doorn are always simple. The wedding luncheon was no exception. The menu consisted of cold but savory dishes exquisitely prepared. The dining room seats only twenty-two people. This made it necessary to serve some of the guests in another room. The Emperor and I were seated on one side at the center of the long oval table. The Landgravine of Hesse, the Emperor's sister, and the Crown Prince faced us on the opposite side. Prince Henry XXVII of Reuss, Younger Line, was at my right, my youngest sister, Princess Stolberg-Rossla, was at the left of the Kaiser; at the right hand of the Landgravine Margaret, Prince Henry of Prussia, the only member of the imperial family who ever visited the United States; to the left of the Crown Prince, my brother-in-law, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, whose castle stands at the foot of the Kyffhäuser Mountain; at my sister's left, Prince Eitel Fritz, the second son of the Kaiser.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, rose and offered his felicitations on behalf of the royal family. His address was not stereotyped. It pulsated with the warmth of his own generous heart. Stirred by the occasion, the Sailor Prince found words of eloquence and distinction. At the conclusion of his remarks, he raised his glass. His voice rang out like a clarion call: "I drink a toast to His Majesty the Emperor and King and to Her Majesty the Empress and Queen."

A New Social Life

With this toast the House of Hohenzollern officially recognized me as the full-fledged consort of the Kaiser. It would be unnecessary to stress this point if my enemies had not insisted upon referring to me as the "Princess Hermine, consort of the Kaiser." My family, as His Majesty has pointed out, is as ancient as his. His wife, being of equal blood, necessarily shares his rank and his title.

After the luncheon we bade adieu to our guests. Some left the same night, others postponed their departure until the following morning in order to attend a dinner given by Count Bentinck, the first host of the Kaiser after he crossed the Dutch frontier in November, 1918.

The Crown Prince stayed with us for ten days. It is difficult not to like him, with his gray hair and his young face, and his startling resemblance to his distinguished ancestor, Frederick the Great. Frederick is the chief admiration of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser, while sharing the enthusiasm of his son for the hero of the Seven Years' War, who added Silesia to the crown of Prussia, is inclined to revere even more Frederick's sturdy great-grandfather, the Great Elector, who laid the foundation of Prussia's power.

I was astonished when I saw the resemblance between the Crown Prince and Frederick in the film Fredericus Rex. The actor's make-up was perfect. He looked like Frederick the Great on a thousand family pictures, but he also resembled my stepson, the Crown Prince. The Crown Prince admits that he himself was shocked when he beheld on the screen the figure of his progenitor, so closely resembling himself, riding at the head of his troops.

In the moving picture Fredericus presents his regiment to his father, King Frederick William I. "How often," the Crown Prince exclaimed, "have I led my own regiment past the same window to salute my father!"

The Crown Prince was our most frequent guest, spending a fortnight with us every few months. After his return to Germany some difficulties were raised about his visits to Holland. As soon as he had succeeded in demolishing these obstacles he came back to visit his father. His uncle, Prince Henry, his clever wife, the Crown Princess, and his adored sister, Princess Victoria Louise, forgather frequently under the roof of House Doorn.

Our social life in Doorn began. We called on a few Dutch friends in the neighborhood. I was impressed with their genial hospitality and with their touching eagerness to learn German in order to converse with the Emperor in his own language. Of late we have extended our visits. As the severe restrictions which hampered my husband are being relaxed he sees more of his adopted home.

Holland is a land wrested from the tides. Yet the Emperor, hedged in at Doorn, had no glimpse of the ocean for years. When at last he was vouchsafed this pleasure, his joy was no less marked than that of the Greeks when they exultingly shouted, "Thalatta!" on seeing the sea—mother of all mankind.

Two weeks after the wedding my daughter Carmo arrived with my son Ferdinand. They were warmly welcomed by the Emperor. His pleasure on seeing the children was genuine. No touch of resentment or irritation manifested itself when they claimed their share of my time. Nor did he begrudge the children my maternal attention when my two oldest boys, Hans George and George William, arrived from school for the Christmas holidays.

When the lights of the Christmas tree, a tall fir felled by the Kaiser himself, shed their kindly radiance over House Doorn, the Crown Princess Cecilie, now my stepdaughter-in-law, joined us with her four sons. What a time the children had together, playing snowball and other games! The Crown Princess stayed with her children at Amerongen as the guest of Count Bentinck. The limited facilities of Doorn were unable to provide for even the most welcome of guests.

The Crown Princess paid us another visit before her oldest sons were matriculated at the University of Bonn, where the Kaiser had studied as a young man. Cecilie is an intellectual, highly educated woman, and an exemplary mother. She held her head high during the revolution. Tact, intelligence, reserve and personal courage distinguish this princess. She stood like a rock in the red sea of Bolshevism. In the hard years, when the Crown Prince languished in the desolate village of Wieringen, she was practically a widow, like myself; and like myself, she took the reins of her children's education firmly into her own hand. May the joy her children will bring to her atone for the miseries of the heart-devouring days after the war!

Like myself, Cecilie, too, has experienced many vicissitudes since we first played together as children on her father's estate, Gelben Sande. In prewar time Cecilie was noted as a daring rider and as a remarkable tennis player. Happy, young, brilliant, she excelled at fêtes and receptions. She presided skillfully in place of her mother-in-law, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, over many conferences and congresses dealing with sociological problems. Frequently she accompanied the Crown Prince on his visits to foreign courts. How differently from the original plan fate has fashioned her life! With extraordinary energy and skill she holds the reins of the most important organization of women in Germany. She is present at every meeting. She invariably speaks, and invariably her suggestions reveal her competence in the conduct of public affairs.

The Gardener of Doorn

Prince Eitel Fritz was repeatedly in Doorn, at times alone, at other times in the company of his wife, now divorced. Prince Eitel Fritz, to whom fate has denied his father's slimness, seizes the occasion to reduce by assisting in his father's activities in the garden. The Kaiser's work as a gardener and as a woodsman is so strenuous that the gentlemen who assist him find it hard to keep up with him. During his stay at Amerongen, from November, 1918, to May, 1920, His Majesty sawed seventeen thousand stems of pine. In Doorn, since May, 1920, he has felled and sawed three thousand stems. These included oak and beech trees a yard in diameter and ninety feet long.

In the summer the imperial gardener often waters flower beds, especially his beloved rhododendrons. The pails he uses to carry the water contain ten quarts of water. The Emperor has emptied as much as seven hundred pails in a single day. During the drought in 1921 the Emperor helped to convey or to pour out one hundred and seventy-five thousand liters of water, or about seven thousand five hundred pails. No wonder he keeps his figure! No wonder poor Prince Eitel Fritz loses many

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pounds on his visits to Doorn! Not content with these exercises, Eitel Fritz adores water sports. He loves to swim for hours with his friends in the sea at Zandvoort.

My husband's other children, including Prince and Princess Adalbert, frequently come here from Homburg, not far from Frankfort. Sometimes they bring their delightful children. Homburg is famous for its castle. In the recent settlement with Prussia this castle is designated as a residence for His Majesty and myself. The town was famous as a fashionable watering place and as a gambling resort. From the beginning of the nineteenth century until 1860 it was under the rule of the landgraves of Homburg, who are among my ancestors. In 1866 the male issue of the house of Homburg became extinct. The last daughter of the family was my grandmother Caroline, reigning Princess of Reuss, Elder Line, who died in 1872 in Greiz. In 1866, after the war between Prussia and Austria, Castle Homburg, the castle of Wilhelmhoehe, and the entire land of Hesse Nassau were annexed by Prussia.

King Edward VII took the cures of Homburg year after year. Emperor Frederick lived there with his family for a while. The Kaiser and his first wife resided there a few weeks every year. He has done much to improve the park and the baths. It pleased him to watch the constant improvements, due almost entirely to his initiative. The Kaiser's greatest achievement was the excavation of the Saalburg, not far from Homburg, an accomplishment highly appreciated by scholars in every land

Prince August Wilhelm sometimes comes to see us with his son. He has inherited the artistic vein of the family. He loves to paint still life, flowers, and occasionally landscapes. His success as an artist is handicapped by the fact that he is a prince.

Prince and Princess Oscar, with their children, often cheer us with a visit. The illness of the princess and the delicate health of her children are due in part to the privations of the postwar period, when they were unable to keep a warm roof over their heads—or rather, to keep the roof over their heads warm. They recuperate under the oaks of House Doorn.

Princes of Genieland

The weeks and week-ends of the Kaiser's only daughter Victoria Louise, the Duchess of Brunswick, with her husband, always bring sunshine to Doorn. Unspoiled, temperamental and amiable, Victoria Louise roams through the garden arm in arm with her husband. Together with him she calls on the various members of the household. She accompanies him on every motor trip in the neighborhood. The happiness beaming from her eyes communicates itself to others.

Victoria Louise is very close to the Kaiser's heart. The intimate contact existing between father and daughter when he held her hand as a little girl, to make her more receptive to the sandman's visit, continues to this day. The Kaiser has always had a special weakness for his only daughter, so dearly desired, but he does not for that reason withhold his paternal affection from his other children. Being perennially youthful himself, the Kaiser loves and understands youth. His heart goes out especially to the two oldest boys of the Crown Prince.

Neither the distance from home nor his second marriage has estranged the Emperor from his children. On his birthday, January twenty-seventh, every member of the immediate family hastens to Doorn if circumstances permit. The Crown Prince, Prince Henry, the Landgrave and the Landgravine of Hesse, the Duke and the Duchess of Brunswick are never absent on that occasion, once celebrated throughout the world. Even today it is remembered in many German homes, not only in the Fatherland but in the forest primeval of Brazil and in the African jungles.

Hermine's Salon in Doorn

Since the Kaiser cannot visit the world, the world comes to him. Among recent guests I remember Prince and Princess Sigismund, the celebrated gentleman rider and his consort; Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the head of the Catholic branch of the family; the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, with his amiable wife and his charming daughter; the King of Saxony; the Prince of Waldeck; the Duke of Ratibor, whom I met many years ago at my sister Caroline's wedding; my sisters, with their husbands, and several faithful ladies and gentlemen of the old imperial court. Some come for a week-end, some stay longer. I have already mentioned that my mother's cousin, the Queen Mother of Holland, is one of the most delightful and most welcome of guests. She is by birth a Princess of Waldeck. We sometimes call on her at Castle Soestdijk, two miles from Doorn. She is a kindly and highly intelligent woman, who has many friends both in Germany and in Holland.

However, our visitors are by no means restricted to members of the old aristocracy. The Kaiser—as well as I—has always had a predilection for men whom Heine calls *Prinzen von Genieland*, men of genius, princes not of the blood but of the brain. I shall cite only a few names; together they constitute a remarkable array of colorful personalities. There is Hans Dahl, who lures the sea upon his canvas—Dahl accompanied His Majesty on his northern trips—and Alfred Schwarz, who has painted marvelous portraits of the Kaiser and of myself. There is Rudolf Herzog, who made the acquaintance of the Emperor as a war correspondent. Herzog's war poems were lyric torches. His novels made him one of Germany's most successful writers of fiction.

Nor can I forget Josef von Lauff, the Kaiser's favorite playwright, who has dramatized with remarkable skill the deeds of the Hohenzollerns; Rudolf Presber, who charms with his lyrics and taunts with his satire; the late Joseph Schwarz, the famous singer, who died in November, 1926; Professor Stegeman and Professor Friedländer, chamber singers and musicians; Frau Clara Remmert, the only surviving pupil of the immortal Liszt; and Börries von Münchhausen, whose name predisposes him to be a poet. A direct descendant of the famous baron, Von Münchhausen has inherited his ancestor's imagination. The bold flights of his fancy and the resonance of his verse make him the greatest living writer of ballads in the German tongue.

Then there is Frobenius, who unlocks for us the dark continents and wrests from them the secrets of perished civilizations; men like Professor Bodo Ebhardt, who reconstructed the Hohkonigsburg; Professor Dörpfeld, who conducted excavations with His Majesty in Corfu; Professor Schulte, who reports on his excavations in Spain; and many others keep us in touch with the world of science.

Nor must I forget Count Luckner, the gallant sailor who sank eighteen ships without taking a single human life, a feat that endears him to the Kaiser. At present Count Luckner is making a trip around the world in a sailboat with his blond and petite Swedish wife.

I cannot recall here the names of the many distinguished statesmen, scholars, theologians and physicians from Germany and Holland who have paid their respects to the Kaiser in Doorn. My list is necessarily incomplete. Occasionally we have the pleasure of entertaining a visitor from England, like Sir Thomas Barclay, or a visitor from the United States.

In the gate house, where the marshal's office is situated and where the Dutch sentries have their quarters, many who desire to call on us inscribe their names in the visitors' book.

In the evening, when there are no guests, the Emperor sits with me in my room, reading. Sometimes I join him in his workroom in the tower, where he is surrounded by all the souvenirs of his life that he treasures most, including a water-color sketch of himself painted by his grandmother, Queen Victoria. This is the room where he writes his letters and his books, seated on a saddle attached to a swivel chair.

The Emperor rarely dictates. He prefers to write out all manuscripts in longhand with an indelible pencil. His secretary copies his notes on the typewriter and adds the originals to the imperial archives. From one wall in the Emperor's study an Egyptian queen, the mother-in-law of Tutenkhamun, gazes mysteriously at the beholder.

To Frederick

Outside, the Emperor's three faithful dachshunds, or snake dogs as they are called by the Swedes, keep watch. They were with the Kaiser at his palace in Berlin. They followed him through thick and thin throughout the war. More faithful than most men, they accompanied him into exile.

When he takes his walks in the park or in the village of Doorn, they run noisily ahead of him. Sometimes the oldest, Senta, lags a little bit behind, but she makes every effort to keep step with the Emperor so far as her asthma permits.

My own dog, a big shepherd hound, tolerates the dachshunds, although he cannot understand why the little fellows are permitted to enter the house whereas he must remain outside and sleep at night in his kennel. The fifth canine member of the little community is Wai-Wai, a Chinese aristocrat. He belongs to Carmo, who takes care of him herself. An entente cordiale exists between the huge hound and the diminutive Wai-Wai.

The most comfortable room is the smoking salon, where we repair after luncheon and after dinner, especially when we have guests. The windows look upon lily ponds in the park. The room is a shrine dedicated to Frederick, who was equally renowned as a general and as a smoker. The memory of his celebrated Tobacco Council will ever hover like ghostly smoke over Sans Souci. A painting of the young Frederick by Pesne hangs over the mantelpiece. A bust representing the king in a later period of his life peers at one from the corner. The curio cabinets harbor souvenirs of his battles. One contains decorations given by the great king to his generals, which were returned by their descendants to the royal collection.

(Continued on Page 137)

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A cut-away view of a mattress filled with Nachman Multi-Spring Units. Highly responsive steel springs are so anchored as to remain permanently upright. Each spring has a separate fabric compartment which compresses with the unit. Each coil has individual unrestricted freedom of action. Yet each spring as well as its enclosing jacket is an integral part of the whole. Note the "Nachman Comfort First" label. Look for it on any mattress you buy.

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And so the world is turning to spring-filled mattresses, of which the more reliable and luxurious are filled with the famous "Nachman Comfort First" multi-spring *units*. For no springs made are better known, used more extensively by leading mattress manufacturers, or more worthy of the preference given them than are these, *pioneered* by Nachman, *perfected* by Nachman on an entirely new principle, and offering a measure of comfort and rest, *buoyancy* and durability, airiness and sanitation, not found elsewhere.

Nachman multi-spring units are not only used in mattresses but in upholstered furniture and other construction including automobile seats and backs where real comfort is desired with extreme durability. All mattresses and furniture thus equipped bear the "Nachman Comfort First" label shown above. Note opposite the cut-away view of the mattress showing its Nachman spring-filled construction.

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W. R. ROACH & COMPANY
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VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 132)

The pieces of china on and above the fireplace have a romantic history. They were recovered from the bottom of the sea. They are part of a set ordered for Frederick the Great in China. They were laboriously manufactured in the imperial factories of the Celestial Empire. Each is a work of art, carefully designed by a master painter. The human figures on the plates are supposedly representations of German types, but the Chinese artist looked at them with Chinese eyes. He unconsciously gave a Mongol cast to the Prussian countenances and a Mongol slant to their Teutonic eyes.

The precious cargo of porcelain was loaded on a ship and dispatched to the King of Prussia, with the compliments of the Son of Heaven. Unfortunately the winds played havoc with the vessel. It was shipwrecked somewhere in the North Sea. Neptune and his daughters are dining now on Frederick's china! Some of the most exquisite pieces, washed to the shore by the waves, probably decorate the rooms of humble fishermen. The plates which we have in Doorn were salvaged by accident twenty or thirty years ago. Emperor and Empress Frederick discovered and collected the pieces—a task involving years of work.

Unlike his great ancestor, the Kaiser does not smoke a pipe. He does not even indulge in cigars. Like Field Marshal von Hindenburg, he smokes an occasional cigarette. Now and then I join him in this pastime.

In the smoking room we drink our coffee. Occasionally we sip a liqueur, distilled especially for the imperial table on the Emperor's estate at Cadinen, where his famous porcelain works are situated. The Emperor himself hardly ever touches alcohol. After dinner he drinks unfermented grape juice or lemonade. Once in a while he takes a little sparkling German Burgundy mixed with water. The Emperor is fond of tea in moderate quantities. A German admirer in Brazil regularly sends him several bags containing the most perfect beans of his coffee crop.

All the chairs in the smoking room are made for substantial comfort. One big leather chair, with a pillow, is the Emperor's; near it is mine. Here we sit at night, in animated discussions with our guests and with the gentlemen who volunteer to serve the Emperor in exile. Frequently the Emperor reads to us from some book that enlists his attention. Every night he reads aloud articles from the French and from the English press, which he translates as he goes along for the benefit of those to whom these languages are not familiar.

One book we read recently is the fascinating account of a German who explored the South American forests, where he met with amazing adventures, culminating in his marriage to a member of a cannibal tribe, a maiden named Schiggi-Schiggi. Another book that interested us immensely is an account by a Russian soldier and novelist, General Krasnov, of the fall of the Russian Empire. It is a book in three volumes, From the Eagles of the Czar to the Red Flag. For my taste, the last volume is too gruesome, with its unendurably realistic description of Bolshevist horrors.

The Emperor receives many British and American publications. He marks with a blue pencil or with indelible lead the passages that he regards as being of special significance. He prepares himself a digest of the news of the day, from the point of view of international relations. This digest he reads to us at night, with his interlineations and comments. They constitute a formidable collection. Each day's batch receives a number and is filed in the archives. Multigraphed copies are sent to a few persons in Germany and elsewhere, as special indications of His Majesty's favor.

The Kaiser's selections indicate a shrewd instinct for news and an infallible sense for separating the wheat from the chaff. Cold type cannot reproduce the Emperor's expressions, the satirical turns and humorous emphasis which he gives to various items. At times he interrupts his reading to make predictions. It is astonishing how frequently his prophecies are verified by events. I doubt if any foreign minister now in office has a more solid comprehension of world events than this Emperor in exile. He looks upon political developments not from the point of view of one nation or one group of nations but from the point of view of the entire planet. Like a true statesman, he thinks not in days but in decades and centuries.

However, politics by no means exclusively occupy my husband's attention. The Emperor is passionately interested in archæology and in the history of religion. Race problems have always fascinated his imagination. His intercourse and his correspondence with Leo Frobenius intensify this interest. His old hobby, navigation, still attracts the Emperor in Doorn. He can lecture an engineer on technical details in the building of a vessel. The Emperor always astonishes, and, like that other gray-bearded perennial youth, Bernard Shaw, he enjoys it.

The Emperor does not dabble in spiritualism, but he is interested in the investigation of esoteric problems which, like the divining rod, are capable of a rational explanation. He does not believe in ghosts. He has never seen the fabled White Lady either in the palace at Berlin or ever at House Doorn. The clarity of his mind admits of no spooks.

At times, when the Kaiser reads, he puts on huge horn glasses of the type that, judging from French comic weeklies, seems to be so popular in the United States.

My imperial and sometimes imperious, yet always considerate, husband is an early riser. That means that he usually retires about eleven. The Emperor likes regularity. Life, Havelock Ellis tells us, is a dance. The universe itself is regulated by rhythm. There is a rhythm in the Emperor's life, strongly characteristic of his powerful personality, that imposes itself on Doorn. I, too, lead a life ordered with rhythmic regularity. Fortunately our two rhythms are not antagonistic. It did not cost me much of a struggle to make his rhythm my own. Our hearts and our lives beat as one.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 27)

beat the machine! Why don't I go to Clancy first an' tip him off that I'll make him committeeman when I get elected? How about that?"

"You are gettin' softenin' of the brain!" I snorted. "Do you think the big boss would have cracked that if he waan't sure of Clancy already? All you would do that way would be to sit Clancy pretty and he would come out on top either way. With a fight on, he never would take sides."

"I said I'd do the talkin'!"

"I'll listen if you'll talk sense," I sneered.

"When I tell Clancy I'll make him the next committeeman he'll believe me. I'll beat the others to it. When they come to him I'll show him they just want to hang a double-cross on us both. That'll take their first big shot away from them; an' now I'm goin' to open a milk station fer the kids in the streets an' see what they can do to beat a guy like that. I'll give the milk away! That will make the women strong fer me an' they'll do a lot of talkin' to the men. Women are a big help, kid. After that, I'll start a lot of talk about bein' from the docks an' startin' a drive to git higher wages fer the men that are still there. That, I'll say, is why I want to be alderman. I'll tell the papers about weedin' out that gang an' cleanin' up this neighborhood fer the protection of women an' children an' merchants."

"But these bosses have got enough on you to send you to stir!" I snapped, trying my best to make him see what a fool play he was making.

"What bosses have got anythin' on me that I ain't got on them?" he bellowed. "I said you was a fool, kid! You are. All the things I've fixed up have been fixed through the very man that you saw today! That will never be brought up. Neither side can crack that stuff open, my bright young mutt. It's as bad on one side as the other! Anything they got on me, I got on them!"

He said a whole lot more, but most of it I did not pay much attention to. It was easy to see that he was ready for the fight and easy to see what a fight it would be. That was enough to set me half crazy. My old man was as good as licked, and that meant he was done politically, and with him out of politics I had about as much chance as an egg in a bull pen. But I could not make him see sense.

After he had shut up, I walked over to Clancy's. The minute I went in I knew things were different. Clancy just tossed his head at me instead of shaking hands. Danny Critch was there, and he walked over to me and bought a glass of beer, but even he was different. I knew right away the big boss already had Clancy primed for the fight. I bought another drink when we had finished the first, and Danny and me both lit up cigarettes.

"Where you been keepin' yourself, Jimmie?" he asked me when we leaned on the bar.

"Just kickin' around, Danny. I had a job for a while."

"I didn't know but what you was sore on me," he hinted.

"Me? I should say not! I just been takin' it easy."

"Picked up any soft dough?" he asked, trying to talk as easy as we used to about such things.

"Not a quarter, Danny. I just been layin' low an' lettin' things break as they wanted to."

"How's the old man?"

"Fine the last I saw him—that was at supper."

"He ain't worried, is he?" Danny cracked, and his eyebrows raised in a way he had when he wanted you to know he knew more than you thought he did.

"I ain't noticed it," I said, speaking like nothing at all was on my mind.

"I was just wonderin'," Danny shrugged. "There's a lot of talk about politics goin' the rounds."

Even though I knew my old man was wrong and was going to get the beating of his life, I had to stand by him. That is a very funny thing. If you asked me whether I liked him, I would say no. He was nothing to me and I never would trust him, but when anybody else panned him it always made me sore.

"I guess if it's goin' the rounds the old man started it himself," I grinned. "He certainly knows the politics racket, Danny, an' there's nobody got better evidence of that than you!"

"They're talkin' about a new deal all around," Danny went on, his voice dropping like he wanted only me to hear what he said. "Clancy gets a mention every little while."

I knew then that Clancy had put Danny up to pumping me for any information I might have, even though Danny was trying to make me think he did not want Clancy to know we were talking. Then I was sure Danny would cross me. Even with all my suspicions about how he had

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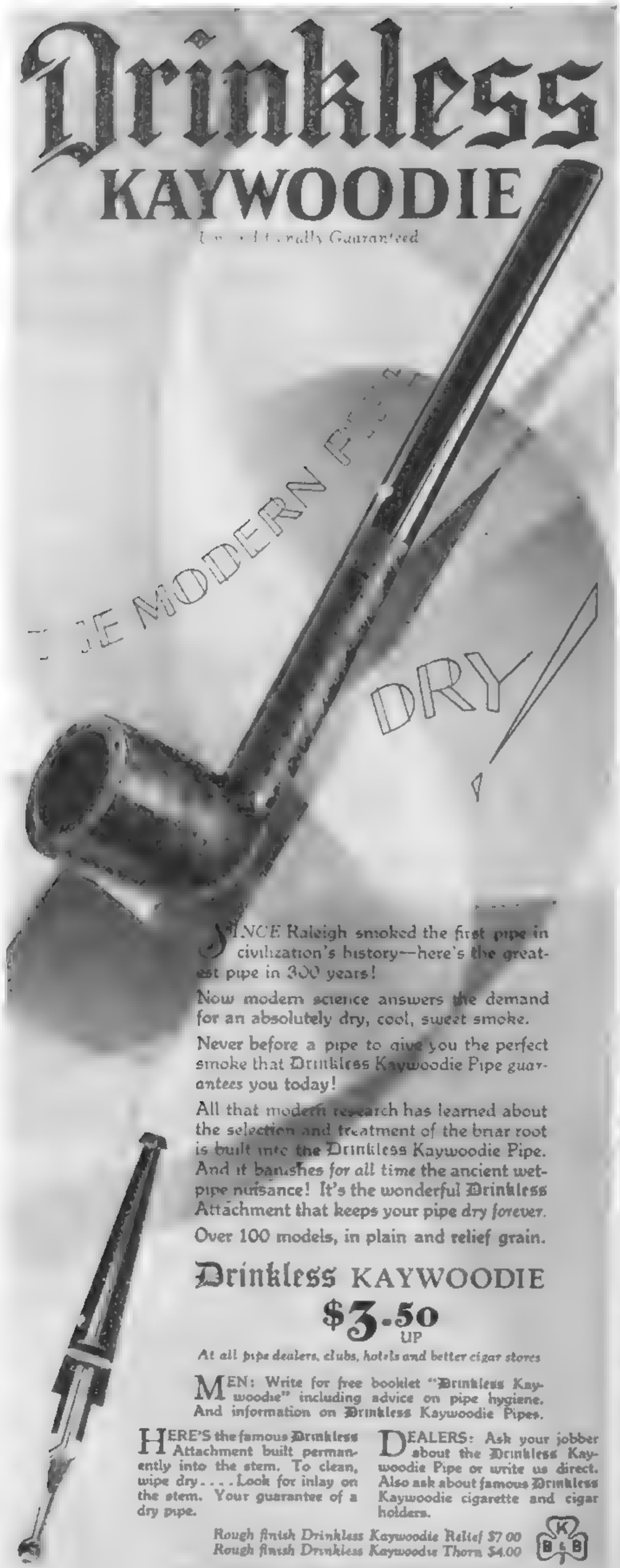

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played with the gang, I could hardly believe it.

"Yeah?" I grinned. "Well, what difference would it make if Clancy got a good break? He's our friend, ain't he?"

I think Danny got wise that I was kidding him, and he drank up his beer at one gulp, trying to think of the next thing he would say. I lost all faith in Danny that day. I just stood there and hoped he would say enough so that I could find out what he really wanted to know.

"Sure, he is!" he said after he had wiped off his mouth. "Hey, Tommy, give us another here, will yuh? . . . I was only thinkin', Jimmie," he went on, turning back to me, "that mebbe, if things did break sour, you an' me might be in fer a tough rap."

"I ain't worryin'," I grunted. "Whatever the old man does will work out all right. You know that. Look at the deals he has pulled! Who is there around here to beat him?"

Danny almost fell for that by cracking what was on his mind, but he just agreed with me at last. I knew from the way he stumbled for words that the big boss had already cut in with Clancy, and the old man was licked sure as fate. It set me to thinking a whole lot, and when Lefty Todd telephoned me that night and asked me to meet him, I went along, because I was sure the whole bunch were getting stirred up over the fight the old man was going to make.

A Chance for a Joy Ride

When I started telling this story, I promised you, and myself too, that I would stick to things as they happened, but that is pretty hard to do. You remember that I told you the assistant district attorney who was Lefty's pal had been broke, kicked out? The old man told me he had arranged that, you remember. I should have made that clear when I first mentioned it, but I knew nothing about how it happened until this night after I left Clancy's and went to meet Lefty. I had just heard that he was out and the old man said he had him fired.

Now I found the real story from Lefty, so it is hard to keep things in too good order as I tell them. During the trial of the old gang I had to keep away from Lefty, as I said, and I would not have gone to him now but for the desire to see what he knew about the big fight between the big boss and my old man. Lefty went to the very place that we had shot up, and nobody seemed sore on me. We sat at a table and ate a couple of sandwiches with our beer.

"You said you and your old man didn't hit it off very good," Lefty said when we started to talk business.

"I said the truth," I encouraged him.

"He's a gone coon, your old man," Lefty grinned. "He won't have pull enough to drag a good thief out of the choir when the next election is over."

"Yeah? I hadn't heard much about it," I grunted again, "an' I don't care a hoot whether he does or not."

"He's jammin' up with the big boss, the fool!" Lefty went on. "It ain't a question of beatin' him at the polls, Jimmie. It's a question of just how to do it."

"I guess he ain't goin' to be very easy to beat."

"They'll beat him! Don't fret over that. I'm only tryin' to keep you out of the mess. You and I can pull some soft gelt off'n the pile if we can work right. We had it all set last time, till your old man got scared and fired the assistant district attorney."

"Yeah," I lied, "I knew about that, but I couldn't do anything."

"He threw him out by tellin' the district attorney that we were tryin' to get somethin' on him. . . . A smart mug, at that, your old man. What ever steamed him up over this fool play for alderman?"

"He got big ideas, I guess."

"He'll get littler ones," Lefty scowled. "They are out to beat him, an' they'll do it sure. But what I want to talk to you about is helpin' us a little."

"Helpin' you beat my old man?"

"Sure! It's that or take the rap with him!"

"Meanin' what, Lefty?"

"Well, a lot of guys know plenty about you. It's a cinch you can't work unless the mob protects you, an' they'll never do that unless you play with them now."

"Nobody can send me away," I said, getting pretty sore for a minute. "I know enough about all the bosses to keep me safe."

"You're talkin' sucker talk now! Nobody's goin' to do any talkin', but my pal that was fired is goin' to stage a sweet comeback when your old man is licked. He knows it an' he's ready to buy half the votes in your district. The big boss has staged a play that brings Clancy an' my pal into the same boat. Clancy buys the votes with my pal's dough, an' for that he gets the job your old man has got now, after Nolan wins fer alderman."

"You sure got things arranged," I laughed uneasily.

"They can't miss, Jimmie. You know that. If that was all there was to it, it would be a cinch. But your old man is a fighter. If he's got the nerve to bust up the organization like he did, he's got the nerve to fight to the last ditch. That's what is eatin' into the skulls of the mob. How far will he go?"

"How far can he go?" I cracked.

"Not very far if he starts talkin', but he might make the organization look bad for a while."

"I don't know what his plans are," I grunted, "but he's mighty strong down there."

"He'll never even git his stuff into the papers," Lefty grinned. "What he gets across to the voters he'll have to write to them, or say in speeches. The mob has stopped the papers on him."

"Yeah? What do you want me to do to help you?"

"Meet my pal an' me here tomorrow night, kid," he said. "By that time we'll have the plan all set an' you can ride in high, wide an' han'some with the new bunch."

"I'll be here," I told Lefty. "What time?"

We arranged the date and I went home. The old man was in the big room and he was talking with Moriarity. I went in and they did not stop talking. I heard the old man proposition Moriarity by telling him that if he was elected alderman he would make Moriarity district committeeman. You should have seen the saloonkeeper squirm. He hated Clancy, but he was afraid that the old man would be licked.

"I'm just a business man, Mr. Murphy," he tried to beg off. "You see how 'tis. If I take soides wit' wan of yez, then the other wan moight win an' me business is ruint!"

Father and Son

The old man scared him to death, and poor Moriarity finally agreed to work for him. But I could see it was only fear, and when the other mob came after Moriarity, fear would rule him again, and he was no good to anybody. He would be one thing one day and another the next. When he had gone I went to the buffet for a drink, and the old man came over and had one too. His eyes were heavy and he looked worried and tired, and somehow I felt sorry that it was all over for him. I was dead sure he was licked.

"I had a proposition tonight," I told him.

"From who? What for?" he asked, and his voice sounded as tired as his eyes looked.

"You are bound to get licked," I said steadily. Then I raised my glass to him and tossed off the drink. "Bound to get licked. So they gave me a chance to get out from under the crash."

"What kind of a chance?" he asked steadily.

"To help lick you," I cracked. "They said that would put me in with the new mob."

He drank his drink and started chewing his mustache like there might have been

just a little more of the liquor left there and he needed and wanted it. After a minute he set his glass down on the buffet and looked at me in that straight way of his.

"It's my fight, kid," he said, his voice heavy; "it ain't yours. You do whatever you think is the right thing fer you to do."

"I'm goin' to," I grunted. "You started the thing!"

He turned away a little, then changed his mind and swung back to the bottle and glasses and poured himself another shot. A sort of a funny smile crept around his mustache and he held the liquor up to the light again, like he always did when he was thinking or worried. I poured one because I had to be doing something. The poor old guy looked all worn out and it seemed like his back was against the wall and he was just beginning to see it.

"Yep," he said jerkily, "it's my fight. Mebbe I am licked, like you say—mebbe I am. But anyhow, I'll do some hefty fightin', kid, before I fall! What did you do about this proposition? I know you got no brains, but which side are you on?"

I never knew just why I said it, but I guess I came as close to loving the old man that night as ever I did. I looked at him and then at his glass, still held up to the light, and it looked like a big red eye staring straight through me.

"I admit," I sneered, "that I got no brains—but I turned it down—turned it down cold. I'm with you. I'll take the fall on your side."

He laughed like he was pleased a lot, and then we clicked glasses and drank on it. It is funny how people do those things sometimes. I decided it all in a second—this fighting his fool play with him!

Later on, after I had beat it from town, I saw some pretty rough things and came mighty close to being bumped off, but I never saw hotter times than those days just before election rolled around. When the big boss set out to do a thing he did it. He was out to beat the old man, and three days before election I was sure he would do it if he had to have my father killed.

Nolan was a better speaker than the old man and he held mass meetings all over the ward. There was plenty of money back of him, and pull too. Even the mayor himself came down there and spoke in favor of Nolan. He said the city administration must be made up of men favorable to constructive programs, and Nolan was that man, whereas my old man would just make trouble and block progress. It was the first time a mayor ever had done that. The papers were full of Nolan and never mentioned a thing the old man said. When my father opened his milk station and began giving away milk, they paid no attention to it at all; but after Nolan branded the thing a cheap political trick to attract votes, the papers took up that cry and the milk station proved a boomerang.

Voters Will Not be Kidded

I found out a lot about voters during those days. A lot of them are suckers, but once you let them get the idea you are kidding them you are as good as licked. They believed the old man had tried to kid them about higher wages and milk for the babies.

Nolan spoke at a hall not far from our house two days before election, and next day the papers told about how the old man's gangsters had raided the meeting and endangered the lives of the citizens in a vain attempt to murder Nolan himself. That was a laugh, because I knew that Lefty Todd led that disturbance and fired a shot into the alley to make the story look good.

He was for Nolan, and the trick kind of made a martyr out of the organization man. There were other things like that. The papers told about attacks and ran cartoons of the old man with a smoking pistol in one hand and a milk bottle in the other. Under the picture he was called a psalm-singing, gun-toting hypocrite who took all voters for fair game and utter fools. You cannot please a man by trying to make a sucker of him and the voters got pretty sore on the old man.

It made me mighty hot to see the break they were giving him, and I went to Lefty and warned him to keep out of the district on election day. That branded me fair enough and put me squarely in the old man's boat. Nobody knew who his friend was. The captain was trying to keep in the middle of the road as well as he could, but under it all he saw that the old man was licked, so he played with Nolan as much as he dared.

I tried to get some fellows together so that we could get voters out on election day and scare off any funny tricks from the uptown mob. I had a poor chance. Lefty Todd and his crew were all fixed to pack the polls and everybody knew they were tough, and shooters, and protected by the strong political mob. Clancy was handing out the money hand over fist, and I knew it was the old assistant district attorney who was footing the bills for it all. But what could we do? The police laughed at us and the papers printed nothing we said.

The old man was a wreck. His meetings were not very well attended, and when he did speak people laughed at him or the uptown gangs broke up the audience. He never was much with the king's English. We had a lot of cards and signs made to put up around the ward, but as soon as we got them up they would be torn down. On one day alone I saw five men I knew were crooks from other parts of town and they were there only to make trouble and blame it on the old man. Stores were robbed and stickups pulled off every day. The stickups were fakes, most of them; just done to make the old man look bad as the leader of the gas-house district.

Milk Man and Gambler

Danny Critch was working with Clancy and declared himself openly against the old man and me. I hated him for that. More than once the old man had saved Danny just because he was my pal. It seemed like I had no friends at all. Only twice did I see Mary, and she always talked just the same.

The old man was white as a ghost and his face was filled with wrinkles that seemed to come overnight. He knew a week before the vote was cast that he was licked, but he never quit fighting, and one time he jumped off a platform to wallop a man that had laughed at him. Of course, that about ruined him, because the papers said the victim of the attack was really but a boy and the old man had again shown his brutality and total unfitness for public trust.

I stuck to him as well as I could. We took a list of the voters and called on them all and said all we could say, but it did no good that I could see. The night before election a fake interview was printed in the papers and my old man was supposed to have admitted his defeat by Nolan and promised, as district committeeman, to aid the alderman all he could.

The very next issue told of a raid on a gambling house uptown and the amazing discovery that Jim Murphy, who posed as a giver of milk, a raiser of wages and a prosecutor of criminals, was the real owner of the place. I knew it was true, because the old man had boasted to me about breaking the assistant district attorney and taking over his gambling joint. All these things were making an impression on me that I hardly realize now. I was beginning to see what a poor chance a man has when he starts bucking against a current in politics.

On the morning of election day there were sixty strange policemen sent into the district and I knew that seven of them were no policemen at all! They were yeggs that had been put in uniform and sent around to vote a few times themselves and keep the old man's friends from voting. I know that sounds pretty raw, but it is the truth. Word went around that gunmen who were Nolan's friends were packing the voting booths and ready to manhandle any Murphy voter. The result was that very few of

(Continued on Page 142)

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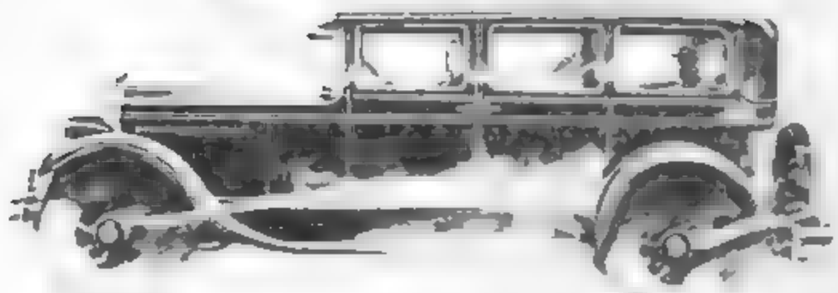

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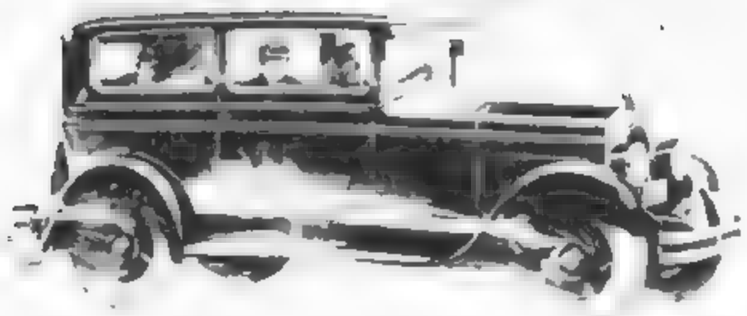


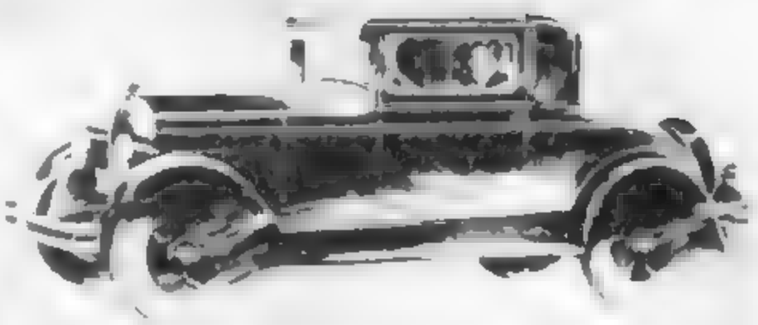
80 dashing and easeful miles an hour with whispering smoothness.

92 horsepower in instant obedience to your slightest driving wish.

An ease and luxury of driving and riding that makes motoring comfort take on a new meaning.

Supremely beautiful and ultra smart in its air of distinction and correctness of grooming.

Drive it and know why the Chrysler Imperial "80" has won the reputation among sophisticated motorists of being "as fine as money can build."



The Great New Chrysler "62"

Seven Body Styles

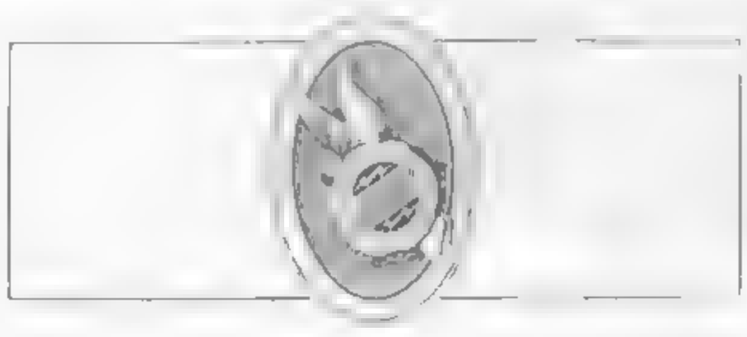
$1095 to $1295, f. o. b. Detroit

Six-cylinder motor with 7-bearing crankshaft. 62 and more exceptional miles per hour. Invar-strut pistons. Oil filter and air cleaner.

Ventilated crankcase. Impulse neutralizer and rubber engine mountings. New cellular type radiator. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Road levelizers, front and rear.

Low sweeping stream lines, with new color blendings. Saddle spring seat cushions. Figured mohair upholstery. Artistic instrument panel, indirectly lighted. Narrow corner pillars for maximum driving vision. Cadet visor on closed models.

New type compact top with jack-knife fold. Parabeam headlamps with controls on steering wheel.



All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

The New Chrysler "52"

Five Body Styles

$725 to $875, f. o. b. Detroit

52 and more unvarying miles an hour. Pick-up of 5 to 25 miles an hour in 8 seconds. Smoothness of operation no other low-priced car can approach.

Full-sized bodies, staunchly constructed of wood and steel, giving ample capacity for adult passengers. Saddle spring seat cushions giving comfort found only in cars of much higher price. Fine mohair upholstering in closed and leather in open models.

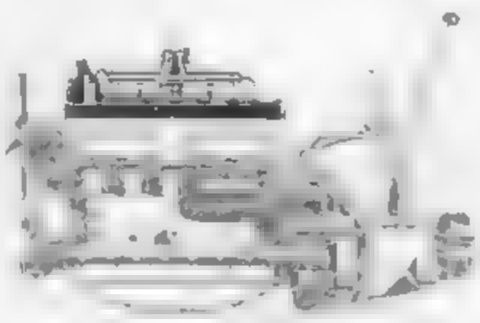
Utmost steering ease. Steering wheel easily adjustable to size and height of driver. Handsome instrument panel, indirectly lighted. Narrow corner pillars for maximum driving vision. Cadet visor on closed cars. Lower and new type compact top with jack-knife fold. Bullet type headlamps.

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine For High-Compression Fuel

The New Chrysler "Red-Head" engine is still another triumph for Chrysler engineers. Designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, the "Red-Head" produces extra speed, still faster acceleration and even greater hill-climbing ability than the standards announced.

This remarkable development is standard equipment on the roadster models on the "52", "62", "72" and Imperial "80". It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80" cars now in use.

Ask your nearest Chrysler dealer for full particulars and a thorough demonstration of "Red-Head" advantages.



MEAN MILES PER HOUR

The Alliance Agent can often show how to lessen fire hazards and reduce premiums

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

ALLIANCE
Insurance

(Continued from Page 139)

the old man's friends went to the polls. Knowing what I did, I could not blame them.

At noon of election day I saw what was doing. It was as I had expected. The old man was licked to death. I had a feeling that he would be a laughingstock shortly after the polls closed; the same sort of joke he had been when I was a child and people laughed at me because I was "Jim Murphy's kid."

I got in a car and went to the hospital where Mary was. I had to see her, because I had made up my mind to beat it from town. After the old man had been licked like this and I had deliberately refused to play with Lefty Todd and the other gang, what chance did I have? I wanted to tell Mary and say good-by to her. She was mighty kind and sweet to me and I loved her more than ever when I saw her in uniform. She made a mighty sweet nurse.

"Did your father win?" she asked me.

"Not a chance. He's beat a thousand miles, Mary. It means the end for him and, I guess, for me too. I'm goin' to beat it out of town an' see what I can pick up in a new place where I ain't known. I'm goin' to go straight, Mary; get me a good job an' stick to it, an' after a while I'll send fer you. Will you come?"

She only smiled and patted my hand and that same old look came over her face. I knew what she was thinking. I turned away from her mad.

"If you are really going away, Jimmie," she said to me, "at least kiss me good-by. I do love you. Love you more than you know, and I always will."

I kissed her and begged her to come along with me and help me out of the mess I had made of life, but even though she cried a lot, she stood pat on what she always said, and cracked that about giving myself up again and confessing what I had done and taking the rap. Of course, I laughed that off and left her.

Then I went to the house. The old man was not there. He was out racing around in a hired car trying to get friends out to vote. I packed up my stuff and got it all ready for a quick jump from town. I had a couple of thousand dollars laid away in my room and I put that in my coat pocket. But all of a sudden I hated to leave. There was not very much I could remember pleasantly about that house, yet I hated the idea of escaring out of it for good.

After all, it was home, and home kind of gets hold of a fellow.

Election With a Vengeance

By the time I was ready to make the jump the afternoon had passed pretty well along and I knew that the polls would close in a couple of hours. It made me boiling mad to think about the old man. I was willing not to see him after he learned how bad he was licked. Just before leaving the house I went to the buffet again and fixed myself a drink. My mind was made up where I was going. It was quite a long way off, and since reading about the town I felt it was a pretty good place for smart guys. I had no idea of getting a steady job until I could pull one fast grab that would leave me on easy street, and that town seemed the place where the best chance would be.

While I was drinking, the old man came in. I'll never forget how he looked. He walked across the room and his feet dragged and his shoulders stooped. He looked like he had shrunk, if you can believe that. He never even noticed me. I stepped aside and he stood before the buffet and reached for the bottle. Right as I stood watching him, he drank five great big shots of raw liquor. Then he reeled around and staggered into his favorite chair. And at that, he was not drunk.

"Hello, kid," he said, and I never heard his voice so funny.

"They licked you," I cracked kind of slowly; "but what of it? You ain't layin' down like this just because you got a lickin', are you?"

"They ain't so sure they got me licked!" he croaked, his eyes looking strange and glassy and his big hands hanging almost to the floor. "I ain't such a bad worker myself when it comes to stuffin' a ballot box! That's what worried 'em, damn 'em! . . Mebbe you better get a doctor. They shot me, kid—Clancy the dirty rat!"

I got a doctor as quick as I could. The old man had been hit on the shoulder, they said, and must go to a hospital. I saw the ambulance come and take him away, and the last thing he asked for was a drink and one of his cigars.

"Better stay aroun' the house, kid," he cracked to me when they carried him out. "You been workin' fer me an' they might take one at you."

The house seemed like a tomb when he was gone. The cook and the maid were as white as the old man had been, and they went around sniffing and sniveling and whispering between themselves. I saw no use of going along with the old man, so I was there alone with them. It was a tough spot. Inside me there was a burning feeling that made me hate Danny Critch and Clancy. They were both double-crossers. The old man had said that Clancy shot him. I could see that he had pulled some trick on them all just at the last minute that might steal the election from under their noses, and Clancy, thinking of his own future if that happened, went for his rod and plugged the old man.

An Eye for an Eye

All of a sudden I made up my mind they would not get away with it. If I let them do that, what would everybody think of me? What would I think of myself? There was the old man's glass still wet on the buffet and I caught it up and took two swigs from it myself. That gave me nerve, and I went and got my gun and slipped it into my pocket.

The chances were that Clancy would be in his saloon talking with the gangs that had worked around the polls. He was the one I wanted, and every time I thought of the old man sitting in that chair, with his face all white and wrinkled and his eyes glassy and his arms hanging low toward the floor, I hated Clancy. The saloon was full of men. They were all excited and talking loud and expressing opinions. None of them gave the old man a chance to beat Nolan. Clancy was not back of the bar, but he stood outside, among the customers, and was talking big and buying a lot of drinks.

Every little while a car would roll up and lists would be shown and names of people that had not voted would be called out. Just as soon as that was done the car would be loaded with men from the saloon and rush away so that they could vote under those names and cast their vote for Nolan.

I waited near the door until Clancy saw me. A look of surprise came to his flushed face, then he grinned and winked.

"What's on your mind, Jimmie?" he asked. "Think we have the old man licked now?"

"You dirty rat!" I cracked back at him. "I think you are yellow, that's what I think! You shot the old man—he told me so himself! I just want you an' the rest of these drifters to know that nobody shoots a Murphy without hearin' about it."

"It's a lie!" Clancy shouted, but his face went white and I knew he was lying. "I haven't seen your old man since yesterday."

"Throw the little liar out!" somebody hollered, and three of them started toward me. I cannot tell you now just how I happened to do the thing, but I guess I saw the old man's face again and knew that these crooks had robbed him and then tried to kill him.

Anyway, I yanked the rod and let fly at Clancy. I saw him kind of jump without moving his feet, if you know what I mean. He seemed to jerk all over, then he swore and started pulling at a rod in his own coat. I got to the door and waved the gat I had,

(Continued on Page 145)

Ready...*Action*...Camera!

Everyone can make good movies now

HAVE you ever made a moving picture of your boy in action? Just as he is today? As he never will be again?

And have you ever shown that movie in your own home, on your own silver screen? If you haven't, this message is addressed to you

For the day of Home Movies is here. Now, thanks to years of research and experiment in the laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company, you can make real movies of your children, your friends, or the places you go, with the complete assurance of professional results.

Home Movie-Making—Simplified

Anyone who can take an ordinary snap-shot can make a Ciné-Kodak Movie. The camera is simplicity itself! No need to focus. No tripod. No grinding crank. Just sight it either from waist height or eye level

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality and personality is registered for all time on a thin strip of film.

A Theatre in Your Living Room

Now comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken, *your* work is done. We develop them for you at no extra cost, and return them ready to run on your own silver screen

You simply place them in the Kodascope Projector . . . a remarkably ingenious device perfected by Eastman Scientists for throwing the moving pictures you have made on a screen.

Just thread the projector and turn the switch. Then instantly . . . almost magically . . . your screen leaps into action. The indescribable charm of your children's gestures . . . their smiles their emotions . . . their personality . . . are captured for all time on the film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of a darkened room.

Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinégraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel You may also rent full-length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodascope library.

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It's not only easy to make your own movies, but amazingly inexpensive. Today a complete outfit, for movie taking and projection, may be had for as little as $140. This includes the Ciné-Kodak, the Kodascope Projector and a Silver Screen. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the yellow box. See your Kodak dealer for interesting demonstration and clip coupon below for booklet.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. SP-2, Rochester, N.Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the interesting Ciné-Kodak booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name _____

Address _____

THE CHEFS OF THE FAMOUS BROADWAY LIMITED AVERAGE OVER 23 YEARS IN THE SERVICE OF THE RAILROAD.

Three special schools to train these dining car men

WITHIN the last few months a great new fleet of dining cars has been built in the Pennsylvania shops at Altoona, each one unique in its simple, restful decoration, each one equipped with every newest device for creating delicious dishes, for rendering efficient service.

In small groups, the veteran stewards and chefs and waiters—even the "bus boys"—who staff these new cars are being brought to the Pennsylvania's model school of cuisine at Columbus—will be brought within a few weeks to other training schools now being developed at New York and Chicago.

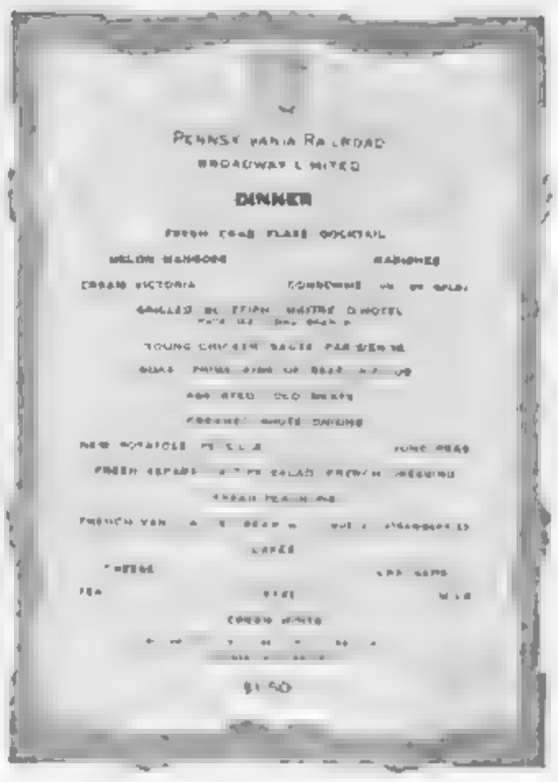
There chefs of long experience, men skillful in the niceties of service, are to train them, acquaint them with the newest, most appetizing creations.

Even though many Pennsylvania dining car chefs and cooks and waiters have been in the service of the Railroad for over twenty-five years, they are called in to headquarters periodically for training in the newest ideas of dining car service and menus which are constantly being developed at headquarters.

• •

Over 2000 persons devote their lives to the dining car service of the Pennsylvania. Subject as they are to the restraint of limited working space and swift travel, they nevertheless set a standard of intelligent work and thoughtful courtesy which stands high in the traditions of the Railroad.

A TYPICAL MENU
OF THE
FAMOUS BROADWAY LIMITED



Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 142)

to keep everybody back. They were all yellow, and did not follow me. I ran home, caught up my bag, took a couple more swigs from the old man's glass and beat it for the station. Nobody bothered me. I do not think there were any real cops in the district that day.

At the station I figured I better play the game safe. You know, the old man's protection was gone now. I was sure they had licked him at the polls, and the more I thought about it, the more I felt that Clancy had shot him when he tried to work a trick to stuff the ballot boxes. That left me out in the cold, whether the old man died or whether he lived. Now that I had seen the big boss I knew how much sympathy was to be expected from him. Him and the old man had lifted their glasses together and drank to a fight. The fight was over and one of them had to be politically dead. The old man certainly was that, I thought, and for all I knew, he was physically dead too. At that, it might be better.

What would he do out of politics? There is nobody on earth common people love to kick like they do a fallen king, and the best idea of hell I ever got was the idea of my old man going back to the only thing he could do, which was push a truck. After his years of soft living I was not sure he could even do that any more.

So when I got to the station I went to the grilled window and asked what trains were leaving quick and going far. The guy back of the window looked at me like I was a loose nut.

"Where you goin', mister?" he cracked.

"Wherever you send me," I grinned. "I'm travelin' for my health an' I got to get started quick."

"But—well, I know, but ——" He seemed to be chewing his tongue and trying to whistle at the same time he talked.

"What's the next fast train?" I cracked again. "Look at the room I'm givin' you to work in! North, south, east or west—all I want is a train!"

"There's a train for the South—Florida and all big points South—it leaves in"—he leaned toward me and looked through the screen at a big clock stuck on the station wall—"eighteen minutes." I could see he was nervous about me.

"There's a Pullman on that train named after me," I grinned. "Send me halfway to Florida."

"Richmond, Fredericksburg, Florence, Charleston, Savannah ——" I swear he sounded like a soft-drink guy at the ball game.

"Any one of them," I cracked, flashing the bank roll so that he would have something to go on. He looked at me again, and finally snatched up a couple of yards of green paper and started pounding dates on it with a viciousness even worse than most of his kind seem to display.

A False Trail

"Charleston," he snapped, his eyes narrowed and his fingers trembling a bit; then he gave me the price and I paid him and took the ticket. While he was making change, I said:

"Some elections you birds run in this town! Did you vote today?"

"Yes, sir. But the real fight is down in the gas-house district, where Murphy is fighting Nolan, and the machine too. He bit off more than he can chew, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you," I grunted. "I see they shot him ——"

"Shot him!" the poor guy gasped. "I hadn't heard that!"

"It ain't in the papers yet, but it will be tonight."

"They ought to clean out that district," he said, his eyes narrower than ever, and looking me over suspiciously. . . . "Thirty-five, forty, fifty, seventy—just a second, sir." Then he switched a ten for a twenty and I took up the change and walked over toward the track where the train was waiting for starting time.

As soon as I was out of sight I ducked over to a local window and bought a ticket for a town only fifty-odd miles away. I checked my bag and walked out of the station. The ticket for the South was pretty cheap insurance, I figured, if the boys wanted to trace me. That ticket seller never would forget me.

Two hours later I was rattling along in a day coach, with a flock of wops jabbering their lingo and digging into bags that were made of sheets, for bread that looked like it was made of iron and sounded like it was made of firecrackers. These day coaches are getting more and more like music boxes. At the near-by town I bought a ticket and berth for the place I had in mind, and packed away a flock of eats while I was waiting for train time. I figured the mob back home would be too busy fighting over votes to start a chase for me, and I guess I was right.

The evening papers were out, and they showed the result of the votes in my home town, but only for the bigger jobs. The old man or Nolan never was mentioned, but I knew they would be in the morning.

That night I laid in the berth and did some tall thinking for myself. Here I was alone and going to a strange town looking for a racket that would mean a sweet and a quick clean-up for me. There were some pretty clever and pretty tough gangs out where I was going, and, of course, I was more afraid of them than of the police.

In a New Town

I finally decided that the thing for me to do was lay low and keep my eyes open. In time I could meet guys and get acquainted and maybe get myself in right. There is always room for a guy that knows his stuff, and I figured that I knew the gang racket and was ready to step out and pull off a big job.

That way I could get myself some ready dough and beat it out to the Coast, or somewhere, and just live the life of Reilly till Mary saw the light and came along with me. I did not want to stay crook, but I had to make one real clean-up before I could quit.

About ten o'clock the next morning I landed in town and did not even know the streets. I just walked around looking for the kind of a district that would look like home, and after a while I found it and located a little hotel that looked as though all it showed of its real self was the front wall that faced the street. I went in and asked for a place to flop. There was a kind of fat man behind a little desk, and his suit was all spotted and dirty, and never had been pressed, I guess, since he bought it. But he wore a swell diamond on his left hand and he gave me the right kind of a look when I went in.

I mean, when you know crooks you do not go wrong on them, and this bird, unless I was a newborn babe, was one of those cheap crooks that is afraid to do much himself but is able to keep his mouth shut, and on that account makes himself a living on what other guys do.

"I'm a stranger here," I cracked to him, "an' a pal told me, if I ever hit this burg, to give your joint a play."

"What pal?" he cracked, never making a move toward the dirty and wrinkled book they used for a register.

"Just a pal," I answered, winking a bit and shrugging my shoulders. "Is this one of them social-register joints? If it is, sweep it out and brush the dandruff off'n your shoulders!"

He swung the book around and kept giving me the once-over as I wrote a phony name on the register. I wrote David Smith and he slid a blotter over it so that it all blurred, and, after looking it all over, said, "How do you pronounce de name?"

"I dunno," I cracked. "I ain't very used to it myself."

After that I laughed and he kind of grinned. I tossed him five bucks and he whistled to a crummy-looking bird that was resting on the handle of a mop. The joint

A Few Tropical Headliners

ROOFKOTER
Spreads right over the old roof.

ELASTIKOTE
The universal exterior paint.

B. & P. INTERIOR ENAMEL
Withstands unusual wear and dampness.

CEMENTKOTE
Waterproofs and decorates concrete, stucco, brick, etc.

FLOORKOTE
A washable concrete floor enamel prevents dusting.

Let us send you this valuable book on care of roofs.

Take Him Right Up On The Roof

In a month or two, the roof of your plant will be in for another tough winter. Cold rains will be flying, snow will be in the air, and it is difficult to make roof inspections and repairs under those conditions.

On the next visit of the Tropical Surface Saver, take him right up on the roof of your plant. He will inspect it free of charge and tell you whether it needs attention or not.

It may be that the roof is in excellent condition and will need no work at all. Or perhaps an inexpensive application of Tropical Roofkoter will make it snug and tight for many years to come—or a few cracks along the flashing or skylights may need sealing with Tocoseal.

Whatever the condition, you will obtain an unbiased opinion from a trained man who knows roofs and how to repair them economically.

If you would like an immediate inspection, write us to have the Tropical Surface Saver call.

THE TROPICAL PAINT & OIL CO.
1200-1244 WEST 70th ST. CLEVELAND, OHIO
For Over a Quarter Century Specializing in the Manufacture of Upkeep and Maintenance Paints.

We will train as Tropical Surface Savers a few more men who are interested in making this their life work. Information upon request.

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TROPICAL
ROOFKOTER
Spreads Right Over the Old Roof

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, East Orange, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

was a walk-up and they put me on the third-floor front.

When we got to the room the porter shook his head like life had been unkind to him, but he got different ideas when I slipped him a buck and told him to bring me a paper and keep the change.

When he brought me the paper I saw enough in one headline to let me know that the day of the Murphys had blown up and hereafter a Smith had all the breaks. The old man had been snowed under for alderman. Nolan beat him fifteen to one and the organization had swept the town as well. I felt sorry for the old boy as I read that. It mentioned his downfall like the whole thing was a great joke. They called him a jackass for trying to fight the system. As a reformer and a free-milk distributor and a wage raiser, the old man was a bust. Anybody could see that. Good-by, Jim Murphy! The papers said one of his own disappointed henchmen had shot him. He was going to live, it said, and he refused to open his mouth about who shot him or about anything else.

I was glad the paper did not mention me at all. Now I was David Smith, and unless I was all wrong, that greasy mug down by the register was going to steer me where I wanted to go. I figured I could play him for all he knew, if I got half a chance. That was what I decided to do. Right then I never guessed how long it was going to take.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

(Continued from Page 34)

candidates were treading had been thrown some said purposely by Mr. Calhoun—the unexpected obstacle of a decision to be made concerning the Texas policy.

Already before the treaty had been sent to the Senate the question was being put publicly to the political leaders. Mr. Calhoun's views were known: General Jackson, the oracle of the Democrats, had proclaimed his support of annexation; lesser personages everywhere were recording their sentiments.

At Raleigh, on April seventeenth, Mr. Clay—apparently misjudging the intensity of the Southern desire for Texas, and thinking to embarrass his opponents—seized his pen and wrote to the Washington National Intelligencer that it was "perfectly idle and ridiculous, if not dishonorable" to talk of resuming title to Texas; that "annexation and war with Mexico are identical"; that "Texas ought not to be received into the Union . . . in decided opposition to the wishes of a considerable and respectable portion of the confederacy"; and that "I consider the annexation of Texas at the present time as a measure compromising the national character, involving us certainly in a war with Mexico, probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the union, inexpedient in the present financial condition of the country, and not called for by any general expression of public opinion."

Mr. Clay's letter was published on April twenty-seventh, four days before the Whig Convention, and on that same evening there appeared in the Washington Globe a communication regarding Texas from Mr. Van Buren.

Van Buren Makes a Stand

It was a belated answer to a request for an expression of Mr. Van Buren's attitude, received in March from a Mr. Hammett, of Mississippi—a gentleman in Congress who assured Mr. Van Buren's close friend, Silas Wright, that his action was only intended to assist the Democratic aspirant to the presidency, since the latter's reply could not possibly be other than favorable to the projected annexation. Mr. Hammett was told that no one could prophesy what Mr. Van Buren would say, and that his request would be answered—it inevitably had to be—and Mr. Van Buren took himself apart for a while and possessed his soul in meditation.

He wrote, finally, to Mr. Hammett; a letter sent through Mr. Wright's hands, of which the latter and Senator Benton and several others heartily approved, so that they decided that it must immediately be published, that very afternoon, before Mr. Hammett had even had time to read it. And on the evening of April twenty-seventh, therefore, all Washington knew that Mr. Van Buren was opposed to the annexation of Texas—because it was inexpedient, because it was unjustifiable, because it would mean a war with Mexico, because never yet had the "lust of power" driven the United States to conquest. As for the possibility of British aggression, Mr. Van Buren did not apprehend any such event, but of course if it should occur, and if the American people should then desire annexation, he, as President, would obey the public will.

And in conclusion, "nor can I, in any extremity, be induced to cast a shade over the motives of my past life, by changes or concealments of opinions maturely formed upon a great national question, for the unworthy purpose of increasing my chances for political promotion." Whatever Mr. Van Buren's motives—whether he, too, misjudged the extent of Southern feeling, or whether he had his Northern Democrats in mind, or whether his statement was simply the result of his sincere convictions—it was an extremely adroit letter, perhaps a very courageous one. At all events it was to cost him the Democratic nomination.

His Prospects Ruined Gratis

The letter appeared and was read, and political Washington boiled over. Politicians of all parties were thunderstruck, the annexationist Democrats utterly dismayed. Mr. Van Buren, they kept saying, had "ruined his prospects gratis." There was a great running from house to house, a great crowding in and out of Senator Benton's front door—without any result, since the latter was completely opposed to the treaty—and Mr. Calhoun's Spectator announced that "Texas has destroyed [Van Buren] and considering him as beside the presidential canvass, we shall hereafter say but little concerning him." And Mr. Van Buren would not recant. "Let us," he wrote, "whatever others may do, pursue steadily and undismayed the path of duty."

And in spite of his letter Mr. Van Buren was far from believing himself to be out of the running. A goodly majority of Democratic delegates had already been pledged to him, his attitude was acceptable to the North, there was scarcely time—just a month—before the convention assembled for any definite opposition to formulate itself.

Still, in various Southern states delegates were resigning rather than honor their Van Buren pledges, or announcing that they now considered themselves absolved from any allegiance to him; and the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, hitherto a strong supporter of Mr. Van Buren, had presided at a meeting called for the purpose of issuing new instructions to the delegates of Virginia.

So events had taken their turn, all at sixes and sevens in Democratic circles, as the time approached for the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore.

One convention had already occurred, at Buffalo, in August, 1843; an insignificant little convention from twelve states, which did not at the time attract any particular attention, but whose nominees, James Birney and Thomas Morris, were to poll several thousand very important votes in various

(Continued on Page 149)

Keep the Sparkling SMILES *of* YOUTH

Confident and gay—your smiles when your teeth are strong and white, your breath sweet as a May morning. Appreciatively the world smiles back at you.

You can if you keep the Mouth Glands active

HALF youth's charm lies in the frank confidence of its smiles. Those strong white teeth owe their beauty to six guardian mouth glands. They should pour out copiously the fluids that counteract decay. If they are allowed to slow up, decay attacks the teeth. The gums begin to pale and soften. The sparkling freshness of your mouth goes.

The right way: You can keep the lovely mouth of youth if you brush your teeth with Pebeco after each meal and at night on retiring. It contains a special salt that keeps the mouth glands vigorous, active. Their fluids counteract the acids of decay and wash away impurities day and night. You taste its tang instantly—feel a greater cleanliness and freshness in your mouth. All day long your teeth feel gloriously clean, your mouth fresh and sweet.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited.

Why these mouth glands need special attention

The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side. One pair is back near the throat. Another pair lies in the cheeks. Two more are under the tongue. When they are working efficiently the whole mouth is protected.

Hard chewing would make the mouth glands vigorous and active. But our soft foods don't give them the needed exercise. They slow up, allow impurities to accumulate. Tooth and gum troubles start.

Just one thing takes the place of hard chewing. It is the special salt freely used in Pebeco. It keeps the healthy fluids flowing day and night so they protect the teeth and gums even where your toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE OFFER: Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L77, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street

City *State*

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

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This is the plain old house, long in the Smith family. "Shall we abandon it, sell it for what we can get for it?" asked the Smiths among themselves.

The Smiths did not abandon the old house. Here it is today, a valuable, modern home the result of a porch, dormers, widened windows and some interior conveniences.

New Homes out of Old Homes

An Investment in Remodeling with Four-Fold Profits

1—Increased personal pride. 2—Protected original investment. 3—Profit from sale. 4—Community development.

THROUGHOUT America there are countless substantial frame houses built years ago whose value has shrunk chiefly because they lack modern arrangements and do not conform to present-day architectural beauty.

What shall be done with these sturdy old dwellings—junk them? Sell them for "a song"? Abandon the value of fine old trees? Sacrifice all sentimental attachments?

Certainly not! If the old house is built of wood, easily and economically you can *remodel* it and make it again valuable, beautiful and livable. It is a simple matter to re-arrange lumber-made walls—to add to or take away inside and out—to conceal plumbing and wiring in walls and under floors.

Furthermore—

Remodeling may be done to fit the purse or income. It can be done "on installments"—the first year perhaps a new porch and dormers to relieve a plain roof; later new floors, enlarged rooms, an added wing.

This was what Smith did—improved—step by step. Smith was able to mix new lumber with the old, time-seasoned wood of the house because he used Long-Bell Douglas Fir, seasoned perfectly in scientifically controlled kilns at the company's great manufacturing plants at Longview, Washington.

Smith saved money without sacrificing beauty by laying Long-Bell oak flooring over the old floors—a special kind made for that very purpose.

Smith used Long-Bell windows and Long-Bell doors, all made of the easily workable California White Pine. In fact, Smith found practically every kind of lumber or lumber product necessary for the job right in his neighborhood lumber yard and all bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark of excellence*

Retail lumber dealers have many ideas on remodeling old homes into new. Architects can show you quickly the possibilities you may have and your lumberman can easily estimate the cost. Investigate, then decide whether it is not time to remodel the old home.

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states, including New York, Michigan, Ohio and Massachusetts.

The convention of the abolitionist Liberty Party, which, in a series of twenty-one resolutions, proclaimed itself to be "not a new party nor a third party, but . . . the party of 1776," demanded "the absolute and unqualified divorce of the general government from slavery"; announced that its "first decided effort must . . . be directed against slaveholding as the grossest and most revolting manifestation of despotism"; and agreed to regard that clause of the Constitution which made possible the surrender of fugitive slaves "as utterly null and void, and consequently . . . forming no part of the Constitution of the United States."

Small voices in the wilderness, desperately in earnest.

And a different group, the Tylerites, equally in earnest—because they were mostly officeholders, their opponents declared were gathering for another convention at Baltimore.

With gold badges in their buttonholes bearing the single star of Texas, they met in Calvert Hall during the session of the Democratic Convention -under a banner calling for Reannexation of Texas; Postponement is Rejection -cheering for "Tyler, Texas, America and the Vetoes" and against "Clay, the Bank, Van Buren and England," and nominated Mr. Tyler for the presidency.

"Democrats," as they put it in a manifesto, "arouse to a sense of danger! Listen not to the siren song of those who would delude you with assurances of security. Behold the precipice on the brink of which you are standing!"

One Less Aspirant

But the cry of "Tyler and Texas" was not to resound with sufficient vitality through the land, and in August Mr. Tyler withdrew from a contest which he can scarcely be said ever really to have entered. Except for the inconspicuous Mr. Birney, the battle was to be between the Whigs and the Democrats.

The Whigs met first, on May first, at Baltimore, and the city was "a perfect hive; it swarms . . . busy as bees everybody seems, but yet . . . they all do nothing. The streets overflow . . . each square has its throng; the hotels are so jammed with crowds that the bewildered barkeepers stand aghast. . . . Virginia has disembogued delegations through her hundred rivers; the far lakes have poured in their tribute: father Hudson and the lordly Delaware have emptied the wave of their population; and . . . Susquehanna is rushing hither in ark and keel boat, scow, flatbottom, canoe, raft and everything that can float." There was "a wonderful gleam of good honest faces, as of men who felt that they had come upon a good work, a mission of public comfort, an embassy of joy to the whole land. . . . Cheerfulness, hope, good will breathes upon every countenance"

The singing Whigs, tramping by to the tune of.

The Loco eyes, with vast surprise,
The Whigs around him starting;
He knows each Club will soundly drub
The motley crew of Martin. . . .
How keen the smart that pains his heart,
To see the Whigs so merry;
And laughing girls with raven curls
Give all their smiles to Harry.

Oh, speed the time when this fair clime,
Renowned in freedom's story,
Shall see the day when Henry Clay
Shall guide her on to glory.
Then let the shout go gayly out,
The joyous news to carry,
That little Van's a ruined man—
The prize belongs to Harry.

The Whig Convention

On the evening before the session "Barnum's was a regular jam: entries, reading rooms, barrooms, porches, steps, were crammed with people, and the street filled with crowds listening to the singing, and echoing each chorus with their huzzas."

Perhaps:

He comes, he comes, our patriot chief,
To scatter joy and bring relief;
We'll give the man that rules for Tip
A genuine dose of Tyler grippe;
Oh, yes, he's coming, gallant Harry,
He'll send Tyler o'er the ferry
On his merry homeward trip.

He comes, he comes, the gallant Clay,
And millions cheer him on his way;
The little fox [Van Buren] just snuffs
the breeze,
And sneaks away without the cheese.
Oh, yes, the manly tread of Harry
Does such fear and terror carry,
Renard to his burrow flees.

And on the morning of the convention, "the whole place resembles a fair; every

The Inauguration of Washington at the Old City Hall, New York, 1789

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Style M-252

The Florsheim Shoe

The man alert to smartness in dress prefers FLORSHEIM Shoes. He finds their styling speeded to his own pace—always a step ahead.

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for the Man Who Cares

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Delicate actuating parts of loud speakers are subject to rust and deterioration. The Crosley patented actuating unit is not affected by the climate. Special impregnable coating covers the wire

WORLD'S *fastest selling* SPEAKER

in the coils. Impervious bakelite instead of cardboard bobbins prevents any retention of moisture. Higher voltage is possible with resultant louder, finer tones.

Beware of imitations. Remember the cone shape is *not* the secret of Crosley Musicone performance but the patented non-imitatable actuating unit of tremendous capacity.

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THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
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The Windodger is a sports-lighter for use wherever winds blow and men smoke. The lively flame hides behind golden bars, fooling the frolicsome breezes or the rip-snorting gales. It provides a sure smoke light for you. Shops sell them for $12.50 or $15.00.

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GENUINE
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VACUUM BOTTLE
Certainly they must have the most wholesome of food—and a hot, nourishing beverage with their school lunch. A Genuine "Thermos" School Lunch Kit gives them just what you would feed them at home—including the hot soup or drink kept hot and appetizing by the "Thermos" Bottle. Be sure it's genuine "Thermos," though, for only from the genuine can you get true "Thermos" service.
Genuine "Thermos" School Kit, durable enamel finish, aluminum lacquered interior, easily cleaned, with separate food compartment and half-pint "Thermos" Bottle, with detachable handle $2.75
A Genuine "Thermos," made and authenticated by the Founders of the Industry in America.
THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY 366 Madison Ave., New York
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In England (Thermos) Ltd. London In Canada Thermos Bottle Co. Ltd. Toronto

street is alive with people . . . chattering, laughing, singing, huzzaing. . . . The upper rooms are crowded with ladies, sitting at the open windows [the famous Baltimore belles] and welcoming the strangers as they pass. Others are filled with animation and fun at the mere bustle and uproar which everywhere prevails. Clay badges hang . . . at all button holes . . . Clay portraits, Clay banners, Clay ribands, Clay songs, Clay quicksteps, Clay marches, Clay caricatures meet the eye in all directions. . . . Coons, perched on balls of public opinion, rolling over foxes . . . garnish the hat emporiums which exhibit Clay hats as the tailors . . . do Ashland coats. At the corner stands a man with . . . canes—real knock-down-and-drag-outs—labeled Clay sticks. . . . In boxes are live coons from Missouri, and walking about . . . are two-legged Western coons in fringed rifle shirts. Oh, the rushing, the driving, the noise, the excitement!"

The business of the convention was performed at a single sitting. Mr. Clay was nominated by resolution; Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey—whose "head, his hand and his heart . . . have been given without stint to the cause of morals, education, philanthropy and religion" was chosen to be Vice President; and the party declared itself to be in favor of "a well-regulated currency; a tariff for revenue . . . and discriminating with special reference to the protection of the domestic labor of the country; the distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands; a single term for the presidency; a reform of executive usurpations." A very brief, general statement of Whig policy, which contained no reference to the bank or to the annexation of Texas—a platform "worthy," according to Mr. Garrison, "of the leading candidate"—capped by three paragraphs of eulogy for the nominees. Followed, no doubt, by further ecstatic singing.

It was all very simple and gay and self-confident; and the next day there was a tremendous rally of young men to ratify the nominations; and a procession of delegates two miles long, with floats and banners and bands, winding through streets festooned with green under balconies filled with delectable ladies. And "Tennessee sent her tall sons of Anak, the grenadiers of freedom. The Virginia line had a dignified, self-possessed air, in which the extravagance of the joy manifested by some . . . was chastened and restrained by self-respect. They resembled a body of Nature's nobility. [Kentucky's] cheers had a jocund heartiness. . . . Pennsylvania . . . showed how truly formidable are a quiet people when once roused. As for the West—the fresh and gallant West—who can describe the utter recklessness of her joy? Her representatives scorned all restraint of ceremony."

Less Cheer and More Dignity

And then:

Away, away, for Harry Clay,
To the battlefield away;
The cheerful Whig
Don't care a fig
What Locos block the way;
With gallant soul
He'll sweep the whole,
Like summer chaff, away.

The Democrats were not so cheerful as they, in turn, assembled at Baltimore, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on May twenty-seventh; 325 delegates carrying 266 actual votes, and South Carolina not officially represented. Not so cheerful, and not so noisy—as became gentlemen who had not forgotten the undignified Whig racket of log cabins and cider barrels and marching ballads of 1840, and who were to head their platform with the resolution that "the American Democracy place their trust, not in factious symbols, not in displays and appeals insulting to the judgment and subversive of the intellect of the people, but in a clear reliance upon the intelligence, patriotism and the discriminating justice of the American people."

A long platform, opposed to internal improvements and to the assumption of state debts; to the protective tariff; to the distribution of proceeds from the public lands; to Federal interference with the "domestic institutions of the several States"; and to the United States Bank, an "institution . . . of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country"; opposed, too, to "all efforts of the abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery," efforts which were only "calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences," and to "endanger the stability and permanency of the Union"; and "decidedly opposed" to depriving the President of his veto power "which has thrice saved the American people from the corrupt and tyrannical domination of the Bank of the United States."

A Platform But No Man

A platform, on the other hand, favoring governmental economy and a strict interpretation of the Constitution, and resolving that "our title to the whole of the territory of Oregon is clear and unquestionable, that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power, and that the reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas at the earliest practicable period are great American measures."

It was a strong, unequivocal platform that they were preparing, but the problem was to find someone who could stand on it. Everywhere there was suspicion and anxiety, hostility and intrigue. Mr. Calhoun would not allow his name to be brought before the convention; Mr. Van Buren and his people "implacably detested the thought of Cass as a candidate"; it was not known how many Southern delegates were planning to desert their Van Buren pledges because of his Texas letter; Gideon Pillow, a delegate from Tennessee, was amazed at the "extent of the distractions and the bitterness of feeling."

It was all a conspiracy against Mr. Van Buren, the Washington Globe was convinced, set on foot by means of the Texas affair by Mr. Calhoun—"the last card of [Van Buren's] desperate competitor, who has been playing for twenty-five years for the presidency with the frenzy of a gamester." Mr. Pillow was to be aware of it—this "conspiricy"—during the convention; and several years later, in discussing the existence of a secret committee which had worked, ostensibly for Mr. Calhoun, but in reality for Mr. Cass, Mr. Buchanan, Colonel Johnson or Mr. Tyler—whichever of them could beat Mr. Van Buren—Senator Benton was writing that "the Texas treaty which consummated this intrigue was nothing but the final act in a long conspiracy, in which the sacrifice of Mr. Van Buren had been previously agreed upon; and the nomination of Mr. Wright for Vice President proves it; for his opinions and those of Mr. Van Buren on the Texas question were identical, and if fatal to one should have been fatal to the other."

Mr. Wright was to refuse his nomination, out of regard for his friendship for Mr. Van Buren, so that the convention had finally to select George Dallas, of Pennsylvania, for the vice presidency, and in the meantime Mr. Van Buren's fate had been settled. During the second morning the proposed rule requiring a two-thirds majority for a nomination—a rule without precedent in state, county or district conventions—was finally passed by exactly thirty votes. It was almost entirely a sectional vote, the Northerners opposed, the Southerners in favor, and that it was intended to defeat Mr. Van Buren was perfectly well understood. He had probably a majority of the delegates with him, but not two-thirds of them.

Still, he had not withdrawn, and the balloting went on all day—seven fruitless ballots—with Mr. Van Buren at first in the

(Continued on Page 153)

Mind and body must be fit to match today's swift pace. Keep alert from morning till midnight by making the most of your sleeping hours . . .

Pep at 4 P.M. comes with *this new deep sleep*

AFTERNOON hours are vigorous hours when you start the morning thoroughly rested. No need to feel your energy fade as the day draws to a close; fresh vitality, ample to carry you through strenuous work or play, can easily be built up every night.

Sleep is the pleasant tonic that keeps you feeling fit; keen for the many demands of busy days. Four o'clock pep replaces four o'clock fatigue when you get deep, dreamless sleep . . . sleep that renews mind and body because each tired nerve and muscle is fully relaxed.

This is the kind of sleep you get when your bedspring is a De Luxe. For a De Luxe spring adjusts itself to fit your body perfectly. You feel its soothing comfort the instant you lie on it. The flexible coils yield to any sleeping position, support the body naturally, take the kinks out of your spine and drop you gently off to restful sleep.

And De Luxe sleep is unbroken by creaking bedspring noises. A De Luxe is perfectly silent; never squeaks or groans just when you're in the borderland between wakefulness and sleep. It cannot sway from side to side, nor tip you toward the middle of the bed. Two persons, no matter how different their weights, can sleep together on a De Luxe without disturbing each other.

This better sleeping equipment can make each nighttime hour yield its full measure of refreshing rest. The same high quality which is built into De Luxe springs is found in the entire line of Rome metal beds, couch hammocks and sleeping equipment. Arrange with your furniture or department store for a free De Luxe trial.

But be sure the spring is a De Luxe, for the downright comfort and lifetime wear of a De Luxe spring are found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

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BESSEMER *in Steel*

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GLASS

IT HAS been the happy history of industry to develop men who, through inventive genius, transform results as if by magic. Electricity, steel, transportation — all fields have received an extraordinary impetus from new marvels in machines and processes.

In 1917 the glass industry opened a new chapter — one of the most important in its long history — when the Libbey-Owens exclusive method of producing flat-drawn, clear sheet glass for windows was perfected.

So great was the improvement in quality and in freedom from imperfections that the users of glass for windows all over the world responded quickly and whole-heartedly to the appeal of better glass.

Builders of homes, shops, and public buildings specify Libbey-Owens flat-drawn sheet glass because it is perfectly flat and uniform in thickness.

The Libbey-Owens process — which can be used for no other glass but Libbey-Owens — draws the glass in a continuous flat sheet from the molten state.

The glass is beautifully clear and clean; and because internal strains are removed by the *slow* annealing, and the glass thereby made tough and strong, breakage is reduced to the minimum.

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Distributed Through Representative Glass Jobbers and Used by Sash and Door Manufacturers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 150)

lead, but losing steadily to Mr. Cass; while the delegates, according to the excited Mr. Pillow, "for 2 hours past had the most extraordinary excitment in Convention. The whole Convention had well-nigh got into a general pel-mell fight," and "the excitment is still wholly ungovernable by the Chair." They adjourned to the busy lobbying of a convention night, and the next morning, on the eighth ballot, a few votes were for the first time cast for James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

It was nothing to worry about; Mr. Polk was a prominent candidate for the vice presidency; he had come out strongly in favor of the annexation of Texas; a few states were simply giving him a canter. But during the ninth roll call New York and Virginia asked permission to retire. When they returned Mr. Butler of New York formally withdrew Mr. Van Buren's name—quoting a letter from the latter investing him with the necessary authority in the interests of harmony—and gave his state vote to Mr. Polk. Virginia did the same. And then "such shouts, and screams, and noise!" State after state voted for Mr. Polk, those that had already voted for other candidates changed their ballots—in the midst of a furious uproar the first convention stampede in American political history got under way, and when it was all over Mr. Polk had all 266 votes, and found himself the first dark-horse nominee.

"Never was there such *unanimity*," Mr. Pillow wrote to Mr. Polk; "never was there such *enthusiasm* before seen or witnessed in *any body*. I held you up before the Convention as the '*Olive Branch of peace*,' and all parties ran to you as to *an ark of safety*. . . . Silas Wright [Mr. Pillow still supposed] will be your Vice with almost as much ananimity as you were. What *a ticket*. How *pure*, and *elevated*, and Herculean in intellects. . . . It is *glorious*. We will sweep every Whig strong hold in the land—we will raise the shout all over the land. . . . All's well and glorious and all is *enthusiasm* and Union and Harmony. . . . I never saw such enthusiasm—such *exultation*—such *shouting for joy*. One Spirit—one *Soul* animates the great party, leaders and all."

Who Was Polk?

As for Mr. Van Buren, the convention could only assure him of its esteem—a little shamefacedly perhaps, now that it was done—and "tender to him, in honorable retirement, the assurance of the deeply seated confidence, affection and respect of the American Democracy." A resolution which should, under the circumstances, have profoundly entertained Mr. Van Buren.

The news of Mr. Polk's nomination was received in Washington "with speechless amazement," although in Philadelphia "the first feeling was that of delight not at Polk's nomination, but that any nomination was made at all." And while Mr. Calhoun was writing that "I regard the nomination of Mr. Polk to [be] the best that could be made under all the circumstances. It has done much by freeing the party of the dangerous control of what may be called the New York Dynasty . . . a more heartless and selfish body of politicians have rarely ever been associated together," at the same time someone was exclaiming to Mr. Buchanan, "Polk! What a nomination!"

Who was he, anyway, this James K. Polk? Well, people could only find to answer, he had once been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and once Governor of Tennessee, and then twice in succession defeated for that office.

"This nomination," the National Intelligencer remarked, "may be considered as the dying gasp, the last breath of life of the Democratic party. . . . Certainly . . . the Whigs could not have desired a candidate . . . on the part of the Democracy who would present less imposing claims . . . or whom the great statesman of the West would leave further behind in any comparison of abilities, of services, or of all the high qualities which are fit to illustrate and adorn the station of Chief Magistrate."

"The nomination," Senator Benton summed it up, "was a surprise and a marvel to the country. No voice in favor of it had been heard, no visible sign in the political horizon had announced it. . . . The time will come, and people . . . will teach the Congress intriguers to attend to lawmaking and let President making and unmaking alone in future."

But Senator Benton was mistaken. Some voices in favor of it had been heard, notably that of Andrew Jackson—who was very displeased with his "Little Magician"—and that of Silas Wright—who had told Cave Johnson that Mr. Polk "was the only man he thought the Northern Democrats would support if Van Buren was set aside"—and that of Mr. Polk himself, who was full of advice for his old law partner, delegate Pillow.

An Honor Unsought

George Bancroft, of the Massachusetts delegation, was later to claim the credit for the "surprise" in the convention. "Polk owed his nomination . . . to me," he explained. "Van Buren lost the nomination by his declaration against the annexation of Texas. . . . The hatred and jealousy which Van Buren bore [Cass] made it absolutely . . . impossible for [Cass] to carry the state of New York. . . . Under the circumstances, I was the one who . . . first, on the adjournment of the nominating convention for the day, resolved to secure the nomination of Polk. I went first and called our own delegation together, and they instantly and unanimously agreed with me. . . . I then went and saw the New York delegation, and . . . they looked at the case with exactly the same eyes. . . . I proceeded to the delegation of Tennessee, and they naturally accepted the name of Polk joyfully and distributed among themselves that part of the work which I thought they could best do. We went on in this manner."

Mr. Bancroft had spent a busy night, and Mr. Polk, thinking that he was a lawyer, was to reward him with the attorney-generalcy, only to find that he had been educated for the church, "whereupon he received the appointment of Secretary of the Navy." But there were others who had spent a busy night, and many busy days and nights.

And principally Cave Johnson and Gideon Pillow, "one of the shrewdest men you ever knew." It had begun as early as May thirteenth, when Mr. Polk was writing to Mr. Johnson that "Genl. J. [Jackson] says the candidate for the first office should be an annexation man, and from the Southwest, and he and other friends here urge that my friends should insist upon that point. I tell them, and it is true, that I have never aspired so high, and that in all probability the attempt to place me in the first position would be utterly abortive. . . . I aspire to the second office and should be gratified to receive the nomination, and think it probable that my friends may be able to confer it upon me." He was, Mr. Pillow was to tell him, "the choice of two-thirds of the convention for the Vice," and both parties seemed to "look to you as the probable V-P"- but "I am," Mr. Polk concluded, "in their [his friends'] hands and they can use my name in any way they may think proper."

And later Mr. Polk was again informing Mr. Johnson that General Jackson "openly expresses—what I assure you I had never for a moment contemplated—the opinion that I would be the most available man," although "this I do not expect to be effected." Mr. Johnson knew that "I have never aspired to anything but the second office, and *that* I have desired"—as keenly, no doubt, as he was obviously now yearning for the first—but "there is no telling what may happen. . . . It will require

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City ..... State .....

And it Paid Him For His First 20 Hours $20

Six years ago, Mr. Guy McKittrick of Pennsylvania needed more money—and in a hurry. So he scissored out a coupon like the one above, received a big friendly envelope—and found in it details of a plan so simple, so easy, that he was able not long after to write:

"My first twenty hours of spare time work paid me about $20.00, and I have since made $8.00 for six hours' spare time work."

The success which Mr. McKittrick attained was not "a flash in the pan"; hardly a month has since passed—he started six years ago, you remember—without his earning more Curtis dollars.

What's better is the fact that similar results have been gained by hundreds of our subscription representatives. What's *best* is the fact that you, too, should be able to do as well—and in your spare time! So let us send you the same attractive offer we sent McKittrick.

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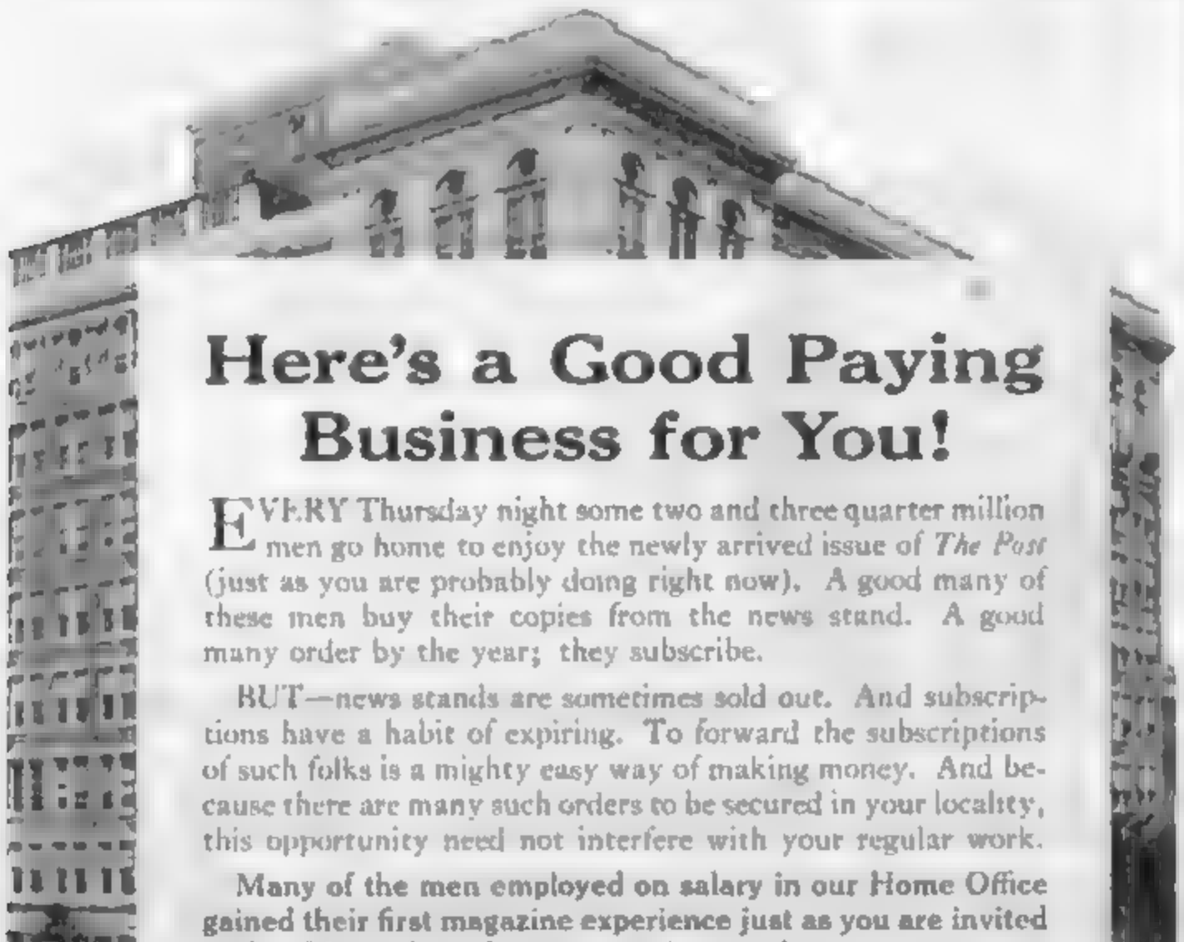
Holland and Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIMBERT *Furniture*
VAN RAALTE CRAFTSMEN



Here's a Good Paying Business for You!

EVERY Thursday night some two and three quarter million men go home to enjoy the newly arrived issue of *The Post* (just as you are probably doing right now). A good many of these men buy their copies from the news stand. A good many order by the year; they subscribe.

BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy way of making money. And because there are many such orders to be secured in your locality, this opportunity need not interfere with your regular work.

Many of the men employed on salary in our Home Office gained their first magazine experience just as you are invited to do. More of our former part-time workers are now regularly employed by us in the field, on a salary and expense allowance basis.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why you're invited to clip the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
981 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What, please, is your offer? I assume no obligation in asking.

Name . . . . . *Age*

Street . . . . .

City . . . . . *State*

judgment and delicacy in managing the matter," and that was where the excellent Mr. Pillow was to come in. "If however it shall first be settled that V. B. is to be withdrawn, I see no reason why my friends should not make the effort. . . . If a new man is to be selected, my friends at Nashville think that my position and relations to the party give me more prominence than any other."

In his own stable, certainly, Mr. Polk was not so much of a dark horse. And the thing was not so far-fetched at Baltimore. "If it were not for the present organization of parties," Mr. Pillow was assuring Mr. Polk on May twenty-fourth, "and the embarrassment which is brought upon you by the Conspiricy [against Van Buren] you have more strength with the Democracy than any man whose name has come before the country and . . . I would not still be surprised if a compromise were finally made by both parties [Cass and Van Buren] taking you up for the [Presidency]. This I give as a possability." And the next day, "You have more friends here than any man in the field . . . and almost everyone of your friends say they would prefer you for the Presidency. Things may take that turn yet." But here was the point—"We of the South cannot bring that matter up. . . . If it should be done by the North, it will all work right. . . . I want the North to bring you forward as a Compromise of all interests."

The Plan of Mr. Polk

And Mr. Polk had a little plan for Mr. Johnson. It would never do for the convention to "break up in confusion or without a nomination." Let a strong appeal be made to the delegates "as fast as they come in, to take the matter into their own hands." Get one delegate from each state "to meet in a room . . . and consult together to see if they cannot hit upon a plan to save the party. If you will quietly, and without announcing to the public what you are at, undertake this with energy and prosecute it with vigor, the plan is feasible. . . . If the preliminary meeting . . . can agree upon *the* man"—the italics are his—"then let each one see the other delegates from his own State. . . . Show this to Genl. Pillow confidentially, who will be a most efficient man in carrying out such a plan."

At all events, on May twenty-eighth, during the first day's balloting, "I have," Mr. Pillow advised Mr. Polk, "within the last few minutes received a proposition from a leading delegate of Pennsylvania and of Massachusetts"—the sequence of events does not quite agree with Mr. Bancroft's recollections—"to bring your name before the convention, for President. I said to them that your name was subject to the will of the convention, that I would not at present bring it before the convention, that if it was the will of the convention the name should be brought out by the North."

And then the lobbying began. "I was up nearly all night last night," Mr. Pillow recorded on May twenty-ninth, after the stampede was over, "in bringing about *this result*. I had many *difficulties* to encounter. But I FAULTERED NOT, and this day I had the proud satisfaction of witnessing the *glorious result*—glorious beyond the expectation of any of our delegation or friends. . . . I entered into no combination—I used no improper or dishonorable means. It was the result and force and power of circumstances which I seized hold of and wielded, as I think with no little skill and judgement. I had good help in some true men in the North who understood the whole game and whose names you shall in due season know."

In such fashion was Democratic history written, and a candidate, a President to be, found to represent the American democracy.

There's a name that falls on the patriot's ear,
Wherever his steps may roam,
As sweet as the sound that the exiles hear
When they come to their long left home;
Though the daring, and cunning, and treacherous rise
The scepter of office to sway,
Yet the golden scenes of the great and wise
Start afresh at the mention of Clay.

Songs and processions, rallies, and banners, and slogans—Clay and Frelinghuysen; Polk, Dallas, Texas and Democracy—the campaign was roaring through the land; another campaign such as the one of 1840, only this time the Democrats were making a little noise of their own in a dignified way.

"The whole Southwest is in a *blaze of enthusiasm*," Mr. Pillow informed Mr. Kane. "There never was a time when there was half the excitement in this part of the country that we now have. . . . We will sweep everything before us. We *feel* it—we *know* it. The excitement on the Texas question is carrying and sweeping down every resistance." Both the great leading parties, John Davis advised Mr. Polk, "are highly excited. The Whigs are uncommonly so. . . . They are in the field, as in 1840, with all their usual foolery, of the most unmeaning character, such as live Racoons, old Racoon skins, gourds, hard cider in log cabins"—the great emblem of 1840—"together with the most ridiculous songs, and singers hired for the campaign to sing them. . . . All their parade and falsehoods will be unavailing. . . . They hoodwinked the unsuspecting class . . . once by their display of Racoons . . . banners, vulgar songs and false promises. . . . But I am thoroughly convinced they cannot do it the second time."

Vulgar songs, and funny songs:

Bold Johnson may now brat his sword to a hook,
And Van in the rear all his cabbages cook,
And as soon shall a President come from the moon,
As the chair of our country be filled by Calhoun!

And sentimental songs:

What fairylike music, so mellow and clear,
Sails on the light breezes enchanting the ear?
'Tis the voice of a nation who are clearing the way,
To bring home in triumph their own gallant Clay.
What fairylike music charms valley and hill?
'Tis our own lovely country stands up with a thrill,
Her sons and her daughters are chanting their lay,
And singing a welcome to brave Harry Clay.

But brave Harry Clay was listening to a different fairylike music just then—the increasing chorus of the popular demand for the annexation of Texas. He had been mistaken at Raleigh, when he had written that it was "not called for by any general expression of public opinion"; in spite of his popularity his stand against Texas was costing him valuable votes; and with his friends begging him to leave well enough alone, Mr. Clay again began to write letters.

The Guiding Star

He was not courting the abolitionists; that was ridiculous. He was not personally opposed to annexation. When he had written that Texas ought not to be admitted to the Union "in decided opposition to the wishes of a considerable . . . portion of the Confederacy," he had meant a considerable portion of the states, not of the people. He would be glad to see Texas annexed if it could be achieved "without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, on just and fair terms." He did not believe that the "subject of slavery ought to affect the question one way or the other."

The annexationists were not impressed, and in the North certain abolitionists were mightily annoyed. Mr. Clay, the Whigs in general, did not realize it, but Mr. Clay had killed himself politically. Mr. Birney's vote was to defeat him, especially in New York, which he lost—and which he could

(Continued on Page 157)

Where Franklin has pioneered
and the motor world has followed

THE most perilous airplane achievements of recent history have all been made with *air-cooled* motors. Franklin pioneered air-cooling for the world. Aviation, seeking the most efficient and dependable, adopted air-cooling. Such an endorsement of a Franklin principle is not unusual.

The first four-cylinder car was built by Franklin. Also the first six-cylinder car. And the first valve-in-head cylinder. And the first Sedan body. In a dozen such matters Franklin pioneered and the motor world followed.

Newly initiated Franklin Owners tell us they had never imagined it possible to travel so far in one day *without fatigue*. Others say they had never known the real meaning of trouble-free motoring, until they abandoned water-cooled cars. Any owner will tell you amazing facts on Franklin economy.

And the reasons for Franklin's *different* performance are fundamental—scientific structural features built into the car—all as advanced and important as air-cooling.

To know the latest Franklin is to keep abreast of modern automotive progress. You then appreciate why the Franklin Owner's next car is so generally another Franklin. A demonstration reveals a degree of motor car performance *ahead of the times* an illuminating experience which you owe yourself today.

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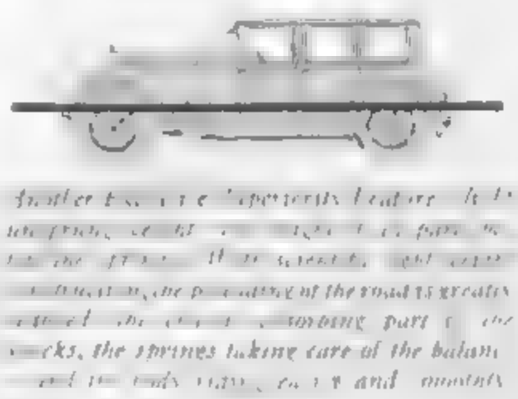

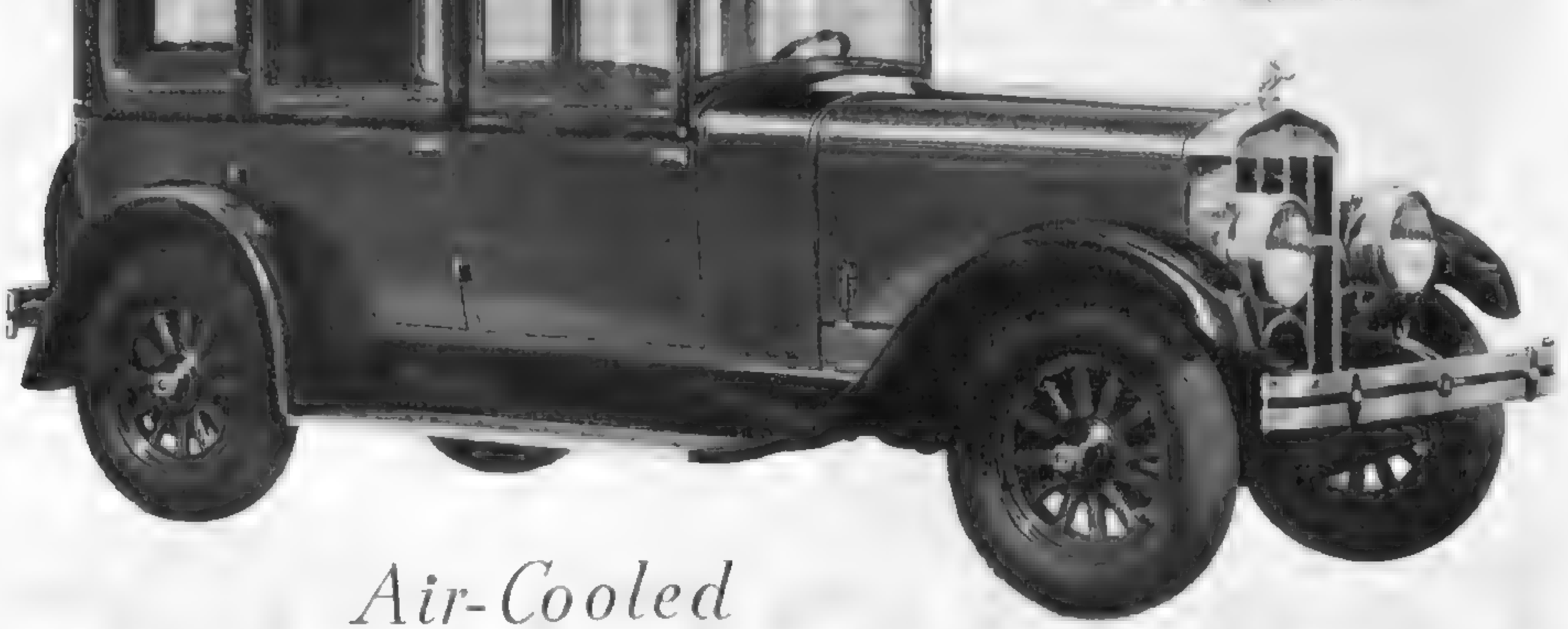

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Achieving Higher Quality —at Normal Cost

THE extremes of quality that make a tire deliver thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service make its *production* costly.

But those extremes are built into Mansfields with money saved by a lower cost of *distribution.*

You pay no more—merely get more.

Nothing in business is so gratifying to a manufacturer as growing public appreciation of his product.

Our ambition to build tires expensively and distribute them inexpensively—so as to deliver the lowest cost per mile of service—is now fully realized by a wide margin.

New thousands of motor car owners are learning this from their first set of Mansfields this year.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords

The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country have in a sense combined to give this exceptional tire the widest, most thorough, most economical distribution ever enjoyed by any tire

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

(Continued from Page 154)

not afford to lose—by 5000 votes or so out of some 470,000 cast by the Whigs and Democrats, while the Liberty Party was polling nearly 16,000.

The annexation of Texas was sweeping Mr. Polk into the presidency; while gentlemen on both sides were publishing Fifty Reasons why their nominee should be elected, and partisans were slanderously accusing the candidates of all manner of evil.

So they went down to defeat together—Van Buren, Clay and Calhoun—those old colleagues and antagonists of the Jackson days, of the Peggy Eaton fracas, of the nullification crisis, of the bank tumult; steadfast enemies, disappointed chieftains; but one less so, for he at least had once sat for a while in the White House. Three great personages, Secretary of State each of them in his day, two of them former Vice Presidents and one President. And one—gallant Harry—leading his third presidential campaign in twenty fruitless years.

But if Mr. Calhoun was out of the national running, he was, nevertheless, winning a great victory in his own state—a victory of prestige and influence—although perhaps not of wisdom from a Southern point of view—showing that he was still "the guiding star for South Carolina."

For in South Carolina, while elsewhere the presidential campaign was under way, Robert Rhett was electioneering on a platform of secession from the Union. He had seen enough of the antislavery determination in the North; he had heard John Quincy Adams talk of New England secession if Texas were annexed; he had made up his mind to it that the only way to safeguard the Southern states in the "peaceable enjoyment of their rights and property" was to have them secede themselves. And when the Southern congressmen would not act together he had proposed that South Carolina lead the way—as she was eventually destined to—and the plan was under consideration when Mr. Calhoun "broke it up chanting praises to the Union and peace."

The Inevitable Split

Mr. Rhett went home, then, taking his slogan of "Texas, with or without the Union" into communities where already public meetings were toasting disunion as "the only remedy," while they clamored for the Texan annexation. And for a time Mr. Rhett seemed to be sweeping the state; there was no sense in waiting, he preached—in opposition to Mr. Calhoun's advice from Washington—it was Congress that mattered, not any particular President, and Congress would soon be entirely in the hands of the "free" states.

There were only the two alternatives for the South—to secede and attend to its own affairs, or to submit to Northern interference. In 1844, sixteen years before the final event, Mr. Rhett saw clearly the inevitable result of the Northern attitude toward the institution which was so inextricably a part of the economic life of the South. It is futile to speculate upon the altered course of American history had Mr. Rhett succeeded in his enterprise.

But Mr. Rhett was not to succeed—nor again in 1851—and Mr. Calhoun's advice prevailed. South Carolina must wait, perhaps because Mr. Calhoun was always afraid of English aggression and consequently dreaded a weakening of the Union, or perhaps because he preferred secession to come from a united South, formed into a federation of its own—for he, too, understood that secession must come. From the Southern standpoint "things cannot go on in the direction they are taking much longer," he had written in February, 1844. "A split between us and the Northern democracy is inevitable, unless we should prove [to] be the most base and submissive people on earth, or they should reverse their course on the tariff and slave questions, which I do not expect."

Mr. Calhoun's advice prevailed and South Carolina voted for Mr. Polk—with the only presidential electors chosen by a legislature—but Mr. Rhett, and many with him, had looked deeply into the future.

A Great Political Revolution

The election was extremely close. With South Carolina not included, Mr. Polk's popular plurality was less than 40,000. He lost his own state—Tennessee—in spite of General Jackson and Mr. Pillow, by 113 votes, Delaware by 282; he won by as many as 10,000 votes in not more than four states, Mr. Clay in one only. But if the abolitionists had voted for Mr. Clay he would have been elected by seventeen electoral votes.

It was, Mr. Calhoun thought, "a great political revolution," and in London—where they were still worrying about the annexation of Texas and slavery—the Times proclaimed that it was a triumph of the slave over the free, of an adventurous and unscrupulous democracy, aided by the foreign population, over the austere and dignified republicanism of New England.

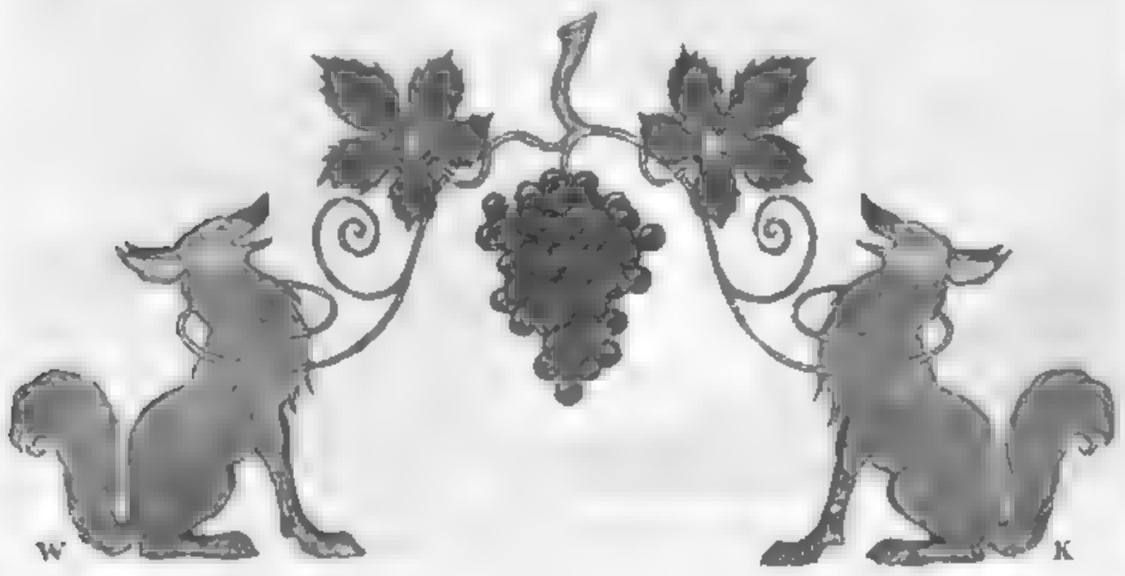
And among the Whigs—among the Democrats, too, some of them—there was dismay and sorrow, "agony" and "aching hearts."

The resolutions and the letters came pouring in to gallant Harry. "I have never before witnessed such disappointment, distress and disgust. The feeling seemed to pervade all classes. I have heard men of the opposite faction express their regret at the success of their party. . . . My own child wept bitterly." "You had a majority of the legal votes throughout the Union. One thing, however, is certain. You had nine-tenths of the virtue, intelligence and respectability of the nation on your side." "Whatever partial triumphs we have won have been achieved by honest American hearts. . . . No levies have been made upon the prisons and lazar houses of Europe; no Canadian mercenaries or Hessian auxiliaries have been either pressed or purchased into our service."

And in Mr. Polk's mail there were many requests from office seekers, and the advice that he ignore the "old hunkers" of the Democratic Party and distribute his patronage to the young men. For them it was all very glorious.

But still people continued to ask, Just who is James K. Polk?

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Minnigerode. The next will appear in an early issue.



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FOR HOMES BOTH OLD AND NEW

For burning any coal, coke, oil, gas or wood

WRITE US TODAY. We will promptly supply you with facts on radiator heating and refer you to a heating engineer who will advise and serve you.

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Makers of IDEAL Boilers, AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Tank Heaters, VENTO Ventilating Heaters, AIRID Air Valves, MERCOID Controls and devices for drying, humidifying, cooling and refrigeration

You Too Can Have Money of Your Own

IF YOU are as busy most of the time as Miss Mary Howard of Oregon is with housekeeping, you can still have more money and all the little luxuries it will buy. (Miss Howard has earned $2.00 in a single hour and in her spare time.)

No Experience Needed

Just arrange with us to become a subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The coupon will bring all the details.

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980 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

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Street

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$25 a week Extra

Suppose you could add $25.00, $15.00, even $10.00 a week regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably?

Think it over! And if you *do* want more money, we offer a sure way to get it that is bringing extra dollars to men and women the country over.

Many of them, who devote a large part or all of their time to the work, are netting $50.00 and more a week. Others, who can spare but little time, receive up to $1.50 an hour. William Chester Miller of New York, for example, has earned $5.00 in one evening after office hours.

Earn It In Your Spare Time

Here is your chance. If you have even an hour or two to spare each week, you can turn that time into cash! Whether you are 18 or 80, married or single, our plan will pay you well.

Every month, every year, should bring you bigger profits and easier work. Now is the time to learn about our offer. It costs only the two cents for the stamp, and you may earn hundreds of extra dollars.

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Be Independent

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can earn real money in my spare time.

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Street

City *State*

Cartoon and Comedy

"I'm Going to Will All My Property to My Grandchildren." "But, Uncle Henry, You're Not Married." "Wal, I'm Lookin' Around."

Efficiency Headquarters: "It Now Takes Only Ten Policemen Fifty-Seven Minutes to Stop a Little Lost Girl From Crying"

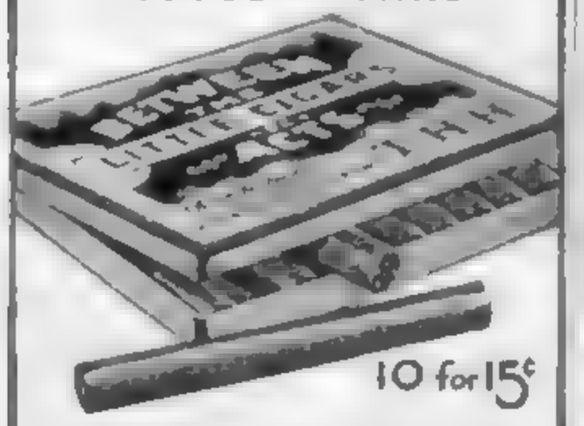
Peanut Merchant—"Poor Hungry Little Squirrels, You Deserve to Have Everybody Buy You Lots of Nice Peanuts Today"

It's a man's smoke

No Paper . . . All Tobacco

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS



If your dealer cannot supply you, remit us $1.50 for ten packages and we will send them to you parcel post prepaid. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.

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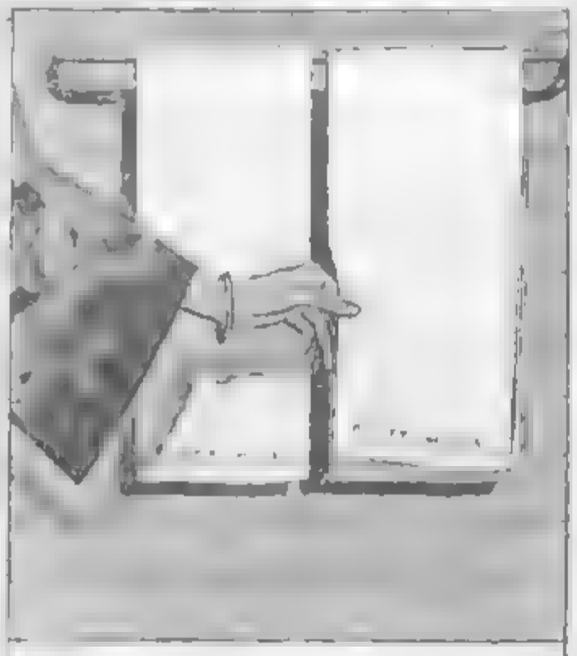

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Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

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TOWELING AND TOWELS

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Made in the largest single paint plant in the world — perfected in the world's greatest paint laboratories.

In fact, intensive research by Acme chemists accounts in large measure for Acme style leadership. Accounts also for the high quality that won preference for Acme among motor car manufacturers — a preference so marked that 46% of all motor cars built during the last decade were Acme-finished.

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Paint-Varnish-Lacquer

She made it Herself!
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The White Course is ready to teach you the simple art of making beautiful things to wear. Sewing is easy on the modern White Rotary Electric, and modern dresses are simple and inexpensive to make.
Your local White representative will gladly demonstrate a White Rotary Electric in your home and explain how readily you may become skilled in making clothes for yourself.
White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio
White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines
The Martha Washington
A Modern White Rotary Electric in a Handsome Period Cabinet $165.
SINCE 1820 — THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

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A MAN WHO *COULDN'T* FAIL

THOMAS A. EDISON'S SCRIBBLINGS

A Page from the Laboratory Records of the Great Inventor, dated October 6, 1877

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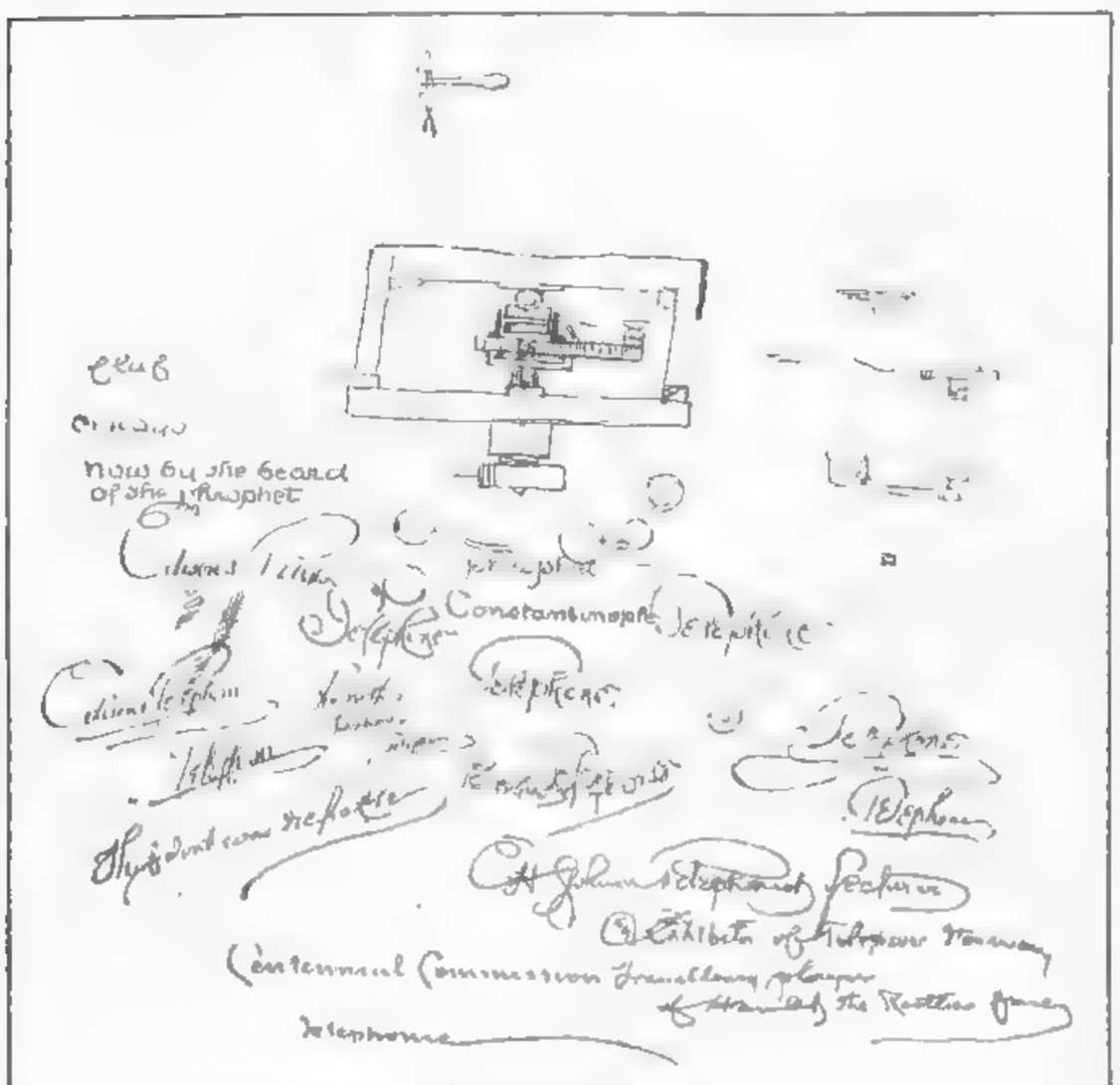
Chicago
Now by the beard of the Prophet
Constantinople
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Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"My happiest discovery in fifteen years— Old Briar Tobacco!"*

Here are words of sincere appreciation that reach right out to every pipe smoker. Every day, from everywhere, men are writing that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to them all of the old pleasure, solace and contentment of pipe smoking.

It is the superior quality of Old Briar Tobacco that makes men—thousands of them—enjoy their pipe smoking as they have never enjoyed it before.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste Old Briar's full natural flavor, its rich body. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool it is—and how smooth!

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

"The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried *"them all."*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

SPECIAL OFFER:

Print Name

Address

City and State

Your Dealer's Name

Address

If you prefer send stamps, money order or check with [illegible] Tear out now while it's handy

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.

THE DEBTOR

THE world owes nothing to me, but what I owe to the world
Lies beyond computation. Into its midst I was hurled
Naked and dazed and speechless, and I was cherished and fed,
And human words were spoken, and love leaned over my bed.

I came, alone and feeble, and I brought nothing to give,
But it reached its hands down to me, it lifted me up, to live!
It might, if it had chosen, broken my feeble clay,
And why it bade me welcome, I marvel to this day.

I came to the world with nothing; yea, I brought little of worth;
But the sun poured splendor unbounded, and all the opulent earth
Of flower and leaf and water, of hill and dale and plain,
Sang welcome to my advent and showered me with their gain.

With mystery and enchantment the Past flung wide its door,
And I was one, if I willed it, with all Men did before:
Books of song and of silence, all that the spirit of Man
Has garnered through the ages since the dawn of men began;
And I was endowed with the Present, builded upon the Past,
And I made sail to the Future, where the Present gathers fast!

Friends I was given, companions, enemies good with their hate
For the shame they cast upon me for my doing less than great;
Contest and emulation, and the glow of adverse strife
That stripped my soul for combat in the bright arena of life,
And the stroke on stroke of effort that crumples failure down,
Where utter wholeness of doing is its own reward and crown!

The world owes nothing to me—it's what I owe to it!
What can I give for its wonder, what is the gift that will fit?
The world owes nothing to me, by the great, bright sky above!
It's what I owe to the Giver that has given me life and love,
The work of the day, the shelter of a roof above my head,
The sacrament of existence, the daily breaking of bread,
The woman that laughs beside me, whether in dawn or dark,
And the fire that shines within me, grown great from a feeble spark!
Endless and countless wonders the world has given me!
I couldn't return its giving if I gathered infinity
Up, with its stars inwoven, its systems that wheel and burn,
Into my hands, like God with "Here! Take this in return!"

—*Harry Kemp.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

WHICH IS THE MUSHROOM *and* WHICH IS THE TOADSTOOL?

Would you eat one to find out?

THE correct answer is: Don't be foolish. You wouldn't risk poisoning yourself eating either. Not when you can buy all the mushrooms you want, properly labeled.

Yet you risk poisoning your motor every time you ask for "just oil". The oil you get *may* be good—but it may also be very, very bad. You can't tell. Not until the damage has been done. Not until that costly motor of yours is in the repair shop. Or maybe in the junk-heap. Then it's too late.

1,800,000 wise motorists never leave the quality of their oil to blind luck. They *always* know what they are getting. Because they *always* demand Pure Pennsylvania Oil.

Every filling of this oil gives them, under normal conditions, at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication, without an oil rectifier. Remarkable? Certainly. But there are reasons . . .

Pure Pennsylvania motor oil has a characteristically greater resistance to heat—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat.

Its free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures assures a ready supply of oil at every point.

When heated, it shows the least "breakdown" or thinning out. Therefore, it retains the safest body and oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

Not surprising, then, that, with Pure Pennsylvania, a more efficient piston seal is maintained, greater power is developed, dilution is minimized, less gasoline is consumed. Experts call Pure Pennsylvania "*The highest grade oil in the world*".

The emblem below is for your protection. You'll find it on many brands, but every one of them is 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil. No other kind, or grade of oil can use this emblem.

Look for it—a dealer near you displays it. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Pure Pennsylvania Oil. Then merely maintain the oil level. You'll drive at least 1000 perfect, purring miles before you need to drain again.

1,800,000 motorists will tell you—
at least 1,000 miles of super-lubrication
with every filling of
Pure Pennsylvania Oil

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN.,
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil." Worth money to every oil user.

Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....

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The charm of other days

MEN fondly remember the cooky jar of the "good old days" along with the "swimmin' hole" in the creek. They think with pleasure of the "baking days" of a long time ago. Grandmothers, too, remember the "baking days" —with pleasure that they're gone. But children to-day have no less joy in life, for mothers now get from grocers' shelves dozens of things in packages, cans, and glass which even the long days of work in grandmother's time could not provide.

The wonder of to-day. So many things can now be bought which once required a lot of labor. And we now *know* so much more about the food we eat. A little while ago people thought that danger lurked in food in cans. We now know that food sterilized in sealed cans is, of all foods, most surely safe. Only now have we learned how important it is for everyone to have a liberal amount of milk every day. We have only lately learned how important it is, and how we can be sure, that milk shall be always pure and absolutely clean.

We now know how to be sure. Evaporated Milk is the modern form of pure milk that is absolutely safe. It is sterilized in sealed cans—scientifically clean. Not a thing is added to the pure milk. Not a thing is taken from it but part of the water. By removing water, the milk is brought to the definite standard of richness fixed by the Government. The sterilization in the sealed can is an absolute guarantee that it is safe, wholesome milk. It comes to your pantry fresh and sweet and absolutely free from anything that can harm the health which nature designed it to promote.

Milk is called "Nature's most perfect food." But it is that only when it is "whole" milk—when it contains all the food elements which nature puts in milk. Evaporated Milk *always* contains all those elements. There is no cream line in Evaporated Milk. The cream never separates as in ordinary milk. It is kept in the milk by the homogenization process —the breaking up of the fat globules so they will not separate. Evaporated Milk is never skimmed milk. Every drop is always uniformly rich in all the food elements of milk.

Under the standard fixed by the United States Government, Evaporated Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. It is so rich it serves in place of cream. With an equal part of water added, it is still richer than ordinary milk, and is suitable for every milk use. No matter how it is used—in place of cream, or as milk—it always has the "whole-milk" qualities which give better flavor and make better food.

The pure, fresh milk, the sterilization, the sealed can, the Government standard, the "whole-milk" qualities—these points enable you to be sure when you use Evaporated Milk, that your milk supply is good, and safe, and wholesome.

The modern cream and milk supply—for every use. Wherever you need cream—in coffee, for ice creams, for desserts—Evaporated Milk serves, at less than half the cost of cream. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will better fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, for sauces and gravies, in breads and cakes, in cocoa—iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve. It is extra rich milk and costs less than ordinary milk.

Have you brought your milk supply up to date? Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you. Grocers everywhere have this up-to-date cream and milk supply.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cow's milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.

In Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.

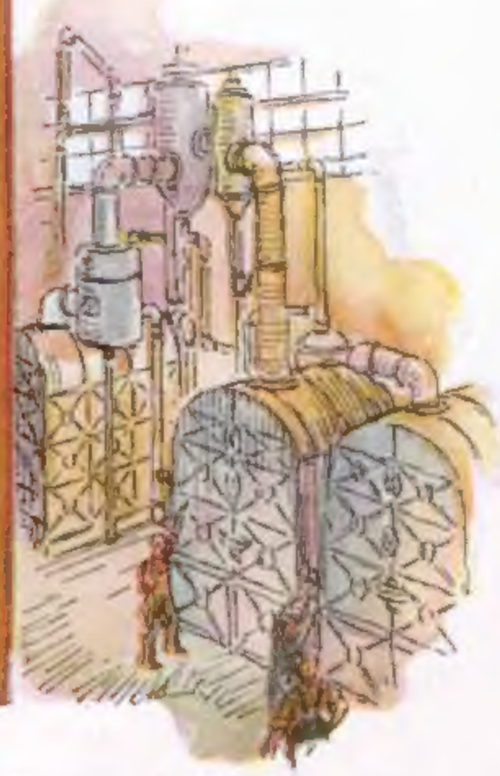
It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

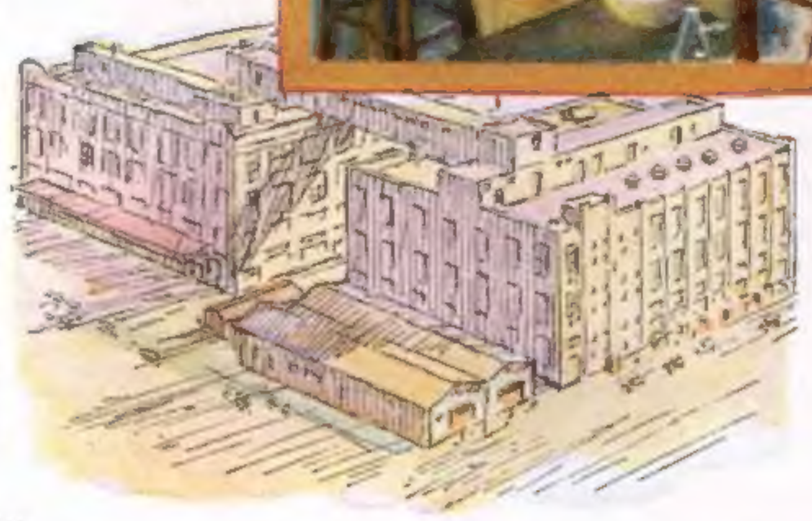
EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So. LaSalle St. Chicago Illinois

Their zeal transformed the product of an ancient industry

In sharp contrast with the primitive foreign methods still in use, are the modern scientific methods of which Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed are typical results



Sun-Maid's exclusive equipment for processing and packing raisins is housed in airy, glass-walled plants. Plant No. 4, here shown, is the largest and best equipped of its kind in the world



A special Sun-Maid plant, the only one of its kind in the industry, converts into useful by-products the raisins unsuited for Sun-Maid packs

IN *Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed* raisins have been brought to a new perfection

Sun-Maid Nectars . . . seedless raisins with the fragrance, flavor and plump tenderness of grapes full ripened on the vine.

Sun-Maid Puffed . . . seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that hold all the rich flavor of the muscat grape.

They are new to the world—raisins with these qualities. The world has always had raisins. King David collected them as taxes, but the industry started so long before his time that history doesn't record its beginning.

Only now can the story be written of the perfection of raisins, and it is a story of cooperative effort in the great central valley of California. There the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers have been working for fifteen years to make their product the finest in the world. Seventeen thousand of them make up their mighty company.

They have planted and tilled their vineyards with zealous care, ever seeking better methods to raise the standard of their crops.

Pooling their resources they have built modern packing plants for the efficient handling of their tremendous tonnage.

And enlisting the aid of science they have perfected processes and methods which crown their efforts now in glorious achievement. The method, for instance, of seeding muscat raisins without losing any of their rich flavor. The processes that hold in seedless raisins the qualities of the grapes themselves.

The Sun-Maid girl has long identified the finest raisins on the market. Today it marks two types beyond compare. And the demand for them is insistent, world-wide.

SEEDLESS RAISINS *with a grape-like freshness*

SEEDED RAISINS *that aren't sticky!*

SUN-MAID

NECTARS *[Seedless Raisins] in the red carton*
PUFFED *[Seeded Raisins] in the blue carton*

"Orange Juice Likes *Me* as well as I like *it!*"

"I FOUND that out a year ago.

"I had always had a glass at breakfast, just because I was so fond of it.

"I once told my doctor of my liking for it.

"He said, 'Try *three* glasses daily instead of your usual one. You'll get more of its benefits.'

"Almost from that moment I felt better than I ever did before.

"I asked the doctor why. He told me that orange juice *in quantity* is what does the good. Too many people do not drink *enough*.

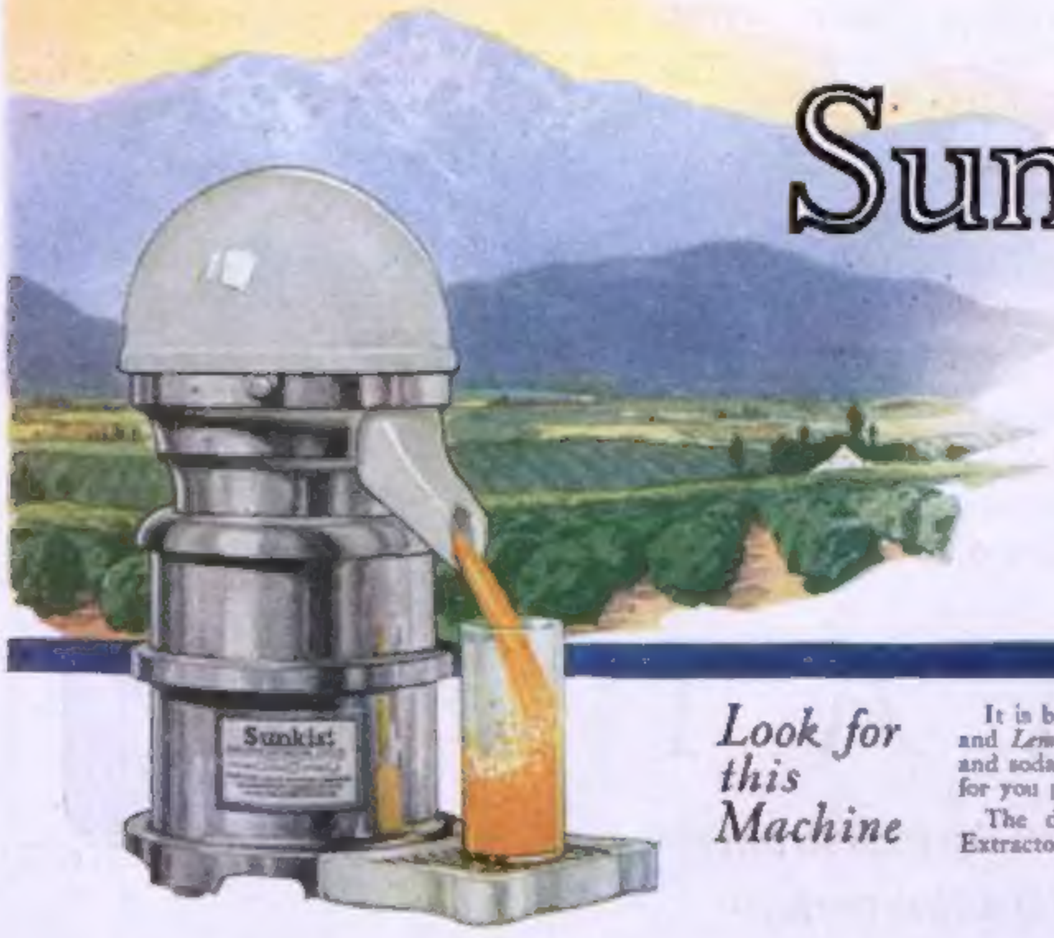
"The doctor said I had a tendency to acidosis, and, although known as 'acid fruit' oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood.

"Sufficient orange juice is one of the most potent *correctives* of that condition, paradoxical as that may sound. Your doctor will verify this truth.

"So now I'm drinking orange juice morning, noon and night, and am feeling 'fitter' than I have in years.

"It likes *me* and I like *it*. The result is a big gain for me.

"Try it for ten days—three glasses daily. See what it does for you."



Look for this Machine

TO be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 109, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California